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W<sup>m</sup> F Morgan  
Providence R.  
May 13<sup>th</sup> 1859,





A

COMPENDIUM  
OR  
AMERICAN LITERATURE;

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS.

ON THE PLAN OF THE AUTHOR'S "COMPENDIUM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,"  
AND  
"ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

BY

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

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## P R E F A C E .

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SOON after the publication of my “English Literature of the Nineteenth Century”—seven years ago—the publishers announced the present work; and in about a year after, nearly half of it was done. But I found that, with the arduous professional duties of my school, I was working too hard, and therefore I suspended my labors upon the book entirely, and for four or five years (while residing for a greater part of the time in the country), I wrote not a line for it. But it being continually inquired for, in consequence of its early announcement, I determined a year ago to complete the work as soon as I could, and as best I might be able; and the result is now before the public. I have deemed it but simple justice to myself, as well as to my publishers, to state these facts, lest it might be supposed that I had been laboring upon my book for the whole seven years, which would raise expectations as to its completeness and finish, that I fear the volume itself will not justify. Besides, one who has such a scholastic charge might be supposed to have enough to employ his time, without engaging in such outside literary labors as seem more befitting the professed author. I say these things, not to deprecate criticism upon my work—on the contrary, I cordially invite it—

but merely as a partial apology for the defects that may be found in it.

In the preparation of all works of this character, there are difficulties which they only can appreciate who have been engaged in such labors. But in this work the difficulties are peculiar: First, from the two questions, that must, at the very outset, be answered—What is American Literature? and, When does it begin? Secondly, from the vast amount of material to select from, at times absolutely overwhelming. And, thirdly, from the impossibility of giving entire satisfaction either to living authors, or to the friends and kindred of those that are deceased.

Respecting the question, what is American Literature, I would remark that, in my view, it would be absurd to apply this term to the occasional and transient literary effusions that appeared on this side of the Atlantic, for a century after the settlement of the country. Colonies of Great Britain, speaking the same language, governed by the same laws, manufacturing but little ourselves, but dependent on the mother country for a large portion of our material comforts, it was natural for us to look to her also for our intellectual aliment. And we did so. Not even forty years ago, the "Edinburgh Review" thus wrote: "Literature, the Americans have none; no native literature we mean. \* \* But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads?" At this very plain language, that had a good deal of truth in it, we were much offended, which was very foolish. We might have answered the reviewer somewhat thus: "True, we have

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. xxxi. p. 144, December, 1818.

had as yet but little literature of our own. We have had a greater, a higher, a nobler work to do than to write books. We have had to found a great nation. A vast continent was before us to subdue. The ‘means whereby to live’ were first to be provided. Dwellings were to be built; school-houses and church edifices were to be erected; literary, scientific, and religious educational institutions were to be founded; and then, in the natural course of things, would come forth and be embodied, the creations of the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination. In short, instead of *writing* any great work, we were *acting* a still greater one. We were making those very subjects upon which the future historian, traveller, essayist, poet, might employ his pen for the delight and instruction of other generations.” Such might have been our answer; and who would not have acknowledged its conclusiveness?

But as soon as our “gristle was hardened into the bone of manhood,” we began to think of setting up for ourselves; and then, indeed, we began to *think* for ourselves. And here we have an answer, as correct as I can give, to the question, what is American Literature; namely, that it is the product of those minds that have been nurtured, trained, developed, matured, on our own soil, by the manners, habits, scenery, circumstances, and institutions peculiar to ourselves. This answer, too, determines, with considerable precision, the date of American Literature—that its native growth and development began with our Revolutionary period. Our first thoughts were, of course, directed to our own condition, to our relations to the mother country, to our forms of government, and to the great principles of political government, of public economy, and of civil liberty; and then came forth, Minerva-like, a literature of

a political character, to which, for strength, clearness, and comprehensiveness of thought, for just and sound reasoning, and for effective and lofty eloquence, the world had never seen the parallel; for the high encomium passed by Edmund Burke upon our first colonial Congress is no less beautiful than just. This literature is embodied in the speeches and letters of James Otis, the elder Adams, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, and other patriots of the Revolution. Thenceforth, by degrees, as our strength increased, as our views expanded, as our facilities for learning were multiplied, as our scholarship assumed a higher and a higher grade, we entered, successively, the various fields of literature, and reaped rich and still richer harvests from them all, so that our dear good old mother is now proud to acknowledge us as her own, and to confess that in some of the walks of science we have, in our onward march, left even her behind.<sup>1</sup> In History, she acknowledges that Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Hildreth, and Motley are equal to any on her side of the Atlantic. In Theology and Biblical Literature, Dwight and Barnes have, probably, as many readers in England, as here; while no review in that department in Great Britain is superior, for varied and profound learning, to "The Bibliotheca Sacra." As a novelist, the English Reviews themselves being judges, Mrs. Stowe is without a rival in either hemisphere: as many copies, probably, of Bryant and Longfellow have been sold in England, as of Coleridge or

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<sup>1</sup> "The London Quarterly Review," for December, 1841 (only twenty-three years after the extract from "The Edinburgh Review" just quoted was written), in reviewing Dr. Robinson's Palestine, thus writes: "We are not altogether pleased that for the best and most copious work on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, though written in English, we should be indebted to an American divine."

Wordsworth, or Tennyson ; while many annotated and elucidated editions of classic authors by our own scholars are extensively studied in English schools. So that now "The Edinburgh Review" might ask with truth the reverse question —"Who does NOT read an American book?"

Having fixed the date of the origin of our native literature at the latter half of the last century, the question arose with what author I should begin. Here there seemed little difficulty in deciding. The great light of the last century was, undoubtedly, Jonathan Edwards, distinguished not more for his learning and piety, than by originality of genius, and a mind unmistakably American in its habits of thought and action. But after him, the number that might, with some show of reason, put in their claim to come within the scope of such a work, increased more and more, until it has, within the past thirty years, become so great as to be really embarrassing. And here, doubtless, will be found the chief failing of my humble volume ; here is a field ample enough for the most vituperative critic to exercise his skill in. Many will see that some favorite piece, or it may be some favorite author has been left out; and may hastily ask why it is so. It is enough to reply, that I could not put in everything—no, not a thousandth part of what has been written. Even the *TITLES* of all the books written by American authors would fill a volume half as large as this. But, if it will be any gratification to these querists, I will candidly acknowledge that I myself see, after my book is now made up, many ways in which it might be improved, and that many authors are not in it that should be ; and it will be my pleasure to make amends for whatever sins of omission or of commission may be pointed out to me, should my book reach another edition, and be put in the stereotyped, permanent

form. In the mean time, I earnestly hope that any friend (or foe, if I have one) will candidly and freely communicate to me his views. Every one will look at the subject from a different stand-point; and I will sincerely thank each and all to do what they can to place me in their position, that I may, as far as possible, see with their eyes.

But, whatever want of judgment may be laid to my charge, either in deciding upon the authors to be admitted into my book, or of taste in selecting from their works, I trust that no one will be able with justice to impugn my honesty. At least I have endeavored, uninfluenced by fear or favor, to represent my authors fairly, and to let them speak out whatever sentiments were dearest to their hearts. To have done otherwise, would have been as dishonorable as unjust. One, for instance, has made Freedom the chief burden of his writings; another has been most interested in the cause of Temperance—both subjects peculiarly American; and the warmest feelings of my heart, and my own life-long principles have here fully harmonized with my sense of justice, to represent the humanity and philanthropy, as well as the cultivated intellect, of such gifted minds.

In conclusion, I would only remark that I can desire no greater favor to be shown by the public to this, than has been extended to my two former volumes. My publishers—and no author could in this respect be more highly favored—have done their part, as before, in a style of great beauty; so that no series of books, I believe, have ever been offered to the public at so moderate a price, considering their amount of reading matter, and their mechanical execution.

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"Oh, that mine adversary had written a book." Job xxxi. 25. That is, that he would set forth all my defects, so that I may see myself as he sees me.



PREFACE.

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And now, having prepared this book, as my others, neither to please any clique or sect, nor to favor any particular latitude or special market, nor to defer to any false sentiments, but to promote the cause of sound learning and education, in harmony with pure Christian morals, the best interests of humanity, and the cause of universal truth, I commit it to the judgment of an intelligent public.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 6, 1858.*



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## C O M P E N D I U M

O F

### A M E R I C A N L I T E R A T U R E.

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JONATHAN EDWARDS, 1703—1758.

On no foundation more enduring could the structure of a work upon American Literature be reared, than on the illustrious name of Jonathan Edwards—an ornament and glory not to his country only, but to his race. Of a piety as deep, as pure, as fervent, and as constant as it has ever been allowed to mortals to possess; of a singleness of purpose, which never forsook him, to make the very best of life that life is capable of; and of an intellect which, by the rare union of clearness, acuteness, and strength, has never been surpassed if ever equalled, the elder Edwards has attained a renown in both hemispheres which can never die but with our language.

He was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, on the 5th of October, 1703. His parents were the Rev. Timothy Edwards, for sixty-four years the pastor of the Congregational Church of East Windsor, and Esther Stoddard, daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, who was for more than half a century pastor of the church of Northampton, Massachusetts. He commenced the study of Latin under his father's instruction at six years of age, and entered Yale College a few days before he was thirteen. As a signal proof of his early strength of mind, it may be mentioned that in his sophomore year he read Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" with such interest and delight as to declare that in the perusal of it he enjoyed a far higher pleasure "than the most greedy miser finds when gathering up handfuls of silver and gold from some newly discovered treasure." That such a youth should acquit himself most honorably in his college course was to be expected, not in his studies only, but in his whole deportment and bearing. During his last year in college, very deep religious

impressions took possession of his whole being. His own account of the event is in the following language, expressive of

#### HIS RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

Not long after I first began to experience new apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse which we had together; and, when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together. It was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this, my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered. There seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and sky; in the grass, flowers, and trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time; and, in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; although formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God.

Such were the decisive religious views and elevated affections with which he was blessed before he was seventeen years of age; and before he was nineteen he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and was invited to supply, for a short time, the pulpit of a small Congregational church in New York. In the spring of 1723, he returned to East Windsor. Before this time he had formed for the government of his own heart and life his celebrated "Resolutions," seventy in number, which evince a firmness of religious principle, a depth of piety, a decision of character, an acquaintance with the human heart, and a comprehensiveness of views in regard to Christian duty, rare even in the most mature minds. The following are a few of these:—

#### HIS RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved,* That I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit, and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.

*Resolved,* To do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good of mankind in general.

*Resolved,* Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

*Resolved,* Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

*Resolved,* To be endeavoring to find out fit objects of charity and liberality.

*Resolved,* Never to speak evil of any one so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less, upon no account, except for some real good.

*Resolved,* To maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

*Resolved,* To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly, and frequently, as that I may find, and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

*Resolved,* Never to count that a prayer, nor to let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made, that I cannot hope that God will answer it; nor that as a confession which I cannot hope God will accept.

*Resolved,* Never to say anything at all against anybody, but when it is perfectly agreeable to the highest degree of Christian honor, and of love to mankind; agreeable to the lowest humility and sense of my own faults and failings; and

agreeable to the Golden Rule; often when I have said anything against any one, to bring it to, and try it strictly by, the test of this resolution.

*Resolved*, To inquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent; what sin I have committed; and wherein I have denied myself. Also at the end of every week, month, and year.

*Resolved*, To inquire, every night before I go to bed, whether I have acted in the best way I possibly could with respect to eating and drinking.

*Resolved*, To endeavor, to my utmost, to deny whatever is not most agreeable to a good and universally sweet and benevolent, quiet, peaceable, contented and easy, compassionate and generous, humble and meek, submissive and obliging, diligent and industrious, charitable and even, patient, moderate, forgiving, and sincere temper; and to do, at all times, what such a temper would lead me to, and to examine, strictly, at the end of every week, whether I have so done.

On the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world at any one time who was properly a complete Christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true lustre, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part, and under whatever character viewed—*Resolved*, to act just as I would do, if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time.

In the month of June, 1724, Mr. Edwards having been previously elected tutor in Yale College, entered upon the duties of his office, in which he continued for two years. Being then invited to settle in Northampton as a colleague to his grandfather, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, he accepted the call, and entered upon the duties of his office with great zeal. It is said that when in ordinary health, which was generally delicate, he would spend thirteen hours every day in his study. This was too much, and doubtless shortened his life many years. In 1727 he was married to Miss Sarah Pierrepont, daughter of Rev. James Pierrepont, pastor of a church in New Haven. The union proved a most happy one in every respect. By her wisdom, energy, and economy she relieved her husband from the interruptions of domestic care, and thus he was left at liberty to pursue his studies without remission.

Soon after his ordination, Mr. Edwards was permitted to witness some gratifying fruit of his labors in the conversion of a number of

his people. In 1729 the venerable Mr. Stoddard dying, the whole care of the congregation devolved on the youthful pastor; and so faithful and laborious were his ministrations that in the years 1734 and 1735 the town was favored with a "revival so extensive and powerful as to constitute a memorable era in the history of that church." In the year 1739 he commenced a series of discourses in his own pulpit, which afterwards formed the basis of his celebrated work, "The History of the Work of Redemption;" it was not, however, published till after his decease. In the spring of 1740 a second extensive and powerful revival of religion commenced in Northampton, which was aided by the labors of the celebrated Rev. George Whitefield, and an account of which Mr. Edwards published in 1742, under the title of "Thoughts concerning the present Revival in New England." It was immediately republished in Scotland, and brought the author into correspondence with some of the most distinguished divines of that country.

In 1743 Mr. Edwards finished a series of sermons upon the distinguishing marks and evidences of true religion, which were published in 1746 under the title of "A Treatise concerning Religious Affections," and which called forth from the friends of true piety on both sides of the Atlantic the warmest praises and thanks. In the latter part of the year 1743 he was visited by David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary to the Indians, who had been laboring, and who after that continued to labor for more than three years, among the Indians in different settlements in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, amidst many discouragements and enfeebled health, with a zeal, diligence, self-denial, and perseverance which have seldom had any parallel in the history of missions. Indeed, the labors of this missionary proved too much for him, and he returned, on invitation, to Mr. Edwards' house, in May, 1747, and, gradually sinking under the power of a consumptive disease, closed his life in the bosom of his friend's family on the 9th of October of that year; and Mr. Edwards prepared and published in 1749 a memoir of this remarkable man, entitled "An Account of the Life of the late Reverend David Brainerd, Missionary to the Indians, and Pastor of a Church of Christian Indians in New Jersey."

Thus far, the life of this eminently great and pious man had not been attended by any marked or painful trials. But his path, henceforth, was to be anything but a smooth one. He was to experience the fickleness of popular applause, and, what was still more trying, persecutions from his own Christian brethren. Yes, a number who claimed to be "converted" under his ministry gave evident proof, by their continued and malignant persecutions, that they needed to be

converted over again. It had been credibly reported that a number of the younger members of his church had in their possession immoral and licentious books, which they were employing for immoral purposes. Mr. Edwards preached on the subject. The church immediately resolved *unanimously* that a committee should be appointed to investigate the matter; but they had not proceeded far in their duty before it was ascertained that nearly every leading family in town had some member implicated in the guilt. This disclosure produced an immediate reaction, and a majority of the church determined not to proceed in the inquiry; so true is it, as the learned biographer<sup>1</sup> of Edwards remarks, that "nothing is more apt to revolt and alienate, and even to produce intense hostility in the minds of parents, than anything which threatens the character or the comfort of their children." The result was that great disaffection ensued, and the discipline of the church was openly set at defiance, and great declension in zeal and morals naturally followed.

But there was a cause of still deeper disaffection. Mr. Stoddard, the predecessor of Edwards, had been accustomed, throughout his ministry, to receive into the church such as applied for admission, whether they gave any evidence of a change of heart or not, and Mr. Edwards continued the same practice for many years after his ordination. At length doubts as to its rightfulness began to arise in his mind, and continued to increase with such strength that in 1749 he disclosed to his church his change of opinion, and publicly vindicated it by his "Humble Inquiry into the Rules of the Word of God, concerning the Qualifications requisite to a Complete Standing and Full Communion in the Visible Christian Church," which was published in August of that year. This treatise immediately threw the congregation into a flame, and he became the object of fierce, unbridled resentment. It would be painful to detail the bitter opposition that Mr. Edwards encountered from his own church. Suffice it to say that it continued so long and so determined that he concluded to accept a call from the church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, about forty miles west of Northampton, and that he removed thither in the spring of 1751. Here he enjoyed great quiet and happiness, and was enabled to complete what for many years he had been engaged in, his immortal treatise, and that on which his fame chiefly rests, "The Freedom of the Will and Moral Agency," which was published in the spring of 1754.

The fundamental doctrines which Edwards undertakes to establish

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., of Princeton College.

in the "Freedom of the Will" are, that the only rational idea of human freedom is, the power of doing what we please; and that the acts of the will are rendered certain by some other cause than the mere power of willing; or, in other words, that they are the result of the strongest motive presented, and not brought about by the mere "self-determining power of the will;" and he has sustained his position with a degree of novelty, acuteness, depth, precision, and force of reasoning which no one before ever had reached.

In 1755 he wrote two other treatises: one "A Dissertation on God's Last End in the Creation of the World;" and the other "A Dissertation on the Nature and End of Virtue." But these, together with his treatise on "Original Sin," were not published till after his death.

On the death of Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College, the trustees invited Mr. Edwards to succeed to that most responsible post—the presidency of the college—and he removed thither in the month of January, 1758. All the friends of the college, as well as the students, were highly elated at the thought of having such a man at its head, and the manner in which he entered upon his duties more than answered their highest expectations. But, alas, how vain are all human calculations! In five weeks after his introduction into office, he was cut off by the smallpox on the 22d of March, 1758, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Language can hardly express the sense of loss which all good men felt that religion and learning had sustained in the death of this great man, in whose praise the most distinguished scholars on both sides of the Atlantic have been emulous to speak and write. "On the arena of metaphysics," writes Dr. Chalmers, "he stood the highest of all his contemporaries, and we know not what most to admire in him, whether the deep philosophy that issued from his pen, or the humble and child-like piety that issued from his pulpit." The venerable and learned Dr. Erskine, of Scotland, thus wrote a friend: "The loss sustained by his death, not only by the college of New Jersey, but by the church in general, is irreparable. I do not think our age has produced a divine of equal genius or judgment." Sir James Mackintosh, in his "Progress of Ethical Philosophy," says of him, "in the power of subtle argument he was, perhaps, *unmatched*, certainly *unsurpassed among men*." While Dugald Stewart—and no one can speak on such a subject with more authority than he—says: "America may boast of one metaphysician, who, in logical acuteness and subtilty, does not yield to any disputant bred in the universities of Europe. I need not say that I allude to Jonathan Edwards."

In summing up his general character, his biographer, Dr. Miller,

says: "Other men, no doubt, have excelled him in particular qualities or accomplishments. There have been far more learned men; far more eloquent men; far more active and enterprising men in the outdoor work of the sacred office. But in the assemblage and happy union of those high qualities, intellectual and moral, which constitute finished excellence, as a Man, a Christian, a Divine, and a Philosopher, he was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest and best men that have adorned this or any other country, since the apostolic age."<sup>1</sup>

#### THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

If the Will, which we find governs the members of the body, and determines their motions, does not govern itself, and determine its own actions, it doubtless determines them the same way, even by antecedent volitions. The Will determines which way the hands and feet shall move, by an act of choice: and there is no other way of the Will's determining, directing or commanding anything at all. Whatsoever the Will commands, it commands by an act of the Will. And if it has itself under its command, and determines itself in its own actions, it doubtless does it the same way that it determines other things which are under its command. So that if the freedom of the Will consists in this, that it has itself and its own actions under its command and direction, and its own volitions are determined by itself, it will follow, that every free volition arises from another antecedent volition, directing and commanding that: and if that *directing* volition be also free, in that also the Will is determined: that is to say, that directing volition is determined by another going before that; and so on, till we come to the first volition in the whole series: and if that first volition be free, and the Will self-determined in it, then that is determined by another volition preceding that. Which is a contradiction; because by the supposition it can have none before it, to direct or determine it, being the first in the train. But if that first volition is not determined by any preceding act of the Will, then that act is not determined by the Will, and so is not free in the *Arminian* notion of freedom, which consists in the Will's self-determination. And if that first act of the Will which determines and fixes the subsequent acts, be not free, none of the following acts, which are deter-

<sup>1</sup> Read Biography by Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., in the 8th volume of Sparks' American Biography.

mined by it, can be free. If we suppose there are five acts in the train, the fifth and last determined by the fourth, and the fourth by the third, the third by the second, and the second by the first; if the first is not determined by the Will, and so not free, then none of them are truly determined by the Will: that is, that each of them are as they are, and not otherwise, is not first owing to the Will, but to the determination of the first in the series, which is not dependent on the Will, and is that which the Will has no hand in determining. And this being that which decides what the rest shall be, and determines their existence; therefore the first determination of their existence is not from the Will. The case is just the same, if instead of a chain of five acts of the Will we should suppose a succession of ten, or an hundred, or ten thousand. If the first act be not free, being determined by something out of the Will, and this determines the next to be agreeable to itself, and that the next, and so on; none of them are free, but all originally depend on, and are determined by some cause out of the Will: and so all freedom in the case is excluded, and no act of the Will can be free, according to this notion of freedom. Thus, this *Arminian* notion of Liberty of the Will, consisting in the Will's *Self-determination*, is repugnant to itself, and shuts itself wholly out of the world.

#### THE PERMISSION NOT THE PRODUCTION OF EVIL.

There is a great difference between God being concerned thus, by his *permission*, in an event and act, which in the inherent subject and agent of it, is sin, (though the event will certainly follow on his permission,) and his being concerned in it by *producing* it and exerting the act of sin; or between his being the *orderer* of its certain existence by *not hindering* it, under certain circumstances, and his being the proper *actor* or *author* of it, by a *positive agency* or *efficiency*. As there is a vast difference between the sun being the cause of the light-someness and warmth of the atmosphere, and the brightness of gold and diamonds, by its presence and positive influence; and its being the occasion of darkness and frost, in the night, by its motion whereby it descends below the horizon. The motion of the sun is the occasion of the latter kind of events; but it is not the proper cause efficient or producer of them; though they are necessarily consequent on that motion, under such circumstances: no more is any action of the Divine Being

the cause of the evil of men's wills. If the sun were the proper *cause* of cold and darkness, it would be the *fountain* of these things, as it is the fountain of light and heat: and then something might be argued from the nature of cold and darkness, to a likeness of nature in the sun; and it might be justly inferred, that the sun itself is dark and cold, and that his beams are black and frosty. But from its being the cause no otherwise than by its departure, no such thing can be inferred, but the contrary; it may justly be argued, that the sun is a bright and hot body, if cold and darkness are found to be the consequence of its withdrawal; and the more constantly and necessarily these effects are connected with, and confined to its absence, the more strongly does it argue the sun to be the fountain of light and heat. So, inasmuch as sin is not the fruit of any positive agency or influence of the Most High, but, on the contrary, arises from the withholding of his action and energy, and, under certain circumstances, necessarily follows on the want of his influence; this is no argument that he is sinful, or his operation evil, or has anything of the nature of evil; but, on the contrary, that he, and his agency, are altogether good and holy, and that he is the fountain of all holiness. It would be strange arguing, indeed, because men never commit sin, but only when God leaves them *to themselves*, and necessarily sin when he does so, and therefore their sin is not *from themselves*, but from God; and so, that God must be a sinful being: as strange as it would be to argue, because it is always dark when the sun is gone, and never dark when the sun is present, that therefore all darkness is from the sun, and that his disk and beams must needs be black.

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JOHN LEDYARD, 1751—1788.

John Ledyard, the celebrated traveller, was born at Groton, Connecticut, in the year 1751. His father died when he was quite young, leaving his mother with the family estate, and four children. The estate was by some fraud wrested from her hands, and she was left to struggle with her little family in extreme poverty. But she is described as a woman of many excellencies of mind and character, well informed, resolute, generous, amiable, and above all, as eminent

for piety. Such a mother is a priceless treasure, and Ledyard preserved to the end of his life a warm and most devoted affection for her. After a few years, the subject of this memoir was taken to Hartford by his grandfather, and placed in the grammar school there. At the age of twenty-one, he went to Dartmouth College, then under the direction of Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, with a view of qualifying himself to become a missionary among the Indians. But this project was soon abandoned, and Ledyard, after remaining at college about a year, returned home, sailing down the Connecticut to Hartford in a canoe which he made himself from the trunk of a tree; so early did his roving spirit manifest itself.

Shortly after this adventure, Ledyard appears before us in the character of a student of divinity; but he found no clerical body that was willing to license him, as he wished, upon so short a course of study. Impatient and restless under such restraint, he resolved to go to sea, and accordingly entered, as a common sailor, a vessel at New London, bound for Gibraltar. He returned home again after a year, and, having no means of support, concluded to go to England in search of some rich relations of the same name, which he had been told he had in London. He sailed from New York to Plymouth, and thence, without a penny in his pocket, walked to London, by begging enough for subsistence on the road. When he arrived at the metropolis, he found out a rich man of the same name; but so coldly and distrustfully was he received by him, that the proud spirit of Ledyard would not allow him to sue for any favors.

Just at this time, Capt. Cook was making preparations for his third and last voyage around the world. Ledyard offered his services to the renowned navigator, who was so much pleased with his manner and appearance, and enthusiasm for travel, that he immediately took him into his service, and promoted him to be corporal of marines. The expedition left England on the 12th of July, 1776, and returned after an absence of four years and three months. Ledyard kept a journal of the voyage; and his account of the scene at the Sandwich Islands, which resulted in the death of Captain Cook, is particularly valuable, as he was near his person at the time of the skirmish with the natives. For two years after he returned to England, he continued in the British navy, though in what capacity it is not known; but in December, 1782, we find him on board a British man-of-war in Huntington Bay, Long Island Sound. His first impulse was to visit his mother, who lived at Southold. He found her house, and the interview was as interesting and affecting as would be expected between a son of such a warm and generous heart and a mother of such maternal

virtues. He then visited his friends in Hartford, where he passed the winter; but his restless spirit could be tranquil no longer. He projected a voyage to the Northwest coast for furs, but, after trying in vain a whole year to get some merchants in New York and Boston to embark in it, he sailed for France. At L'Orient he made an engagement with some merchants of that place for such a voyage, but, after wasting many months in preparation, the whole scheme failed. Such continued disappointments would have broken down any one who had not the persevering, adventurous spirit of Ledyard. He bore them with fortitude, and we find him the next year projecting a journey across Russia and Siberia to Okhotsk, on the Okhotsk Sea. His plan was warmly approved of by Sir Joseph Banks and other gentlemen of science in London, for they thought that his discoveries would not fail to add valuable improvements to geography and natural history, and there was a romantic daring in the enterprise itself.

In December, 1786, Ledyard left London for Hamburg to set out on his hyperborean tour. He arrived in Copenhagen in January, and thence sailed to Stockholm. It was his intention to go directly across the Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg; but such was the nature of the winter, and so full of floating ice were the waters, that this was impossible, and he was obliged to take the most formidable route by land up to Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, and thence to St. Petersburg. It is astonishing in how short a time, comparatively, he accomplished this journey, so full of danger and hardships, for he reached St. Petersburg by the 20th of March. In his letter to Mr. Jefferson, then our minister in Paris, he thus writes:—

#### LEDYARD AT ST. PETERSBURG.

I cannot tell you by what means I came to Petersburg, and hardly know by what means I shall quit it, in the further prosecution of my tour round the world by land. If I have any merit in the affair, it is perseverance, for most severely have I been buffeted; and yet still am even more obstinate than before; and fate, as obstinate, continues her assaults. How the matter will terminate I know not. The most probable conjecture is, that I shall succeed, and be buffeted around the world, as I have hitherto been from England through Denmark, through Sweden, Swedish Lapland, Swedish Finland, and the most unfrequented parts of Russian Finland, to this aurora borealis of a city. I cannot give you a history of myself since I saw you, or since I wrote you last; however abridged, it

would be too long. Upon the whole, mankind have used me well, and though I have as yet reached only the first stage of my journey, I feel myself much indebted for that urbanity which I always thought more general than many think it to be; and were it not for the mischievous laws and bad examples of some governments I have passed through, I am persuaded I should be able to give you a still better account of our fellow-creatures. But I am hastening to countries where goodness, if natural to the human heart, will appear independent of example, and furnish an illustration of the character of man not unworthy of him who wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Suffering many vexatious delays at St. Petersburg before he could get his passport from the Empress to travel through her dominions, he at length left the imperial city on the 1st of June, in company with Mr. Wm. Brown, a Scotch physician, who was going to the province of Kolyvan, in the employment of the Empress. In six days, the party arrived at Moscow, where they stayed but one day. They hired a person to go with them to Kazan, a distance of 550 miles, and drive their *KIBITKA* with three horses. "Kibitka travelling," says Ledyard, in his journal, "is the remains of caravan travelling; it is your only home; it is like a ship at sea." They stayed a week at Kazan, a city on the right bank of the majestic Volga, and then commenced their journey to Tobolsk, where they arrived on the 11th of July. This city, once the capital of all Siberia, is one of considerable interest, being the residence of such exiles from Russia as have been sent to Siberia for political reasons. They are generally persons of great intelligence, for no government banishes *fools*, and Ledyard and Dr. Brown found here a very pleasing society. They stayed here, however, but three days, and then continued their journey to Barnaul, the capital of the province of Kolyvan.

At this place Ledyard was to leave Dr. Brown and proceed alone. He, therefore, was prevailed upon to remain here a week, and enjoy the hospitalities of the society. In his journal, he writes thus of

#### THE TARTARS AND RUSSIANS.

The nice gradation by which I pass from civilization to incivilization appears in everything—in manners, dress, language; and particularly in that remarkable and important circumstance, *color*, which, I am now fully convinced, originates from natural causes, and is the effect of external and local

circumstances. I think the same of *feature*. I see here among the Tartars the large mouth, the thick lip, the broad flat nose, as well as in Africa. I see also in the same village as great a difference of complexion, from the fair hair, fair skin, and white eyes, to the olive, the black jetty hair and eyes; and these all of the same language, same dress, and, I suppose, same tribe. I have frequently observed in Russian villages, obscure and dirty, mean and poor, that the women of the peasantry paint their faces, both red and white. I have had occasion from this and other circumstances to suppose that the Russians are a people who have been early attached to luxury. They are everywhere fond of *éclat*. "Sir," said a Russian officer to me in Petersburg, "we pay no attention to anything but *éclat*." The contour of their manners is Asiatic, and not European. The Tartars are universally neater than the Russians, particularly in their houses. The Tartar, however situated, is a voluptuary, and it is an original and striking trait in their character, from the Grand Seignior, to him who pitches his tent on the wild frontiers of Russia and China, that they are more addicted to real sensual pleasure than any other people. The Emperor of Germany, the Kings of England and France, have pursuits that give an entirely different turn to their enjoyments; and so have their respective subjects. Would a Tartar live on *Vire le Roi*? Would he spend ten years in constructing a watch? or twenty in forming a telescope?

After spending a week very agreeably at Barnaoul, Ledyard made preparations for recommencing his journey. From this place to Irkutsk it was arranged that he should travel post with the courier who had charge of the mail. He arrived at Tomsk, 300 miles, in three days, and thence journeyed to Irkutsk, at the head of Lake Baikal, which he reached in ten days from the time of leaving Tomsk. Here he stayed ten days, and then set out for Yakutsk, on the Lena, which he reached on the 18th of September, after a fatiguing sail on the river of twenty-two days.

At Yakutsk, Ledyard was told by the authorities that the journey to Okhotsk at that season was impracticable. This he did not regard; but when he saw that this was a mild manner of telling him that he must not go, he was exceedingly vexed, and in his journal gives vent to his feelings of bitter disappointment. Finding, however, that he must pass the winter there, he resolved to make the best use of his time, and lost no opportunity of gaining all the knowledge he could of the country and the people. A few extracts from his journal here will be interesting:—

## PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE TARTARS.

The Tartar face, in the first impression it gives, approaches nearer to the African than the European; and this impression is strengthened on a more deliberate examination of the individual features and whole compages of the countenance; yet it is very different from an African face. The nose forms a strong feature in the human face. I have seen instances among the Kalmuks where the nose between the eyes has been much flatter and broader than I have ever witnessed in Negroes, and some few instances where it has been as broad over the nostrils quite to the end; but the nostrils in any case are much smaller than in Negroes. Where I have seen those noses, they were accompanied with a large mouth and thick lips; and these people were genuine Kalmuk Tartars. The nose protuberates but little from the face, and is shorter than that of the European. The eyes universally are at a great distance from each other, and very small; at each corner of the eye the skin projects over the ball; the part appears swelled; the eyelids go in nearly a straight line from corner to corner. When open, the eye appears as in a square frame. The mouth generally, however, is of a middling size, and the lips thin. The next remarkable features are the cheek bones. These, like the eyes, are very remote from each other, high, broad, and withal project a little forward. The face is flat. When I look at a Tartar *en profile*, I can hardly see the nose between the eyes, and if he blow a coal of fire, I cannot see the nose at all. The face is then like an inflated bladder. The forehead is narrow and low. The face has a fresh color, and on the cheek bones there is commonly a good ruddy hue.

The faces of Tartars have not a variety of expression. I think the predominating one is pride; but whenever I have viewed them they have seen a stranger. The intermixture by marriage does not operate so powerfully in producing a change of features as of complexion, in favor of Europeans. I have seen the third in descent, and the Tartar prevailed over the European features. The Tartars, from time immemorial (I mean the Asiatic Tartars), have been a people of a wandering disposition. Their converse has been more among the beasts of the forest than among men; and when among men, it has only been those of their own nation. They have ever been savages, averse to civilization, and have never, until very lately,

mingled with other nations, and now rarely. Whatever cause may have originated their peculiarities of features, the reason why they still continue, is their secluded way of life, which has preserved them from mixing with other people. I am ignorant how far a constant society with beasts may operate in changing the features, but I am persuaded that this circumstance, together with an uncultivated state of mind, if we consider a long and uninterrupted succession of ages, must account, in some degree, for this remarkable singularity.

## WOMAN.

I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men ; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings ; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action ; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society ; industrious, economical, ingenuous ; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so ; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

On the 29th of December, Ledyard left Yakutsk to return to Irkutsk, which he reached in seventeen days. Here, by an order from the Empress, he was arrested, under the pretence of his being a spy ; but the fact is the Russian government did not wish their trade and resources and policy to be too closely examined by such a man as Ledyard. He was conducted by two guards with all the speed with which horses and sledges could convey them towards Moscow, exposed to the extreme rigors of a Siberian winter ; and, though no evidence

could there be brought against him, the same guards took him to Poland, set him at liberty, and told him that if he ever entered Russia again it would be at the cost of his life. While on the journey, he thus writes on the

#### BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.

Though born in the freest of the civilized countries, yet, in the present state of privation, I have a more exquisite sense of the amiable, the immortal nature of liberty than I ever had before. It would be excellently qualifying if every man, who is called to preside over the liberties of a people, should once—it would be enough—actually be deprived of his liberty unjustly. He would be avaricious of it more than of any other earthly possession. I could love a country and its inhabitants if it were a country of freedom. There are two kinds of people I could anathematize with a better weapon than St. Peter's; those who dare deprive others of their liberty, and those who suffer others to do it.

Here he was, in a destitute situation, without friends or means, all his hopes blasted, and his health enfeebled. He, however, disposed of a draft for five guineas, on Sir Joseph Banks, and by this expedient was enabled to purchase his journey to London, where he was received with great cordiality by this munificent patron of letters and science. He had not been in London a day before a plan was proposed to him to explore Central Africa, and when asked when he would be ready to set out, "To-morrow morning," was his prompt answer; which, considering his recent bitter disappointments, is one of the most extraordinary instances of decision of character to be found on record.

All the preparations for his journey having been made, he left London on the 30th of June, under the patronage of the "African Association." He went first to Paris, thence to Marseilles, thence sailed to Alexandria, and arrived at Cairo on the 19th of August. Here, after having spent three months in making every inquiry and preparation for his hazardous journey, just as he was about starting, he was attacked by a bilious fever. The best medical skill of Cairo was called to his aid without effect, and he closed his life of vicissitude and toil at the moment when he imagined his severest cares were over, and when the prospects before him were more flattering than they had been at any former period.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> He died towards the end of November, 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Such was the end of one of the most remarkable of men, in whom the spirit of romantic adventure was ever conspicuous. That he accomplished but little compared with the magnitude of his designs, seems to have been his misfortune, not his fault. "The acts of his life demand notice less on account of their results than of the spirit with which they were performed, and the uncommon traits of character which prompted to their execution. Such instances of decision, energy, perseverance, fortitude, and enterprise have rarely been witnessed in the same individual, and, in the exercise of these high attributes of mind, his example cannot be too much admired or imitated."<sup>1</sup>

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706—1790.

This distinguished philosopher and statesman was born in Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706. His father, who was a tallow-chandler, was too poor to give him the advantages of a collegiate education, and at ten years of age he was taken from the grammar school to aid in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds, and attending the shop. When he was twelve years of age, having a strong passion for reading, and thinking that a printer's business would give him the best opportunity to indulge it, he was bound to his brother, who had recently returned from England with a press and type. He soon made himself master of the business, while he employed all his leisure time and his evenings to the improvement of his English style, by reading the best books he could find, among which, happily, was Addison's "Spectator," to which he labored to make his own style conform. In 1721 his brother started a weekly newspaper called "The New England Courant," for which Benjamin, though so young, wrote with great acceptance. Soon, however, from jealousy or other cause, the elder brother quarrelled with the younger, who thereupon, at the age of seventeen, started alone for Philadelphia. The following is his own account of his

<sup>1</sup> The reader will not fail to make himself acquainted with Sparks' Life of Ledyard, one of the most interesting pieces of biography extant.

**FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA.**

I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia, I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much: I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught

of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quakers' meeting-house near the market place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

In a day or two he engaged to work with a printer by the name of Keimer, and soon by his industry and frugality accumulated a little money. A letter which Franklin had written to a friend having fallen under the notice of Sir William Keith, the Governor of the Province, he invited the young printer to his house, and finally persuaded him to go to London to better his fortunes, promising to give him letters of recommendation. Franklin set sail from Philadelphia, the governor promising to send the letters to him when the ship should reach Newcastle; but he was faithless to his promise, and Franklin landed in London, of course, a perfect stranger. But a gentleman, a fellow-passenger by the name of Denham, was interested in him, and very soon he obtained a situation in a printing house in Bartholomew Close, where he worked a year. He soon gained a high character for temperance and industry among his fellow-workmen, and began to be favorably noticed, when he was persuaded by his friend Denham, who was about to return home with a large quantity of goods which he had purchased, to accompany him and aid him in his store. He landed at Philadelphia on the 11th of October; but soon after the store was opened with every prospect of success, Denham died, and Franklin was left once more to the wide world. He therefore returned to his old business, and was soon so successful in it that, in conjunction with a Mr. Hugh Meredith, he bought out the "Pennsylvania Gazette," which had but recently been established,<sup>1</sup> and which in a few years proved very profitable to him. In connection with the paper, he soon opened a stationer's shop, and so prospered that in September,

<sup>1</sup> Franklin and Meredith began the paper with No. 40, September 25th, 1729, but in a year the partnership was dissolved, and Franklin had the sole management of it.

1730, he married Miss Read, with whom he had been acquainted before he went to London.

Feeling the want of good books, he started the plan of a subscription library—obtained fifty subscribers, “mostly young tradesmen,” who paid forty shillings each—imported the books, and thus laid the foundation of the present “Library Company of Philadelphia,” now the third in size in the United States.

At this time, when about twenty-six years of age, he drew up a series of resolutions by which he might regulate his conduct, govern his temper, and improve his whole moral man, and it is but justice to say that in the main he conformed to them; that the result was a character that, for evenness of temper, solidity of judgment, honesty of purpose, and prudence in the regulation of all temporal affairs, has rarely been equalled. In 1732 he first published his celebrated Almanac (commonly known as “Poor Richard’s Almanac”), under the assumed name of *Richard Saunders*. Besides the usual tables and calendar, it contained a vast fund of useful information, and “proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality.” It had great success, and was continued for about twenty-five years. In 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, and the next year post-master at Philadelphia. He now interested himself in all public matters, founded the American Philosophical Society, and the University of Pennsylvania, and was foremost in all enterprises calculated to promote good morals, sound learning, and the public weal.

At the age of forty-three he was elected a member of the Assembly, and the next year was appointed a commissioner for making a treaty with the Indians. About this time he began to be interested in those philosophical experiments which have made his name so celebrated throughout the scientific world. But he was soon diverted from them by the demands made upon his time by the public, who seemed to think that no project for the public good deserved to be supported, unless Franklin was interested in it. Accordingly, he felt it his duty to aid, by his influence, the plan of founding a Hospital, which had been started by his friend, Dr. Thomas Bond, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the subscriptions completed, and a grant of £2,000 made by the Assembly for the establishment of the same.

In 1757 he was appointed postmaster-general for America, and the same year received from Harvard and Yale Colleges the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Previous to this, in 1755, at the breaking out of the French war, he had been of great service in procuring supplies for Braddock’s army, and had warned him against the enemy he



had to contend with ; and after his disastrous defeat, he had labored successfully in putting Pennsylvania in a good state of defence. About this time he published his letters on electricity, of which, says Priestley, " nothing was ever written on the subject more justly applauded ; all the world was full of admiration." The Royal Society of London elected him a " Fellow," and when he was in that city<sup>1</sup> the most distinguished men of the metropolis, and from the continent, hastened to pay their respects to him.

After his return from England, he travelled, in 1763, throughout the northern colonies, to inspect and regulate the post-offices, performing a tour of about 1600 miles. But the controversy between the " Proprietors" and the people of Pennsylvania was not yet ended, and it being deemed necessary to take at once from the foreign landholders the chief appointing power, Franklin, in 1764, was sent a second time to England, with a petition for a change in the charter. But now all local differences were to be forgotten in the general contest that was approaching. The famous " Stamp Act" had been passed by the British ministry, and loud remonstrances from the colonies were at once echoed back to the " fatherland." In order to obtain fuller and more accurate information respecting America, the party in opposition to the ministry proposed that Franklin should be interrogated publicly before the House of Commons. Accordingly, on the 3d of February, 1766, he was summoned to the bar of the House for that purpose, and he cheerfully obeyed the call. Independent of the weight of his pre-established reputation, he possessed in a very eminent degree all those natural endowments and acquired attainments, which would make his examination most honorable to himself and serviceable to his country. The dignity of his personal appearance, and the calmness of his demeanor, equally unmoved by the illusions, and undismayed by the insolence of power, added not a little to make the whole scene highly imposing, and indeed morally sublime ;—to see a solitary representative from the then infant colonies, standing alone amid the concentrated pomp and the pageantry, the nobility and the learning of the mightiest kingdom of the earth, with the eyes of all gazing upon him, and acquitting himself so nobly as to call down the plaudits even of his enemies. The result might have been anticipated : for

<sup>1</sup> He went on a public mission to reconcile the difference between the Governor, who was appointed by the heirs of William Penn, and the Province, the former contending that their estates should not be taxed, even for the common defence. Franklin espoused the cause of the Province, and was successful with the ministry, who decided that all landholders, without exception, should bear a just proportion of the public burdens.

such was the impression he made upon Parliament, that the Stamp Act was repealed.

Immediately after his return, he was elected a member of Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, and was one of its most efficient members. After signing the Declaration of Independence, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to France, and he sailed for Paris near the close of the year 1776, where he was received most cordially by all classes. As we had not been successful in the campaign of 1776-7, the French were loth to enter into an alliance with us; but when they heard of the surrender of Burgoyne's army in October, 1777, and other successes on our part, seeing that we could "help ourselves," they concluded to help us, and entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with us. With the exception, however, of the services of Marquis de la Fayette, and, perhaps, of that portion of the French fleet before Yorktown, at the capture of Cornwallis, that nation was of little use to us in our revolutionary struggle; and it is well it was so—that the work of independence was mainly our own.

In 1785 Franklin returned to Philadelphia, and his arrival was signalized by every demonstration of public joy. From public assemblies of every description he received the most flattering and affectionate addresses, all testifying their veneration for his character, and their deep sense of the services he had rendered his country. He was not, however, permitted to pass the evening of his days in retirement. He was soon made governor of Pennsylvania, and then elected delegate to the Federal Convention of 1787 for framing the Constitution of the United States; and in the discussions upon it he bore a distinguished part. After the dissolution of the convention, he did but little, as the infirmities and sufferings, incident to his age, with which he had long been afflicted, seldom allowed him freedom from acute bodily pain. He drew up, however, and published "A Plan for Improving the Condition of the Free Blacks," and his last public act was to sign, as president, a memorial from the Abolition Society of Pennsylvania to Congress; while the last paper that he wrote was on the same subject—thus beautifully closing a long life of distinguished usefulness as a citizen, a philosopher, and a statesman, in the cause of philanthropy. Although his malady and his sufferings continued, yet no material change in his health was observed till the first part of April, 1790, when he was attacked with a fever and a pain in the breast. The organs of respiration became gradually oppressed; a calm lethargic state succeeded; and on the 17th (April, 1790), at eleven at night, he quietly expired.

The strong and distinguishing features of Dr. Franklin's mind were sagacity, quickness of perception, and soundness of judgment. His

imagination was lively, without being extravagant. In short, he possessed a perfect mastery over the faculties of his understanding and over his passions. Having this power always at command, and never being turned aside either by vanity or selfishness, he was enabled to pursue his objects with a directness and constancy that rarely failed to insure success. It seemed to be his single aim to promote the happiness of his fellow men by enlarging their knowledge, improving their condition, teaching them practical lessons of wisdom and prudence, and inculcating the principles of rectitude and the habits of a virtuous life.<sup>1</sup>

The following is Dr. Franklin's admirable letter to Sir Joseph Banks, dated July, 1783:—

#### ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

DEAR SIR: I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of Peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, *there never was a good war, or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labor!

#### THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Courteous reader, I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified

<sup>1</sup> Read *Life and Works*, by Sparks, 10 vols.; *Life in Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*; *North Am. Rev.* lxx. 446; *Edinburgh Review*, viii. 227, and xxviii. 275.

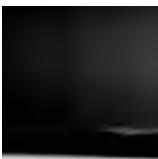
by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government, that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, *Three removes are*



*as bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee; and again, If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.*

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will.*

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods*; but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause awhile.* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance:* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty.

If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt*, as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back*; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

*For age and want save while you may;  
No morning sun lasts a whole day.*

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that



at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. I resolved to be the better for it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

#### THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my little pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop, where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money—and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation: and the reflection gave me more chagrin, than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favors—sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it—I have said to myself, *this man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *he pays, indeed, says I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living—all the pleasure of doing good to others—all the esteem of his fellow-citizens—and the joys of benevolent friend-



ship, for the sake of accumulating wealth ; *poor man*, says I, *you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations—*Mistaken man*, says I, *you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure—you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison—*Alas*, says I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband—*What a pity it is*, says I, *that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles*.

#### ON THE WASTE OF LIFE.

Aergus was a gentleman of good estate ; he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably ; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind ; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed ; he dozed away two or three more on his couch ; and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humor. Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since the paternal estate fell into his hands.

One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his carcass, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these offerings ; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man. “About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another,” said he, “given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table.

“Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and the herd, have



been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for God and man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life, and a worthless liver?

"There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eaten, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honor than I have done. Oh, shameful waste of life and time!"

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life; to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age. He lived many following years with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian; he died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

The world, that knew the whole series of his life, were amazed at the mighty change. They beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the Divine power and mercy which had transformed him from a brute to a man. But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write *miracle* upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness?

#### TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grind-stone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "O yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting

me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll buy it!"—"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal, is too much."

It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, That man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

#### APOLOGUE ON WAR.

In what light we are viewed by superior beings, may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another; he turned angrily to his guide, and said, "You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought

me into hell!" "No, sir," says the guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity."

MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS ON SLAVERY.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:*

From a persuasion that equal liberty was originally the portion, and is still the birthright of all men, and influenced by the strong ties of humanity and the principles of their institution, your memorialists conceive themselves bound to use all justifiable endeavors to loosen the bands of slavery, and promote a general enjoyment of the blessings of freedom. Under these impressions, they earnestly entreat your serious attention to the subject of slavery; that you will be pleased to countenance the restoration of liberty to those unhappy men, who alone in this land of freedom are degraded into perpetual bondage, and who, amidst the general joy of surrounding freemen, are groaning in servile subjection—that you will devise means for removing this inconsistency from the character of the American people—that you will promote mercy and justice toward this distressed race—and that you will step to the very verge of the power vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow men.<sup>1</sup>

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737—1791.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, the son of Thomas Hopkinson, an English gentleman who emigrated to the colonies in the early part of the eighteenth century, was born in Philadelphia in 1737. His father dying when he was quite young, his education devolved upon his mother, who is said to have been a woman of more than common powers of mind, and who took every pains to foster the genius and to cultivate the talents which she saw her son possessed, as well as to

<sup>1</sup> This may be found in the "Federal Gazette," February, 1790, but two months before the death of the illustrious sage.

instruct him in the pure principles of Christian morals. From school he was sent to the College of Philadelphia, afterwards the "University of Pennsylvania," and then commenced the study of law, and, after the usual period, entered upon its practice. In 1766, he went to England, where he remained two years. On his return he married Miss Ann Borden, of Bordentown, N. J., in which place he established himself in his profession. His legal attainments, general knowledge, and ardent patriotism soon acquired for him a high reputation, and in 1776 he was chosen by the State of New Jersey as one of her representatives in Congress, and, in this capacity, he signed the Declaration of Independence. In 1779, he succeeded George Ross as Judge of the Admiralty of the State of Pennsylvania, which he held for ten years, until the organization of the Federal Government, when he received from General Washington a commission as Judge of the United States, which office he held till the day of his death, which took place on the 9th of May, 1791.

Great as Judge Hopkinson's reputation was as an advocate while at the bar, and distinguished as he was for his learning, judgment, and integrity when upon the bench, he was, perhaps, still more known as a man of letters, of general knowledge, of fine taste, but above all, for his then unrivalled powers of wit and satire. Dr. Rush, after speaking of his varied attainments, says: "But his forte was humor and satire, in both of which he was not surpassed by Lucian, Swift, or Rabelais. These extraordinary powers were consecrated to the advancement of the interests of patriotism, virtue, and science." This praise, however strong, is not, in my estimation, the language of exaggeration, for I hardly know where to find papers of more exquisite humor than among the writings of Francis Hopkinson. His paper on the "Ambiguity of the English Language," to show the ridiculous mistakes that often occur from words of similar sounds, used the one for the other; on "White Washing;" on "A Typographical Method of Conducting a Quarrel," which made friends of two fierce newspaper combatants; "The New Roof," an allegory in favor of the Federal Constitution; the "Specimen of a Collegiate Examination," to turn some branches, and the mode of studying them, into ridicule; and "The Battle of the Kegs," are all papers which, while they are fully equal to any of Swift's writings for wit, have nothing at all in them of Swift's vulgarity.

## SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

## METAPHYSICS.

PROFESSOR. What is a SALT-BOX ?

STUDENT. It is a box made to contain salt.

PROF. How is it divided ?

STU. Into a salt-box and a box of salt.

PROF. Very well ! show the distinction.

STU. A salt-box may be where there is no salt ; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

PROF. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided ?

STU. Yes ; by a partition.

PROF. What is the use of this partition ?

STU. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

PROF. How ? think a little.

STU. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

PROF. To be sure ; it is to separate the fine from the coarse ; but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished ?

STU. Yes ; into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

PROF. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

STU. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the bands of the joiner.

\* PROF. Why so ?

STU. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it ; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

PROF. Very true ; for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box ?

STU. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath sixpence in his pocket to pay the grocer ; and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

PROF. Very good :—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box, which hath no salt in it ?

STU. I know of none.

PROF. Yes : there is one mentioned by some authors : it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that, although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt-herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense, any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in

brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

STU. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

PROF. What is the idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box when no salt-box is present.

PROF. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is the idea of a salt-box abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

PROF. Very right; and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

STU. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

PROF. True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

STU. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

PROF. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

STU. It is called its contents.

PROF. And why so?

STU. Because the cook is content *quo ad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

PROF. You are very right—I see you have not misspent your time: but let us now proceed to

#### LOGIC.

PROF. How many parts are there in a salt-box?

STU. Three. *Bottom, top, and sides.*

PROF. How many modes are there in salt-boxes.

STU. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsy-turvy*.

PROF. Define these several modes.

STU. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial*

respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

PROF. Very well; and what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode?

STU. If the string should break the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion; and this is the accidental mode with its consequences.

PROF. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

STU. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions.

PROF. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom and the uppermost part is the top. How is it then if the bottom should be the uppermost?

STU. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom; and this is called the *topsy-turvy* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it.

PROF. Very good; but are not salt-boxes sometimes single, and sometimes double?

STU. Yes.

PROF. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

STU. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

PROF. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

#### ON WHITE WASHING.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR: The peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers awkward and absurd, but the inhabitants consider them as very proper and even necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding, and reconciles it to anything that is not manifestly pernicious or immediately destructive.

I have read somewhere of a nation (in Africa, I think) which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water. The counsellors enter the apartment one after an other, stark naked, and each leaps

<sup>1</sup> A letter from a gentleman in America to his friend in Europe.

into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water. When the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque scene ; but the object is to transact the public business ; they have been accustomed to do it in this way, and therefore it appears to them the most rational and convenient way. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow chair ; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered in the one as in the other.

The established manners of every country are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them ; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations therefrom as barbarisms and absurdities.

I have discovered but few national singularities amongst the people of these new States. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. I have, however, observed one custom which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of WHITE WASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of *whitewashing* is. I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege ; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of everything about her ; these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season



of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture: paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie in huddled heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under petticoats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There*, a closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wineglasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters; from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped in a solution of lime, called WHITE-WASH; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, in the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation: but, after long argument, it was determined that no damages could be awarded, because it was determined that no damages could be awarded, because it was determined that the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and therefore answerable for the consequences. And so the poor plaintiff was doubly non-suited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

Such a good man here who is fond of accounting for

everything in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I call *a custom*, as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was that, when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content, and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

#### MISTAKE VERSUS BLUNDER.<sup>1</sup>

This was an action on the statute of *Patrick* 4, chap 16, called THE STATUTE OF NAILS, which prohibits all subjects within the realm from cutting or paring their nails on a *Friday*, under the penalty of twenty shillings for every offence, to be recovered by the overseers of the poor, for the use of the poor of the county in which the offence should be committed. *Mistake* and others were overseers of the poor for the county of *Antrim*, and brought their action under the statute against the defendant. And it was in proof that the defendant had pared his thumb-nails and his great toe-nails on *Friday*, to wit, on *Friday*, the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, at twelve o'clock in the night of the same day.

Counsel for the defendant demurred to the facts, observing that, as this was a penal law, it ought to be strictly construed. And thereupon took three points of defence, viz: *First*, it was urged that *night* is not *day*, and the statute expressly says *Fri-day* and not *Fri-night*; and the proof is that the cutting

<sup>1</sup> This is a case cited in the most humorous paper, entitled "Specimen of a Modern Lawsuit."

was at night. *Secondly*, it was contended that twelve o'clock on Friday night is, in fact, the beginning of Saturday morning, and therefore not within the statute. And, *thirdly*, that the words of the statute are *UNGUES DIGITORUM*—Anglici—the *nails of the FINGERS*, and the testimony only respects *thumbs and great toes*.

The jury gave in a special verdict; whereupon, after long advisement, the judges were unanimously of opinion, on the first point, that, in construction of law, day is night and night is day; because a day consists of twenty-four hours, and the law will not allow of fractions of a day; *de minimis non curat lex*; in English, the law don't stand upon trifles. On the second point, that twelve o'clock at night, being the precise line of division between Friday night and Saturday morning, is a portion or point of time which may be considered as belonging to both, or to either, or to neither, at the discretion of the court. And, *thirdly*, that, in construction of law, fingers are thumbs and thumbs are fingers, and thumbs and fingers are great toes and little toes, and great toes and little toes are thumbs and fingers; and so judgment for the plaintiff.

#### AN EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.

Sleep on, sweet babe! no dreams annoy thy rest,  
Thy spirit flew unsullied from thy breast:  
Sleep on, sweet innocent! nor shalt thou dread  
The passing storm that thunders o'er thy head:  
Thro' the bright regions of yon azure sky,  
A winged seraph, now she soars on high;  
Or, on the bosom of a cloud reclin'd,  
She rides triumphant on the rapid wind;  
Or from its source pursues the radiant day;  
Or on a sunbeam, smoothly glides away;  
Or mounts aerial, to her blest abode,  
And sings, inspir'd, the praises of her God:  
Unveiled, thence, to her extensive eye,  
Nature, and Nature's laws, expanded lie:  
Death, in one moment, taught this infant more  
Than years or ages ever taught before.

#### THE WASP.

Wrapt in Aurelian filth and slime,  
An infant wasp neglected lay;  
Till, having dor'd the destin'd time,  
He woke, and struggl'd into day.

Proud of his venom-bag and sting,  
And big with self-approved worth:  
"Mankind," he said, and stretch'd his wing,  
"Should tremble when I sally forth."

"In copious streams my spleen shall flow,  
And satire all her purses drain;  
A critic born, the world shall know  
I carry not a sting in vain."

This said, from native cell of clay,  
Elate he rose in airy flight;  
Thence to the city chang'd his way,  
And on a steeple chanc'd to light.

"Ye gods," he cried, "what horrid pile  
Presumes to rear its head so high?  
This clumsy cornice—see how vile:  
Can this delight a critic's eye?"

With pois'nous sting he strove to wound  
The substance firm: but strove in vain:  
Surpris'd, he sees it stands its ground,  
Nor starts thro' fear, nor writhes with pain.

Away th' enraged insect flew;  
But soon with aggravated pow'r  
Against the walls his body threw,  
And hop'd to shake the lofty tow'r.  
  
Firm fix'd it stands; as stand it must,  
Nor heeds the wasp's unpitied fall:  
The humbled critic rolls in dust,  
So stunn'd, so bruis'd, he scarce can crawl.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.<sup>1</sup>

Gallants, attend and hear a friend  
Trill forth harmonious ditty;  
Strange things I'll tell which late befell  
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,  
Just when the sun was rising,  
A soldier stood on a log of wood,  
And saw a thing surprising.

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<sup>1</sup> This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.



As a amaze he stood to gaze,  
The truth can't be denied, sir,  
He spied a score of kegs or more  
A'me floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,  
This strange appearance viewing,  
First rubbid his eyes, in great surprise,  
Then said some mischief 's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold  
Puck'd up like pickled herring;  
And they're come down t' attack the town,  
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,  
And scar'd almost to death, sir,  
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,  
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town  
Most frantic scenes were acted;  
And some ran here, and others there,  
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,  
But said the earth had quaked;  
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,  
Ran thro' the streets half naked.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,  
Awak'd by such a clatter;  
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,  
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bedside he then espied  
Sir Krskine at command, sir;  
Upon the foot he had one boot,  
And the other in his hand, sir.

"What now?" Sir Krskine cries,  
The rebels' more's the pity—  
What all a boat are all afloat,  
A'me afloat before the city.

The navy crew, in vessels new,  
Were sent for their guide, sir.  
They spied no bags, or wooden kegs,  
A'me floating down the tide, sir.

We'll ne'er despatch for bloody war,  
The rebels must all be routed,  
The navy we despatch shall be,  
Our English courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,  
All rang'd in dread array, sir,  
With stomach stout to see it out,  
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,  
The small arms make a rattle;  
Since wars began I'm sure no man  
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,  
With rebel trees surrounded;  
The distant wood, the hills and floods,  
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,  
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;  
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay  
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made  
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,  
Could not oppose their powerful foes,  
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might  
Display'd amazing courage;  
And when the sun was fairly down,  
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,  
Or more, upon my word, sir,  
It is most true would be too few  
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day  
Against these wicked kegs, sir,  
That years to come, if they get home,  
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

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JOHN WITHERSPOON, 1722—1794.

Of the many statesmen, soldiers, and scholars that may be truly called American, few have done more good, or exerted a wider influence in their generation, than John Witherspoon. He was born in the parish of Yester, near Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 5th of February,

1722. His father was a clergyman in the Church of Scotland, much respected for his piety and learning, and exerted so controlling an influence over the mind of his son, that, after going through the usual courses of study in the University of Edinburgh in literature, science, and theology, he was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-one. He was first settled in the parish of Beith, in the west of Scotland, whence, in a few years, he removed to the flourishing manufacturing town of Paisley. Here he continued till the year 1768, when he was unanimously elected by the trustees of Princeton College the president of that institution. The fame of his talents and learning had preceded him, and consequently he brought to the college a large accession of students, and was the means of greatly increasing its funds, which had been very low, and placing it on a foundation of permanent usefulness. Indeed, few men could combine more important qualifications for the presidency of a literary institution—talents—extensive attainments—commanding personal appearance—and an admirable faculty for governing young men, and exciting in them a noble emulation to excel in their studies. The best evidence of his services to the college is in the large number of men of eminent usefulness who received from him the elements of their education.

But he was soon to enter upon a new sphere of duty. Becoming an American the moment he landed upon our shores, he was selected by the citizens of New Jersey, in 1776, as a delegate to the immortal Congress that promulgated the Declaration of Independence, to which instrument he affixed his name, and by that act added his full share to the weight of influence that document would exert. To show how fully his heart was with the country of his adoption, when a distinguished member of the Congress remarked that we were "not yet ripe for a declaration of independence," Dr. Witherspoon replied, "In my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe, but rotting."

He continued to represent the State of New Jersey in the general Congress, from 1776 to 1782, and in practical business talent and devotion to public affairs he was second to none in that body. He was always firm in the most gloomy and disheartening state of public affairs, and showed his great powers, courage, and presence of mind in the most embarrassing situations. It would be impossible, in this brief sketch, to specify the numerous services which he rendered to his country in the dark hours of her revolutionary history; but one thing cannot be omitted—the signal ability which he displayed as a member of the committee to consider the state of the currency and the finances of the country. Little did men dream that a theologian, bred in academic halls, could prepare such papers on money and finance as were

presented by Dr. Witherspoon; for it is doubtful if that most difficult subject was ever treated in a more masterly manner; and had his earnest advice been taken, or his eloquent expostulations regarded, the States would have been saved the disgrace of bankruptcy, which the depreciation of the old continental money caused.

When he retired from the national councils in 1791, he married his second wife, which excited some attention, as he was in his seventieth year, and the lady, distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments, but twenty-three. He then went to his country place about one mile from Princeton, having two years before partially given up his duties as president of the college to the vice-president, his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Smith. In 1783, he had been induced by the trustees of the college, contrary to his own judgment, to make a voyage to England to procure funds for the institution; but he returned in September, 1784, having obtained but a little more than was necessary to meet his travelling expenses. At length, bodily infirmities began to fall heavily upon him. For more than two years before his death he was afflicted with the loss of sight, which he bore with exemplary patience and even cheerfulness, nor would he desist from the duties of his ministry, nor from attending at the college, as far as his health and strength would permit. But his useful life was drawing to a close, and on the 15th of November, 1794, in the seventy-third year of his age, he entered into his rest.

Doctor Witherspoon's works were published after his death, in four volumes, with a memoir by the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers. They consist of "Sermons;" an "Inquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Stage;" "Lectures on Moral Philosophy;" "Lectures on Eloquence;" "Lectures on Divinity;" "Letters on Education;" "Letters on Marriage;" "An Essay on Money, as a Medium of Commerce;" his "Speeches in Congress;" and a variety of essays on moral and political subjects. All these give abundant evidence of the learning, piety, sound judgment, and eloquence of their author. But none of them show one of the most prominent traits in his character—a remarkably ready and keen wit.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, his fund of refined humor and delicate satire seemed

<sup>1</sup> In this he was excelled by none of his contemporaries, except the learned Charles Nisbet, D. D., the first President of Dickinson College; and many a keen encounter is said to have taken place between the two rival wits and divines. One particularly occurs to me. At a casual meeting in the streets of Philadelphia, Dr. Nisbet replied to the question put by his companion about his health, that he did not feel very well, that he had a kind of "ringing in his head." "Well, and don't you know what that's the sign of?" said Dr. Witherspoon. "No, sir; what is it?" "It's a sign that it's hollow." "Why, sir, does yours never ring?" said Dr. Nisbet. "No, never," said Dr. Witherspoon. "And don't you know what that's the sign of?" "No; what is it?" "It's a sign that it's cracked."

inexhaustible, and it burst out on almost all occasions.<sup>1</sup> This made him a most pleasing and entertaining companion in private life, and the charm of every social circle.

#### THE PERNICIOUS EXAMPLE OF THE STAGE.

It is a known truth, established by the experience of all ages, that bad example has a powerful and unhappy influence upon human characters. Sin is of a contagious and spreading nature, and the human heart is but too susceptible of the infection. This may be ascribed to several causes, and to one in particular which is applicable to the present case, that the seeing of sin frequently committed must gradually abate that horror which we ought to have of it upon our minds, and which serves to keep us from yielding to its solicitations. Frequently seeing the most terrible objects renders them familiar to our view, and makes us behold them with less emotion. And from seeing sin without reluctance, the transition is easy to a compliance with its repeated importunity, especially as there are latent remaining dispositions to sinning in every heart that is but imperfectly sanctified. It will be difficult to assign any other reason why wickedness is always carried to a far greater height in large and populous cities, than in the country. Do not multitudes, in places of great resort, come to perpetrate, calmly and sedately, without any remorse, such crimes as would surprise a less knowing sinner so much as to hear of? Can it then be safe to be present at the exhibition of so many vicious characters as always must appear upon the stage? Must it not, like other examples, have a strong, though insensible influence, and indeed the more strong, because unperceived?

#### CHARACTER OF THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

Where can the plays be found, at least comedies, that are free from impurity, either directly, or by allusion and double-

<sup>1</sup> For instance: when Burgoyne's army was captured, General Gates dispatched one of his aids to Congress to carry the intelligence. He, however, suffered himself to be delayed by amusements on the way, and when he reached Philadelphia he found the news had got there several days before. When Congress, therefore, according to custom, was about to vote the messenger an elegant sword, Dr. Witherspoon rose, and begged leave to move that instead of a sword they should present him with *a pair of golden spurs*.

meaning? It is amazing to think that women who pretend to decency and reputation, whose brightest ornament ought to be modesty, should continue to abet, by their presence, so much unchastity as is to be found in the theatre. How few plays are acted which a modest woman can see, consistently with decency, in every part? And even when the plays are more reserved themselves, they are sure to be seasoned with something of this kind in the prologue or epilogue, the music between the acts, or in some scandalous farce with which the diversion is concluded. The power of custom and fashion is very great, in making people blind to the most manifest qualities and tendencies of things. There are ladies who frequently attend the stage, who if they were but once entertained with the same images in a private family, with which they are often presented there, would rise with indignation, and reckon their reputation ruined if ever they should return. With what consistency they gravely return to the same schools of lewdness, they themselves best know.

It ought to be considered, particularly with regard to the younger of both sexes, that, in the theatre, their minds must insensibly acquire an inclination to romance and extravagance, and be unfitted for the sober and serious affairs of common life. Common or little things give no entertainment upon the stage, except when they are ridiculed. There must always be something grand, surprising, and striking. In comedies, when all obstacles are removed, and the marriage is agreed on, the play is done. This gives the mind such a turn, that it is apt to despise ordinary business as mean, or deride it as ridiculous. Ask a merchant whether he chooses that his apprentices should go to learn exactness and frugality from the stage. Or, whether he expects the most punctual payments from those whose generosity is strengthened there, by weeping over virtue in distress. Suppose a matron to be coming home from the theatre filled with the ideas that are there impressed upon the imagination:—how low and contemptible do all the affairs of her family appear, and how much must she be disposed (besides the time already consumed) to forget or misguide them?

#### CHARACTER OF ACTORS.

The life of players is not only idle and vain, and therefore inconsistent with the character of a Christian, but it is still more directly and grossly criminal. Not only from the taste

of the audience must the prevailing tendency of all successful plays be bad, but in the very nature of the thing, the greatest part of the characters represented must be vicious. What, then, is the life of a player? It is wholly spent in endeavoring to express the language, and exhibit a perfect picture, of the passions of vicious men. For this purpose, they must strive to enter into the spirit, and feel the sentiments proper to such characters.

Thus, their character has been infamous in all ages; just a living copy of that vanity, obscenity, and impiety which is to be found in the pieces which they represent. As the world has been polluted by the stage, so they have always been more eminently so, as it is natural to suppose, being the very cisterns in which this pollution is collected, and from which it is distributed to others.

Can it be lawful, then, in any one to contribute, in the least degree, to support men in this unhallowed employment? Is not the theatre truly and essentially, what it has been often called rhetorically, the school of impiety, where it is their very business to learn wickedness? and will a Christian, upon any pretended advantage to himself, join in this confederacy against God, and assist in endowing and upholding the dreadful seminary?

#### PRINCIPLES REGULATING MONEY.<sup>1</sup>

I will now sum up, in single propositions, the substance of what has been asserted, and I hope sufficiently proved, in the preceding discourse.

1. It ought not to be imputed to accident or caprice, that gold, silver, and copper formerly were, and the two first continue to be the medium of commerce; but to their inherent value, joined with other properties, that fit them for circulation. Therefore, all the speculations formed upon a contrary supposition, are inconclusive and absurd.

2. Gold and silver are far from being in too small quantity at present for the purpose of a circulating medium, in the commercial nations. The last of them, silver, seems rather to be in too great quantity, so as to become inconvenient for transportation.

<sup>1</sup> This is at the close of his very able and learned "Essay on Money as a Medium of Commerce; with Remarks on the Advantages and Disadvantages of Paper admitted into general Circulation."

3. The people of every nation will get the quantity of these precious metals that they are entitled to by their industry, and no more. If by any accident, as plunder in war, or borrowing from other nations, or even finding it in mines, they get more, they will not be able to keep it. It will in a short time find its level. Laws against exporting the coin will not prevent this. Laws of this kind, though they are still in force in some nations supposed to be wise, yet are in themselves ridiculous. If you import more than you export, you must pay the balance, or give up the trade.

4. The quantity of gold and silver at any time in a nation is no evidence of national wealth, unless you take into consideration the way in which it came there, and the probability of its continuing.

5. No paper of any kind is, properly speaking, money. It ought never to be made a legal tender. It *ought* not to be forced upon *anybody*, because it *cannot* be forced upon *everybody*.

6. Gold and silver, fairly acquired, and likely to continue, are real national, as well as personal wealth. If twice as much paper circulates with them, though in full credit, particular persons may be rich by possessing it, but the nation in general is not.

7. The cry of the scarcity of money is generally putting the effect for the cause. No business can be done, say some, because money is scarce. It may be said with more truth, money is scarce, because little business is done. Yet their influence, like that of many other causes and effects, is reciprocal.

8. The quantity of current money, of whatever kind, will have an effect in raising the price of industry, and bringing goods dearer to market; therefore the increase of the currency in any nation, by paper, which will not pass among other nations, makes the first cost of everything they do greater, and of consequence, the profit less.

9. It is however possible, that paper obligations may so far facilitate commerce, and extend credit, as by the additional industry that they excite, to overbalance the injury which they do in other respects. Yet even the good itself may be overdone. Too much money may be emitted even upon loan; but to emit money any other way than upon loan, is to do all evil and no good.

10. The excessive quantity of paper emitted by the different States of America will probably be a loss to the whole. They cannot, however, take advantage of one another in that

way. That State which emits most will lose most, and vice versa.

11. I can see no way in which it can do good but one, which is to deter other nations from trusting us, and thereby lessen our importations; and I sincerely wish that in that way it may prove in some degree a remedy for its own evils.

12. Those who refuse doubtful paper, and thereby disgrace it, or prevent its circulation, are not enemies, but friends to their country.

#### PHILLIS WHEATLEY PETERS, 1755—1794.

In the year 1761 there was advertised to be sold, on one of the wharves of Boston,<sup>2</sup> a lot of slaves just imported from the coast of Africa. A Mr. John Wheatley, whose wife wanted a young servant, went to the sale, and amongst the wretched group of more robust and healthy children, he observed one about seven years of age, slenderly

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<sup>2</sup> Some wonder may be expressed, and more, perhaps, may be felt, at my putting this poetess of African descent in a collection of American authors; and some may ask "Why did he do it?" I claim the privilege of answering this question by asking another — How could I omit it with justice? How many distinguished authors, scholars, statesmen, would be stricken from the list now called American, if those born on this side of the Atlantic only were included? Strike off first, the greatest statesman of the Revolution, the companion and bosom friend of Washington, and on whom his own strong arm in times of danger most leaned for support — for *ALEXANDER HAMILTON* was born in the West Indies, and did not come to this country till he was twice the age of Phillis Wheatley. Then strike off an illustrious signer of the Declaration of Independence, the learned president of the College of New Jersey, Rev. Dr. WINTERSHOOT, who was forty-six years of age when he landed on our shores. And then, in the erasing process, strike off another renowned signer of the same instrument — him who, with his large fortune, and still larger credit, came to the aid of his country in her darkest hour, the great financier of the Revolution — *RONALD MOUNTS*. And where shall I stop? The truth is — *that man or that woman may be truly called American whose character is formed by American institutions, and whose genius is developed on American soil.* As to Phillis Wheatley Peters, I challenge any one to produce any poetry written in America before hers that is at all equal to it.

<sup>2</sup> While I feel ashamed that my native State should ever have been engaged in the infamous traffic of slaves, I am proud to say that she was the least sinning in this respect of all the Atlantic States, while she proclaimed that the very fact of her adopting our excellent constitution must cause her at once to abolish, as she actually did, all slavery, as well as the slave-trade, throughout her domain.

formed, and suffering apparently from the change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. Touched to the heart by her interesting face and modest demeanor, he selected her, almost naked as she was, and brought her home to his wife to nurse and to rear. Mrs. Wheatley, with a true woman's heart, rejoiced in the selection her husband had made, and immediately gave her attention to the wants of the little stranger. In a short time, the effects of comfortable clothing, wholesome food, and kind treatment were clearly visible, and Mrs. Wheatley's daughter undertook to teach her to read and write. So astonishing was her progress that in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in this humane family she had so mastered the English language, to which before she was an utter stranger, as to read with ease any portion of the Bible, and to this attainment she soon added that of writing, which she acquired solely by her own unassisted efforts, and when but ten years old, wrote a letter to Samson Occum, an Indian minister, then in England.

In a very short time, so rapid was her progress in learning, that she became an object of general attention, and corresponded with several persons of great distinction.<sup>1</sup> As she grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments kept pace with the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of Boston, who supplied her with books, and encouraged the ripening of her intellectual powers. Mrs. Wheatley, too, did all she could to promote the happiness of the young poetess, and to aid her in the acquisition of knowledge, treating her as a child of the family, admitting her to her own table, and introducing her into the best society of Boston. But, notwithstanding all the honors and attentions she received, she still retained her original and native modesty of deport-

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<sup>1</sup> She, some years after this, addressed a poem to General Washington while he was at his head-quarters at Cambridge, Mass., February, 1776. How did the illustrious man treat it? With scorn, as many of our modern, so-called statesmen would have done? No; he showed, in my estimation, his true greatness of mind in this, as much as in any one act of his life; he wrote her a most kind and respectful letter, of which the following is a portion: "I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you inclosed, and, however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents, in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints."

"If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations."

ment, and never presumed upon the kindness of her friends and admirers. She studied Latin, and, at the early age of fourteen, made her first attempts at poetry in translations from Ovid's Fables. So creditable were these to her scholarship, taste, and poetic talent, that she was encouraged to write more, and before she had completed her nineteenth year, she wrote most of her poems that were given to the world, which were published in London in 1773, in a small octavo volume of about one hundred and twenty pages.

Though very soon after her poetic talents were visible, her freedom was given to her by Mr. Wheatley, she remained in the family, beloved, and respecting and imparting happiness to others. In 1773, her health had so far declined, in consequence of her unremitting attention to study, that her physicians recommended a sea voyage, and she sailed for England. Her fame had gone before her, and she was received with marked respect by many distinguished individuals. But in the midst of the attentions of the court she heard that her former mistress was sick, and her heart prompted her to return home at once. She did so in time to minister to Mrs. Wheatley, whose sickness terminated in death the next year, and the year after, Mr. Wheatley followed her to the grave. Thus deprived of her best friends, poor and desolate, she accepted an offer of marriage from a colored man by the name of Peters, sometimes called "Dr. Peters," who, as her biographer says, "kept a grocery in Court Street, and was a man of handsome person and manners, wearing a wig, carrying a cane, and quite acting the gentleman;" but "that he proved utterly unworthy of the distinguished woman who honored him with her alliance." After living with him a few years, and becoming the mother of three children, her health rapidly declined, and she died on the 5th of December, 1794.

Of all American poets prior to the year 1800, Phillis Wheatley is, in my estimation, the first, whether we consider the ease and correctness of her versification, her elevated moral and religious sentiments, her power of expression and reach of thought, or her pure fancy. Indeed, when we take into view the times in which she lived, the state of education in our colonies, and especially the little attention paid to female education, her poems are truly wonderful. Compare her, for instance, with any male poet on this side of the Atlantic prior to the present century, or with any contemporary female poet on the other side, unless, perhaps, we should except Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Hester Chapone, and how does Phillis Wheatley rise by such comparison. And to the two writers I have named she is in

no respect inferior. The following pieces present a fair specimen of her powers.<sup>1</sup>

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SEWALL.

Lo, here a man, redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
A sinner once, but now a saint with God;  
Behold ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wise,  
Nor let his monument your heart surprise.  
He sought the paths of piety and truth,  
By these made happy from his early youth!  
In blooming years that grace divine he felt  
Which rescues sinners from the chains of guilt.  
Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed,  
And henceforth seek, like him, for living bread—  
E'en Christ, the bread descending from above,  
And ask an interest in his saving love.  
Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told  
God's gracious wonders from the times of old.  
I, too, have cause this mighty loss to mourn,  
For he, my monitor, will not return.  
O when shall we to his blest state arrive?  
When the same graces in our bosoms thrive.

## ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Arise, my soul, on wings enraptured rise,  
To praise the Monarch of the earth and skies,  
Whose goodness and beneficence appear  
As round its centre moves the rolling year;  
Or when the morning glows with rosy charms,  
Or the sun slumbers in the ocean's arms:  
Of light divine be a rich portion lent  
To guide my soul, and favor my intent.  
Celestial muse, my arduous flight sustain,  
And raise my mind to a seraphic strain!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Almighty, in these wondrous works of thine,  
What Power, what Wisdom, and what Goodness shine!  
And are thy wonders, Lord, by men explored,  
And yet creating glory unadored?  
Creation smiles in various beauty gay,  
While day to night, and night succeeds to day:

<sup>1</sup> Read "Memoir and Poems of Phillis Wheatley," Boston, 1834; "Christian Examiner," xvi. 169. "A Tribute for the Negro," p. 332.

The wisdom which attends Jehovah's ways  
 Shines most conspicuous in the solar rays ;  
 Without them, destitute of heat and light,  
 This world would be the reign of endless night.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Hail ! smiling morn, that from the orient main  
 Ascending dost adorn the heavenly plain.  
 So rich, so various are thy beauteous dyes,  
 That spread through all the circuit of the skies,  
 That, full of thee, my soul in rapture soars,  
 And thy great God, the cause of all, adores.  
 O'er beings infinite his love extends,  
 His wisdom rules them, and his power defends :  
 When tasks diurnal tire the human frame,  
 The spirits faint, and dim the vital flame,  
 Then, too, that ever active bounty shines  
 Which not infinity of space confines.  
 The sable veil, that Night in silence draws,  
 Conceals effects, but shows the Almighty Cause.  
 Night seals in sleep the wide creation fair,  
 And all is peaceful but the brow of care.  
 Again gay Phœbus, as the day before,  
 Wakes every eye, save what shall wake no more ;  
 Again the face of nature is renewed,  
 Which still appears harmonious, fair, and good.  
 May grateful strains salute the smiling morn  
 Before its beams the eastern hills adorn !  
 Shall day to day and night to night conspire  
 To show the goodness of the Almighty Sire ?  
 This mental voice shall man regardless hear,  
 And never, never raise the filial prayer ?

#### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Through airy fields he wings his instant flight  
 To purer regions of celestial light ;  
 Enlarged he sees unnumbered systems roll,  
 Beneath him sees the universal whole,  
 Planets on planets run their destined round,  
 And circling wonders fill the vast profound.  
 Th' ethereal now, now the empyreal skies  
 With glowing splendors strike his wondering eyes :  
 The angels view him with delight unknown,  
 Press his soft hand, and seat him on his throne ;  
 Then smiling thus : " To this divine abode,  
 The seat of saints, of seraphs, and of God,  
 Thrice welcome thou." The raptured babe replies :  
 " Thanks to my God, who snatched me to the skies  
 Ere vice triumphant had possessed my heart,  
 Ere yet the tempter had beguiled my heart,

Ere yet on sin's base actions I was bent,  
 Ere yet I knew temptation's dire intent ;  
 Ere yet the lash for wicked actions felt,  
 Ere vanity had led my way to guilt ;  
 Early arrived at my celestial goal,  
 Full glories rush on my expanding soul.”  
 Joyful he spoke ; exulting cherubs round  
 Clapped their glad wings, the heavenly vaults resound.

Say, parents, why this unavailing moan ?  
 Why heave your pensive bosoms with the groan ?  
 To Charles, the happy subject of my song,  
 A brighter world, a nobler strain belongs.  
 Say, would you tear him from the realms above  
 By thoughtless wishes and mistaken love ?  
 Doth his felicity increase your pain ?  
 Or could you welcome to this world again  
 The heir of bliss ? With a superior air  
 Methinks he answers with a smile severe ;  
 “Thrones and dominions cannot tempt me there.” }

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 To yon bright regions let your faith ascend, }  
 Prepare to join your dearest infant friend }  
 In pleasures without measure, without end. }

#### A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Adieu, New England's smiling meads,  
 Adieu, the flowery plain ;  
 I leave thine opening charms, O Spring !  
 And tempt the roaring main.

In vain for me the flow'rets rise,  
 And boast their gaudy pride,  
 While here beneath the northern skies  
 I mourn for health denied.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,  
 Oh, let me feel thy reign !  
 I languish till thy face I view,  
 Thy vanished joys regain.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear  
 To see the crystal shower,  
 Or mark the tender falling tear,  
 At sad departure's hour;

Nor unregarding can I see  
 Her soul with grief oppress ;  
 But let no sighs, no groans for me,  
 Steal from its pensive breast.

In vain the feathered warblers sing,  
In vain the garden blooms,  
And on the bosom of the spring  
Breathes out her sweet perfumes,

While for Britannia's distant shore  
We sweep the liquid plain,  
And with astonished eyes explore  
The wide extended main.

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,  
Complacent and serene,  
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,  
With soul-delighting mien,

To mark the vale where London lies,  
With misty vapors crowned,  
Which cloud Aurora's thousand dyes,  
And veil her charms around.

Why, Phœbus, moves thy car so slow?  
So slow thy rising ray?  
Give us the famous town to view,  
Thou glorious king of day!

For thee, Britannia, I resign  
New England's smiling fields;  
To view again her charms divine,  
What joy the prospect yields!

But thou, Temptation, hence away,  
With all thy fatal train,  
Nor once seduce my soul away  
By thine enchanting strain.

Thrice happy they whose heavenly shield  
Secures their soul from harms,  
And fell Temptation on the field  
Of all its power disarms.

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JAMES WILSON, 1742—1798.

JAMES WILSON WAS born in the lowlands of Scotland about the year 1742. After leaving the grammar school, he studied at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and, without determining upon any profession, he resolved to emigrate to this country. In the beginning of 1766, he reached Philadelphia. Soon after, he entered, as a student

of law, the office of John Dickinson, and in two years was admitted to the bar. He first settled in Reading, but soon removed to Carlisle, where he became quite eminent as a counsellor, and had much practice previous to the Revolutionary struggle. In 1775, by the unanimous voice of the General Assembly, he was elected, with Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Willing, to the second Continental Congress, and was re-elected in the next year, when he affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. In 1778, he removed to Philadelphia, where he continued to reside for the remainder of his life.

From his distinguished talents and unremitting industry, Mr. Wilson rose higher and higher every year in the estimation of a discerning public, and was soon considered as at the head of his profession. In 1782, he was again elected to Congress, and in 1787 he was one of the delegates to the convention that met in Philadelphia to form our present Constitution. He took an active part in the debates, and by some was considered as the ablest member of that distinguished body. In the latter part of the same year, he was elected to the State Convention of Pennsylvania that met to ratify the Constitution. As he was the only member of the State Convention that had had a seat in the General Convention, he was, of course, the most prominent member in it, and with consummate ability defended the Constitution from the attacks of its enemies.

On the 4th of July, 1788, Mr. Wilson was selected to deliver the oration at the famous procession formed at Philadelphia to celebrate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and in October of the next year was appointed by Washington one of the Judges of the Supreme Court as first organized under the present Constitution;<sup>1</sup> in which office he continued till his death. In 1790, the Law professorship of the College of Philadelphia was established, and Mr. Wilson was appointed the first professor. The course of lectures which he delivered in this and the two succeeding years were published in his works.<sup>2</sup> He was now the acknowledged head of the Philadelphia bar

<sup>1</sup> Washington, in his letter on the occasion, thus wrote: "Regarding the due administration of justice as the strongest cement of good government, I have considered the first organization of the judicial department as essential to the happiness of the people and to the stability of the political system. Under this impression, it has been with me an invariable object of anxious solicitude to select the fittest characters to expound the laws and to dispense justice." At the head of this department, deemed by himself so important, he placed that learned jurist, incorruptible patriot, and Christian statesman, JOHN JAY, of N. Y., and nominated as his associates JAMES WILSON, of Penn., JOHN RUTLEDGE, of S. C., WILLIAM CUSHING, of Mass., ROBERT HARRISON, of Md., and JOHN BLAIR, of Va.

<sup>2</sup> Published in 1804 in three volumes, octavo.

—learned as a man, profound as a lawyer, and distinguished for his attainments in political science. In private life, too, he was warmly esteemed for his social and domestic virtues, as well as for his incorruptible integrity. He continued to exercise the duties of his office till the year of his death, which took place on the 28th of August, 1798, at Edenton, North Carolina, while on a circuit in his judicial character.

#### THE EXCELLENCE OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

It is neither extraordinary nor unexpected that the constitution offered to your consideration should meet with opposition. It is the nature of man to pursue his own interest in preference to the public good; and I do not mean to make any personal reflections when I add, that it is the interest of a very numerous, powerful, and respectable body to counteract and destroy the excellent work produced by the late convention. All the officers of government, and all the appointments for the administration of justice and the collection of the public revenue, which are transferred from the individual to the aggregate sovereignty of the States, will necessarily turn the stream of influence and emolument into a new channel. Every person, therefore, who either enjoys, or expects to enjoy, a place of profit under the present establishment, will object to the proposed innovation; not, in truth, because it is injurious to the liberties of his country, but because it affects his schemes of wealth and consequence.

I will confess, indeed, that I am not a blind admirer of this plan of government, and that there are some parts of it which, if my wish had prevailed, would certainly have been altered. But, when I reflect how widely men differ in their opinions, and that every man (and the observation applies likewise to every State) has an equal pretension to assert his own, I am satisfied that anything nearer to perfection could not have been accomplished. If there are errors, it should be remembered that the seeds of reformation are sown in the work itself, and the concurrence of two-thirds of the Congress may, at any time, introduce alterations and amendments. Regarding it, then, in every point of view, with a candid and disinterested mind, I am bold to assert that it is the **BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT WHICH HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED TO THE WORLD.**

## THE PEOPLE THE SOURCE OF ALL POWER.

Oft have I viewed, with silent pleasure and admiration, with what force and prevalence, through the United States, the supreme power resides in the people ; and that they never part with it. It may be called the *Panacea* in politics. There can be no disorder in the community but may here receive a radical cure. If the error be in the legislature, it may be corrected by the constitution ; if in the constitution, it may be corrected by the people. There is a remedy, therefore, for every distemper in government, if the people are not wanting to themselves ; but for a people wanting to themselves, there is no remedy. From their power, as we have seen, there is no appeal ; to their error, there is no superior principle of correction.

There are three simple species of government : Monarchy, where the supreme power is in a single person : Aristocracy, where the supreme power is in a select assembly, the members of which either fill up, by election, the vacancies in their own body, or succeed to their places in it by inheritance, property, or in respect of some *personal* right or qualification : a Republic or Democracy, where the people at large *retain* the supreme power, and act either collectively or by representation.

Each of these species of government has its advantages and disadvantages.

The advantages of a Monarchy are strength, dispatch, secrecy, unity of counsel. Its disadvantages are tyranny, expense, ignorance of the situation and wants of the people, insecurity, unnecessary wars, evils attending elections or successions.

The advantages of Aristocracy are wisdom, arising from experience and education. Its disadvantages are dissensions among themselves, oppression to the lower orders.

The advantages of Democracy are liberty ; equal, cautious, and salutary laws, public spirit, frugality, peace, opportunities of exciting and producing the abilities of the best citizens. Its disadvantages are dissensions, the delay and disclosure of public counsels, the imbecility of public measures, retarded by the necessity of a numerous consent.

A government may be composed of two or more of the simple forms above mentioned. Such is the British government. It would be an improper government for the United States, because it is inadequate to such an extent of territory,

and because it is suited to an establishment of different orders of men.

What is the nature and kind of that government which has been proposed for the United States by the late convention? In its principle, it is purely democratical; but that principle is applied in different forms, in order to obtain the advantages, and exclude the inconveniences, of the simple modes of government.

If we take an extended and accurate view of it, we shall find the streams of power running in different directions, in different dimensions, and at different heights; watering, adorning, and fertilizing the fields and meadows through which their courses are led; but if we trace them, we shall discover that they all originally flow from one abundant fountain.

In THIS CONSTITUTION *all authority is derived from the PEOPLE.*

#### THE ANTI-SLAVERY CHARACTER OF THE CONSTITUTION.

With respect to the clause<sup>1</sup> restricting Congress from prohibiting the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, prior to the year 1808, the honorable gentleman says, that this clause is not only dark, but intended to grant to Congress, for that time, the power to admit the importation of slaves. No such thing was intended; but I will tell you what was done, and it gives me high pleasure that so much was done. Under the present confederation, the States may admit the importation of slaves as long as they please; but by this article, after the year 1808 the Congress will have power to prohibit such importation, notwithstanding the disposition of any State to the contrary. I consider this as *laying the foundation for banishing slavery out of this country*: and though the period is more distant than I could wish, yet it will produce the same kind, gradual change, which was pursued in Pennsylvania. It is with much satisfaction I view this power in the general government whereby they may lay an interdiction on this reproachful trade: but an immediate advantage is also obtained; for a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each

<sup>1</sup> Article I, Section IX. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

person ; and this, sir, operates as a partial prohibition : it was all that could be obtained. I am sorry it was no more, but from this I think there is reason to hope that yet a few years, and it will be prohibited altogether ; and, in the mean time, THE NEW STATES WHICH ARE TO BE FORMED, WILL BE UNDER THE CONTROL OF CONGRESS IN THIS PARTICULAR, AND SLAVES WILL NEVER BE INTRODUCED AMONGST THEM.

So far, therefore, as this clause operates, it presents us with the pleasing prospect that the rights of mankind will be acknowledged and established throughout the union.

If there was no other lovely feature in the constitution but this one, it would diffuse a beauty over its whole countenance. Yet the lapse of a few years, AND CONGRESS WILL HAVE POWER TO EXTERMINATE SLAVERY FROM WITHIN OUR BORDERS.

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#### GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732—1799.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the third son of Augustine Washington, and the first President of the United States, was born at Bridge's Creek, in the County of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon on the 14th of December, 1799. The following are the chief incidents of his life :—

YEARS.	HIS AGE.	EVENTS.
1732	.	Feb. 22. His birth, in Westmoreland County, Virginia.
1743	11	Apr. 12. Death of his father, at the age of 49 years.
1746	14	... His brother Lawrence obtained for him a midshipman's warrant, in the British Navy.
1748	16	Surveyor of Lord Fairfax's lands on the Potomac River.
1751	19	... Military Inspector, with the rank of Major, to protect the frontiers of Virginia against the French and Indians.
1751	19	Sept. He sailed for Barbadoes, with his brother Lawrence.
1752	20	Adjutant-General.
1753	21	Oct. 31. Commissioner to the French on the Ohio.

\* I give not an extended biography for two reasons : first, to do any justice to the subject, it would occupy too much space ; and second, the lives of Washington are so numerous as to be accessible to any one. Read lives by Marshall, Ramsey, Weems, Edmunds, Guizot (translated by Reeve), Headley, Irving, Bancroft, Sparks ; also, an admirable book, entitled "Maxims of Washington—political, moral, social, and religious—collected and arranged by J. F. Schroeder, D. D.," 1 vol. 12mo. Consult, also, "North American Review," ii. 169, xlvii. 318, xxxix. 467 ; "American Quarterly," xv. 275, xvi. 74 ; "Methodist Quarterly," ii. 38 ; also, read Eulogies by Hamilton, Jay, Ames, Mason, &c.

YEARS.	MIS. AGE.		E V E N T S .
1754	23	...	Lieutenant-Colonel, for the defence of the colony of Virginia.
1755	23	July 9.	Aid-de-camp to General Braddock, at the battle of Monongahela.
1755	23	Aug. 14.	Commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces.
1755	23	Dec. 1.	He resigned his commission.
1759	23	Jan. 6.	His marriage. Member of the Virginia House of Burgesses.
1763	33	...	Commissioner for settling the military accounts of the colony.
1770	38	...	His tour to the Ohio and Great Kanawha Rivers.
1771	42	...	Member of the Virginia Conventions, on the points at issue between Great Britain and the Colonies.
1774	42	Sept.	Member of the first Continental Congress.
1775	43	May 10.	Member of the second Continental Congress.
1775	43	June 13.	Commander-in-chief.
1775	43	July 3.	Commander of the army at Cambridge.
1776	44	Mar. 17.	Boston evacuated by the British army.
1776	44	July 4.	Declaration of American Independence.
1776	44	Aug. 27.	Battle of Long Island.
1776	44	Dec. 26.	Battle of Trenton.
1776	44	Dec. 27.	Congress invested him with dictatorial powers.
1777	44	Jan. 3.	Battle of Princeton.
1777	45	Sept. 11.	Battle of the Brandywine.
1777	45	Oct. 4.	Battle of Germantown.
1778	46	June 28.	Battle of Monmouth.
1779	47	July 16.	Stony Point taken.
1780	48	Jan. 1.	Arnold's treason.
1781	48	Oct. 19.	Mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops.
1781	49	Oct. 19.	Surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester.
1783	51	Apr. 19.	Peace proclaimed to the army.
1783	51	Nov. 2.	His farewell to the army.
1783	51	Nov. 25.	New York evacuated by the British army.
1783	51	Dec. 23.	He resigned his commission.
1784	52	...	His tour to the Western Country.
1787	55	May 14.	Delegate to the general Convention at Philadelphia, to form a Constitution. President of the Convention.
1789	57	Mar. 4.	President of the United States.
1789	57	Apr. 30.	His inauguration, at New York.
1790	57	Aug. 23.	Death of his mother, at the age of 82 years.
1791	59	...	His tour through the Eastern States.
1793	61	Mar. 4.	President, for a second term.
1793	61	...	Madison, Minister from France to the United States.
1796	64	Sept. 17.	His Farewell Address to the People of the United States.
1797	65	—	He retired to private life. Difficulties with France. Preparations for war.
1798	66	July 3.	Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States.
1799	67	Dec. 14.	His death, at Mount Vernon.

## VALEDICTORY COUNSELS OF WASHINGTON.

There is an opinion that parties, in free countries, are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party; but in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be

enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose; and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the destinies of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect, and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It would be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded, and that, in place of them, just and amiable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.

Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts, through passion, what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, and sometimes, perhaps, the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation. \* \* \*

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too

sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert and mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

#### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

As the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the Great Republic of Humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention, sometimes, to this subject—**HOW MANKIND MAY BE CONNECTED, LIKE ONE GREAT FAMILY, IN FRATERNAL TIES.** I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote, when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war.

#### PROVIDENCE RULING THE AFFAIRS OF NATIONS.

It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first<sup>1</sup> official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate, to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in the administration, to execute with success the functions allotted to its charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore

<sup>1</sup> His Inaugural Address, April 30, 1789.

the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency; and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to presage.

#### PLEASURES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

Under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the *Soldier*, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the *Statesman*, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if the globe was insufficient for us all—and the *Courtier*, who is always watching the countenance of his Prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile—can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.

#### SLAVERY.

The scheme which you<sup>1</sup> propose, as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country, from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart, and I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work.

Your<sup>2</sup> purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God, a like spirit

<sup>1</sup> Lafayette.

<sup>2</sup> Lafayette.

might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it.

. There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it. But there is *only one proper and effectual mode* by which it can be accomplished, and that is, by *legislative authority*; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting.

I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery, in this country, may be *abolished by law*.

#### VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS.

There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.

The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter.

Without virtue, and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect, and conciliate the esteem, of the truly valuable part of mankind.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."

The private virtues of economy, prudence, and industry are not less amiable, in civil life, than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance, and enterprise, in public life.

#### SPECULATORS AND FORESTALLERS.

This tribe of black gentry work more effectually against us than the enemy's arms. They are a hundred times more dangerous to our liberties and the great cause we are engaged in.

It is much to be lamented that each State, long ere this, has not hunted them down as pests to society, and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that some one of the most atrocious in each State was hung upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman! No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin. Let vigorous measures be adopted; not to *limit the prices* of articles, for this, I believe, is inconsistent with the very nature of things, and impracticable in itself; but to *punish speculators, forestallers, and extortioners.*

#### AGRICULTURE.

It will not be doubted that, with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage.

The life of the husbandman, of all others, is the most delightful. It is honorable, it is amusing, and, with judicious management, it is profitable.

An extensive speculation, a spirit of gambling, or the introduction of anything which will divert our attention from agriculture, must be extremely prejudicial, if not ruinous, to us.

#### WAR.

My first wish is, to see this plague of mankind banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements, and exercising them, for the destruction of mankind.

For the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefit of commerce would supersede the waste of war, and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, "the nations learn war no more."

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON, 1757—1804.

THIS most distinguished statesman, jurist, soldier, and financier was born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, on the 11th of January, 1757. At the age of sixteen, he came with his mother to New York, and soon entered Columbia College. He remained, however, but a short time here, for the stirring ante-revolutionary events warmly excited him, and called him from these academic shades into the duties and dangers of military life. He was but little more than eighteen when he joined the army as a captain of artillery, and at twenty had so attracted the attention of Washington by his writings and eloquence in the cause of independence, that he selected him as one of his aids, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He remained in the army during the war, always attached to the staff of the commander-in-chief, possessing his warm affection and entire confidence, and being consulted by him constantly on all important occasions. In 1780, he was married to the second daughter of General Schuyler.<sup>1</sup> In 1782, he withdrew from public life, and devoted himself to the study of law in New York. He rose rapidly to the very front rank of the profession, and was again called into public life, by being elected by the legislature of New York to the Congress of Confederation in 1782. At the end of the session, he entered again into the active duties of his profession.

But a man of such consummate abilities, eloquence, and political wisdom could not long remain in private when great national interests were at stake; and accordingly in 1787 he was elected one of the three delegates to the Convention for the formation of the Federal Constitution. His influence in this body is well and justly expressed by Guizot, who says: "There is not one element of order, strength, or durability in the Constitution which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce, and cause to be adopted." After the adjournment of the Convention, and when the Constitution was before the legislatures of the several States for its adoption, he, in conjunction with Madison and Jay, wrote a series of papers explaining and defending the various provisions of that admirable instrument. These essays were afterwards collected and published in a volume under the name of "The Federalist,"<sup>2</sup> and constitute one of the most profound and lucid trea-

<sup>1</sup> She survived her husband for half a century, dying in the autumn of 1854 at the advanced age of ninety-six.

<sup>2</sup> Of the 85 numbers, 51 were written by Hamilton, 29 by Madison, and 5 by Jay. See account under Madison's life. The "Federalist" was for half a century a text-book in our best colleges.

tises on politics that have ever been written. The introduction and conclusion are from the pen of Hamilton, who also took the main discussion of the important points in respect to taxation and revenue, the army and militia, the power of the Executive, and the Judiciary.

Upon the organization of the government, Washington showed his estimation of Hamilton by appointing him to fill what was then the most important post—overwhelmed as we were by debt—the Secretary of the Treasury. His various reports, while he filled this office, of plans for the restoration of public credit, on the protection and encouragement of manufactures, on the necessity and constitutionality of a national bank, and on the establishment of a mint, have given him the reputation of one of the first statesmen the world has ever seen.<sup>1</sup>

While Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury, there were numerous demagogues who were active in their efforts to embroil us in a foreign war, the French Revolution being then at its height. But this pure and lofty statesman not only advised the proclamation of neutrality, and the mission of John Jay to England to conclude a permanent treaty with that people, but also wrote for the public prints a series of admirable papers, signed "Pacificus" and "Camilus," which had a controlling influence on the public mind, and which are still regarded as among the most profound commentaries which have appeared on the principles of international law and policy to which they had relation.

When, during the presidency of John Adams, Washington was invited, on a prospect of an attack from France, to the command of the national forces, he accepted on the condition that Hamilton should be second in command. What higher compliment could have been paid him?

We now come, with sadness, to the closing period of Hamilton's life. In June, 1804, that talented but thoroughly unprincipled man, Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States,<sup>2</sup> who saw that Hamilton stood in the way of his ambitious views, and who for some time had hunted for his life, addressed to him a letter demanding his acknowledgment or denial of some expressions derogatory to his character, which he had heard that Hamilton had used. This demand Hamilton and all his friends deemed inadmissible, and Burr sent him a chal-

<sup>1</sup> It was in allusion to these masterly state papers that Daniel Webster, at a public dinner in New York in 1831, said: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung upon its feet."

<sup>2</sup> He was subsequently tried for treason in attempting to form a new republic; but was acquitted for the want of legal evidence to convict. His feelings seemed to be those of Satan: "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

lence. Though opposed to duelling on principle, he felt that his position as a public man, and his high rank in the army of the United States, demanded its acceptance. His words, as found in a paper written the day before he went to the fatal field, are: "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises in our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." On the 11th of July, the parties met at Hoboken, and Hamilton fell, mortally wounded. He was taken home, and died the next day; living long enough, however, to disavow all intention of taking the life of Burr, and to declare his abhorrence of the whole transaction. Almost his last words were: "I have a tender reliance on the mercy of the Almighty through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ."<sup>1</sup>

Next to Washington, no man in this country was ever so universally mourned. The pulpit, the bar, and the press teemed with discourses commemorative of his exalted talents and services and virtues, and every one felt that America had lost her greatest man. Said the great and pious Fisher Ames: "My soul stiffens with despair when I think what Hamilton would have been!"<sup>2</sup>

#### THE REPUBLICS OF GREECE AND ITALY.

It is impossible to read the history of the petty republics of Greece and Italy, without feeling sensations of horror and disgust at the distractions with which they were continually

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to a friend, soon after Hamilton's death, the Rev. Dr. Mason thus wrote: "The greatest statesman in the western world, perhaps the greatest man of the age, has been cut off in the forty-eighth year of his life, by the murderous arm of Vice-President Burr. The death of Hamilton has created a waste in the sphere of intellect and probity which a century will hardly fill up. He has left none like him—no second, no third—nobody to put us in mind of him. You can have no conception of such a man unless you knew him. One burst of grief and indignation assails the murderer from every corner of the continent. Political enemies vie with friends in heaping honors upon his memory."

<sup>2</sup> Read *Life and Works* by his son, J. C. Hamilton, 7 vols. Eulogy by Rev. John M. Mason, D. D. Sketch of, by Fisher Ames. "North Am. Review," liii. 70. "American Quarterly," xv. 311. William Coleman, the editor of the "New York Evening Post," published memorial of the occasion in "A Collection of Facts and Documents relative to the Death of General Alexander Hamilton, with Orations, Sermons, and Eulogies."<sup>3</sup> A work of great interest and value has recently been published, entitled "History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries; by John C. Hamilton."

agitated, and at the rapid succession of revolutions, by which they were kept perpetually vibrating between the extremes of tyranny and anarchy. If they exhibit occasional calms, these only serve as short-lived contrasts to the furious storms that are to succeed. If now and then intervals of felicity open themselves to view, we behold them with a mixture of regret, arising from the reflection that the pleasing scenes before us are soon to be overwhelmed by the tempestuous waves of sedition and party rage. If momentary rays of glory break forth from the gloom, while they dazzle as with a transient and fleeting brilliancy, they at the same time admonish us to lament that the vices of government should pervert the direction and tarnish the lustre of those bright talents and exalted endowments for which the favored soils that produced them have been so justly celebrated.

From the disorders that disfigure the annals of those republics, the advocates of despotism have drawn arguments, not only against the forms of republican government, but against the very principles of civil liberty. They have decried all free governments as inconsistent with the order of society, and have indulged themselves in malicious exultation over its friends and partisans. Happily for mankind, stupendous fabrics, reared on the basis of liberty, which have flourished for ages, have, in a few instances, refuted their gloomy sophisms. And I trust America will be the broad and solid foundation of other edifices not less magnificent, which will be equally permanent monuments of their error.

\* \* \*

For the science of politics, like most other sciences, has received great improvement. The efficacy of various principles is now well understood, which were either not known at all, or imperfectly known to the ancients. The regular distribution of power into distinct departments—the introduction of legislative balances and checks—the institution of courts composed of judges holding their offices during good behavior—the representation of the people in the legislature, by deputies of their own election—these are either wholly new discoveries, or have made their principal progress towards perfection in modern times. They are means, and powerful means, by which the excellencies of republican government may be retained, and its imperfections lessened or avoided.

## THE EXCELLENCY OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

After all our doubts, our suspicions, and speculations, Mr. Chairman, on the subject of government, we must return at last to this important truth, that when we have formed a constitution upon free principles, when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of administration, and fixed representation upon pure and equal principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government. The great objects to be desired are a free representation and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this constitution? One branch of the legislature is to be elected by the people—by the same people who choose your State representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then return to their constituents. Here, sir, the people govern; here they act by their immediate representatives. You have also a senate, constituted by your State legislatures, by men in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an executive magistrate, the president, created by a form of election which merits universal admiration. In the form of this government, and in the mode of legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire? Is there any one branch in which the whole legislative and executive powers are lodged? No. The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced; the executive authority is divided between two branches; and the judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their offices during good behavior. This organization is so complex, so skilfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scrutiny with success. Now, what do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested, has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be trusted with everything necessary for the good of society? Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of government; when you

have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interest; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be—YOU MUST PLACE CONFIDENCE, YOU MUST GIVE POWER.

#### CHARACTER OF MAJOR ANDRE.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity; the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit

Andre, while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this, a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

#### CHARACTER OF GENERAL GREENE.

As a man, the virtues of Greene are admitted; as a patriot, he holds a place in the foremost rank; as a statesman, he is praised; as a soldier, he is admired. But, in the two last characters, especially in the last but one, his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit, in full day, the vast, I had almost said the enormous, powers of his mind.

The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field.

In forming our estimate, nevertheless, of his character, we are not left to supposition and conjecture. We are not left to vague indications or uncertain appearances, which partiality might varnish or prejudice discolor. We have a succession of deeds, as glorious as they are unequivocal, to attest his greatness and perpetuate the honors of his name.

It is an observation, as just as it is common, that in those great revolutions which occasionally convulse society, human nature never fails to be brought forward in its brightest as well as in its blackest colors; and it has very properly been ranked not among the least of the advantages which compensate for the evils they produce, that they serve to bring to light talents and virtues, which might otherwise have languished in obscurity, or only shot forth a few scattered and wandering rays.

Nathaniel Greene, descended from reputable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must, in all probability, have contented

himself with the humble lot of a private citizen, or, at most, with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind, had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more ample theatre.

Happily for America, he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by an enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise, of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude—in a cause which was worthy of the toils and of the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene, shortly after, marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision.

He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence.

His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the councils of his Chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the checkered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the first most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawns of that bright day which afterwards broke forth with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity, in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

## FISHER AMES, 1758—1808.

Few statesmen of this or any other country have passed through the perilous arena of politics with a character and reputation so unsullied as Fisher Ames. He was the youngest son of Dr. Fisher Ames of Dedham, Massachusetts, and was born in that ancient town April 9th, 1758. He was but six years old when he lost his father; but his mother, as if "anticipating the future lustre of the jewel committed to her care," struggled hard with her narrow circumstances in order to give him a literary education. She lived to be a witness of his eminence, to receive the expressions of his filial piety, and to weep over his grave.

At the completion of his twelfth year, he was admitted to Harvard College, where he distinguished himself, young as he was, for his studious habits and his classical attainments; and he passed through that ordeal, so trying for young men, with a character unstained by any vice. After leaving college, deeming himself too young to enter at once upon the profession he had chosen—the law—and desirous of aiding his mother in her efforts to maintain the family, he engaged in the business of instruction, and for three or four years employed his time partly in teaching others, and partly in reviewing his studies and adding new stores to his stock of knowledge. At length he entered the office of Wm. Tudor, Esq., of Boston, as a student of law, and in the autumn of 1781 commenced practice at Dedham.

Mr. Ames entered upon his professional career at a very eventful period of our history. Though the contest with the mother country had not ended, yet the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown gave clear indications of what would be the issue of the conflict, and that we should soon be called to frame for ourselves a constitutional government, "to form a more perfect union and secure the blessings of liberty," and to take our place among the nations of the earth. From the outset of his career he was ever the warm, consistent, and able friend of constitutional liberty; and when resistance to law, in Massachusetts, broke out into open rebellion, he wrote a series of essays in the "Independent Chronicle," published in Boston, under the signatures of "Lucius Junius Brutus" and "Camillus," to animate the government to decision and energy. These pieces were at once pronounced to be the production of no common mind, and when traced to Mr. Ames the eyes of leading men in the State were turned to him as one destined to render the most important services to his country.

In 1788 he was chosen as a member of the Massachusetts Convention for ratifying the Federal Constitution. In this body he displayed so much talent and sound political wisdom, that he was selected by the friends of the then new government to assist in its organization, and he was accordingly chosen the first representative to Congress from the district of Suffolk, which included the capital of the State. During the whole of Washington's administration, he continued a member of the House of Representatives; and though his health was feeble, he took an active and responsible part in every important question, and gave all his time and all his powers to public business; and such were his talents, and such his practical wisdom, united to sound moral and Christian principles, that no member of the House exerted a greater influence. The greatest speech that he delivered in that body, and indeed *the* speech of that session of the fourth Congress, was that on the appropriation for the British treaty, more generally known as "Jay's treaty."<sup>1</sup> For many months he had been sinking under weakness, and though he had attended the long and interesting debate on a question which involved the Constitution and the peace of the United States, it was feared he would be unable to speak. He himself had no design of speaking, feeling himself utterly unable for the effort. But when the time came for taking a vote so big with consequences, his emotions would not suffer him to be silent; and, pale, weak, and emaciated as he was, he rose and delivered that speech, which, for its chaste diction, argumentative reasoning, high-toned morality, and impassioned eloquence, has not its superior in our legislative history. "His appearance, his situation, the magnitude of his subject, the force and the pathos of his eloquence gave this speech an extraordinary power over the feelings of the dignified and numerous assembly who heard it. When he had finished, a member in opposition moved to postpone the decision on the question, that they might not vote under the influence of a sensibility which their calm judgment might condemn."

At the close of the session, in the spring of 1796, Mr. Ames travelled for his health, which he regained so far as to enable him to attend the next session of Congress; after which he declined another election, and retired to his favorite residence, "to enjoy repose in the bosom of his family, and to unite, with his practice as a lawyer, those rural

<sup>1</sup> It was delivered April 28, 1796, in support of the following motion —

"Resolved, That it is expedient to pass the laws necessary to carry into effect the treaty lately concluded between the United States and the King of Great Britain." For an account of the nature and character of this celebrated debate, see Note 2 at the bottom of the next page.

occupations in which he delighted." His interest in public affairs, however, did not cease; and his pen was almost constantly employed in writing political essays for the papers of the day, in defence and support of the principles of the Federal party, of which he was one of the most distinguished members; and when Washington, the illustrious head of that party, died, Mr. Ames pronounced his eulogy before the Legislature of Massachusetts.

In 1804, Mr. Ames was chosen President of Harvard College, but his feeble health would not allow him to accept the high honor. At length his disease began to make more rapid strides. With great calmness and Christian resignation he saw his end approaching. He was fully prepared to die. He had lived the life of a Christian, and his faith grew stronger and stronger as his body grew weaker; and on the morning of the 4th of July, 1808, the birthday of that country which he so ardently loved, and for whose best interest he had so faithfully labored, he resigned his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it.

Fisher Ames was a truly great man. None of our statesmen have united, to talents and attainments of so high an order, a private character of greater purity, or a sense of moral and religious obligation more deep. He was a great student of the Bible, an admirer of our translation for the purity of its English, and deeply lamented the growing disuse of it in our schools. He thought that children should be made acquainted with its important truths, and said: "I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the beauty and sublimity of its language." "It is happy for mankind," says his biographer, "when those who engage admiration deserve esteem; for vice and folly derive a pernicious influence from an alliance with qualities that naturally command applause. In the character of Mr. Ames, the circle of the virtues seems to be complete, and each virtue in its proper place."<sup>1</sup>

#### THE OBLIGATIONS OF NATIONAL FAITH.

*Mr. Chairman:* The question before us seems at last to resolve itself to this: **SHALL WE BREAK THE TREATY?**<sup>2</sup> The treaty

<sup>1</sup> Read the Life of Mr. Ames, prefixed to his Works, by the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University—one of the best written pieces of biography in our language. Also, "Works of Fisher Ames, with a Selection from his Speeches and Correspondence. Edited by his son, Seth Ames." 2 vols. Boston.

<sup>2</sup> The debate in the House of Representatives upon Jay's celebrated treaty

is bad, fatally bad, is the cry. It sacrifices the interest, the honor, the independence of the United States, and the faith of our engagements to France. If we listen to the clamor of party intemperance, the evils are of a number not to be counted, and of a nature not to be borne, even in idea. The language of passion and exaggeration may silence that of sober reason, in other places; it has not done it here. The question here is, whether the treaty be really so very fatal as to oblige the nation to break its faith.

I lay down two rules, which ought to guide us in this case. The treaty must appear to be bad, not merely in the petty details, but in its character, principle, and mass; and in the next place, this ought to be ascertained by the decided and general concurrence of the enlightened public. I confess, there seems to me something very like ridicule thrown over the debate, by the discussion of the articles in detail.

The undecided point is, shall we break our faith? and while our country and enlightened Europe await the issue, with more than curiosity, we are employed to gather piece-meal, and article by article, from the instrument, a justification for the deed, by trivial calculations of commercial profit and loss. This is little worthy of the subject, of this body, or of the nation. If the treaty is bad, it will appear to be so in its mass. Evil, to a fatal extreme, if that be its tendency, requires no proof; it brings it. Extremes speak for themselves, and make their own law. Few men of any reputation for sense, among those who say the treaty is bad, will put that reputation so much at hazard as to pretend that it is so extremely bad as to warrant and require a violation of the public faith.

In the next place, will the state of public opinion justify the deed? No government, not even a despotism, will break its

is perhaps the most memorable that ever occurred in that body, and, we may add, one of the most important, for the great question was discussed, whether a treaty would be valid without the approbation of the House. Those who were in the affirmative of this question argued, from the Constitution, that the treaty was already made, and could not be broken without breaking the faith of the nation, for the Constitution vests the power of making treaties in the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Those in the negative argued that if the President and Senate could make treaties without the assistance of the House, they might abolish all legislative power. The treaty itself, too, was made a subject of great animadversion by one party. For a comprehensive account of the whole debate, see "Pitkin's Political and Civil History of the United States," vol. ii., page 442. Suffice it to say that mature reflection has shown that the treaty obtained as much for us as, from all circumstances, we could expect, and that the power of making treaties is wholly independent of the popular branch of the legislature.

faith without some pretext, and it must be plausible—it must be such as will carry the public opinion along with it. Reasons of policy, if not of morality, dissuade even Turkey and Algiers from breaches of treaty in mere wantonness of perfidy, in open contempt of the reproaches of their subjects. Surely, a popular government will not proceed more arbitrarily, as it is more free; nor with less shame or scruple in proportion as it has better morals. It will not proceed against the faith of treaties at all, unless the strong and decided sense of the nation shall pronounce, not simply that the treaty is not advantageous, but that it ought to be broken and annulled.

Why, Mr. Chairman, do the opposers of this treaty complain that the West Indies are not laid open? Why do they lament that any restriction is stipulated on the commerce of the East Indies? Why do they pretend that if they reject this, and insist upon more, more will be accomplished? Let us be explicit: more would not satisfy. If all was granted, would not a treaty of amity with Great Britain still be obnoxious? Have we not this instant heard it urged against our envoy that he was not ardent enough in his hatred of Great Britain? A treaty of amity is condemned because it was not made by a foe, and in the spirit of one. The same gentleman, at the same instant, repeats a very prevailing objection, that no treaty should be made with the enemy of France. No treaty, exclaim others, should be made with a monarch or a despot; there will be no naval security while those sea-robbers domineer on the ocean: their den must be destroyed; that nation must be extirpated.

I like this, sir, because it is sincerity. With feelings such as these, we do not pant for treaties. Such passions seek nothing, and will be content with nothing, but the destruction of their object. If a treaty left King George his island, it would not answer—no, not if he stipulated to pay rent for it. It has even been said, the world ought to rejoice if Britain was sunk in the sea; if, where there are now men, and wealth, and laws, and liberty, there was no more than a sandbank for the sea-monsters to fatten on; a space for the storms of the ocean to mingle in conflict.

#### PATRIOTISM.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars

higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it; for, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious, in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

#### WASHINGTON AS A CIVILIAN.

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar; they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star, in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots

would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

#### CHARACTER OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to anything that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste? or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the history of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? Pray tell us, men of ink, if our free presses are to diffuse *information*, and we, the poor, ignorant people, can get it no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge we are to glean from the blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunder-storms, that, strange to tell, kill oxen or burn barns.

Surely, extraordinary events have not the best title to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and is inhabited by almost six millions of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed, and a great many strange things will happen every seven years? There will be thunder-showers that will split tough white oak trees; and hail-storms that will cost some farmers the full amount of *twenty shillings* to mend their glass windows; there will be taverns, and boxing-matches, and elections, and gouging, and drinking, and love, and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man *supposes* eight, or ten, or twenty dozen of these amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man

who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and, of course, *knows* that they have happened?

This State<sup>1</sup> has almost one hundred thousand dwelling-houses; it would be strange if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney corner, and put a fender before the back-log, before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day, or meditate by night, the terrible newspaper articles of fires; how a maid dropped asleep reading a romance, and the bed-clothes took fire; how a boy, searching in a garret for a hoard of nuts, kindled some flax; and how a mouse, warming his tail, caught it on fire, and carried it into his hole in the floor.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some, terror; and some, horror and disgust. Now, what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? They make a thousand old maids, and eight or ten thousand booby boys, afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities; the spirit of imitation is contagious, and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North Church, fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock; but, after some time, this shock lessens. At length, such stories are so far from giving pain that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much as the particulars of terrible tragedies. The wonder is as easy as to stare, and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection; it is a sort of food for idle curiosity, that is ready chewed and digested.

Now, Messrs. Printers, I pray the whole honorable craft to banish as many murders, and horrid accidents, and monstrous births, and prodigies, from their gazettes, as their readers will permit them, and, by degrees, to coax them back to contemplate life and manners, to consider common events with some com-

mon sense, and to study nature where she can be known, rather than in those of her ways where she really is, or is represented to be, inexplicable.

*Boston Palladium, October, 1801.*

#### CHARACTER OF HAMILTON.

In all the different stations in which a life of active usefulness placed Hamilton, we find him not more remarkably distinguished by the extent, than by the variety and versatility, of his talents. In every place he made it apparent that no other man could have filled it so well; and in times of critical importance, in which alone he desired employment, his services were justly deemed absolutely indispensable. As Secretary of the Treasury, his was the powerful spirit that presided over the chaos.

"Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar  
Stood ruled."—

Indeed, in organizing the federal government, in 1789, every man of either sense or candor will allow, the difficulties seemed greater than the first-rate abilities could surmount. The event has shown that his abilities were greater than those difficulties. He surmounted them; and Washington's administration was the most wise and beneficent, the most prosperous, and ought to be the most popular, that ever was intrusted with the affairs of a nation. Great as was Washington's merit, much of it in plan, much in execution, will of course devolve upon his minister.

As a lawyer, his comprehensive genius reached the principles of his profession; he compassed its extent, he fathomed its profound, perhaps, even more familiarly and easily than the rules of its practice. With most men law is a trade; with him it was a science.

As a statesman, he was not more distinguished for the great extent of his views, than by the caution with which he provided against impediments, and the watchfulness of his care over the right and liberty of the subject. In none of the many revenue bills which he framed, though committees reported them, is there to be found a single clause that savors of despotic power; not one that the sagest champions of law and liberty would, on that ground, hesitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare that a man who owes so much to nature descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on in-

dustry as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers—a superiority that seemed to be augmented from every source, and to be fortified by every auxiliary—learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midst of such various excellence, to say in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth; no man more clearly displayed it; it was not merely made visible—it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But, prompt and clear as he was—servid as Demosthenes, like Cicero full of resource—he was not less remarkable for the copiousness and completeness of his argument, that left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other; but he left nothing to be inquired for—nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them; he confounded and subdued as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his discussions a complete map of his subject; so that his opponents might, indeed, feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preserve a really able antagonist from becoming his convert; for the truth, which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others, was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive, by the love and reverence which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own. While patriotism glowed in his heart, wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms.

Unparalleled as were his services, they were nevertheless no otherwise requited than by the applause of all good men, and by his own enjoyment of the spectacle of that national prosperity and honor which was the effect of them. After facing calumny, and triumphantly surmounting an unrelenting persecution, he retired from office with clean though empty hands, as rich as reputation and an unblemished integrity could make him.

The most substantial glory of a country is in its **virtuous great men**; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain. Power may

be seized by a nation that is yet barbarous; and wealth may be enjoyed by one that it finds or renders sordid; the one is the gift and the sport of accident, and the other is the sport of power. Both are mutable, and have passed away without leaving behind them any other memorial than ruins that offend taste, and traditions that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperishable, or will last as long as learning itself, which is its monument; it strikes an everlasting root, and bears perennial blossoms on its grave. The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the age of Aristides. May Heaven, the guardian of our liberty, grant that our country may be fruitful of Hamiltons, and faithful to their glory!

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JOSEPH DENNIE, 1768—1812.

A WORK upon American Literature professing any degree of completeness should contain a notice of the author of the "Lay Preacher," not so much from any extraordinary merit in his writings, as from his position and influence in his day as a man of letters. He was born in Boston, on the 30th of August, 1768, and in 1775 his father, who had been a merchant, removed to Lexington. In 1787 he entered the Sophomore class in Harvard University, and soon after leaving college became a student of law in the office of Benjamin West, at Charlestown, N. H. After completing his studies, he opened an office at Walpole. But he soon became disgusted with the profession, and, resolving to devote his time to letters, went to Boston in the spring of 1795, and established a weekly paper called "The Tablet." But it lived scarcely three months, and Dennie then, upon invitation, returned to Walpole, and became the editor of the "Farmer's Museum." Here he commenced the essays entitled "The Lay Preacher," which laid the foundation of his literary reputation.

In the year 1799, he removed to Philadelphia, having appointed private secretary of Mr. Pickering, at that time Secretary of State. In the latter part of the year 1800, he published a "Prospectus of a weekly paper, entitled THE PORTFOLIO." Drawn up in the best style of the author, indicating a familiar acquaintance with the best writers in the various departments of polite literature, and inviting the co-

operation of men of letters generally, it was hailed with enthusiasm by every class of readers; and the periodical was commenced on the 3d of January, 1801, with an extensive patronage.<sup>1</sup>

To Dennie the path to honorable independence was now fairly open, but unfortunately he had not resolution to sacrifice, to the laudable ambition to gain it, those habits which embittered the latter part of his life. This has been called "the gay period of his career." His charms of conversation were such that he was the delight of every circle where wit and urbanity were the passports of admission. He counted among his warm friends a number of young aspirants for literary fame, and his table abounded with contributions for the "Portfolio." It may be easily imagined, therefore, that one of his habits would not require much persuasion to exchange the labor of composition for the easier employment of selection. Hence we find that, in the whole course of his editorship of the Portfolio, including a period of twelve years, there are scarcely as many original essays from his pen. In his gayety he lost the author.<sup>2</sup> His cultivated taste and various reading in polite literature enabled him to produce a miscellany which obtained immediately a wide circulation; and he might have lived in the placid enjoyment of fame and fortune, if the finest gifts of nature could supply the want of prudence. As it was, after editing the "Portfolio" for eleven years, he died in absolute poverty on the 7th of January, 1812, though enough to give him a moderate competency was owing to him from subscribers who, year after year, had perused with delight the unpaid-for volumes. He was buried in the ground of

<sup>1</sup> It was published weekly in quarto form, eight pages constituting a number. It was thus continued for five years, forming 5 volumes, to the close of the year 1805—a volume each year. It was then changed to the octavo form, of 16 pages, and also published weekly, and thus continued for three years, to the close of 1808, forming 6 volumes, numbered 1 to 6. At the beginning of the year 1809, it was changed to a monthly magazine of about 116 pages, and thus continued through 1812, when Dennie died, forming for the four years 8 volumes, numbered 1 to 8. It was published, in the same form, under the editorship of Nicholas Biddle and Paul Allen, for 1813 and 1814, and of Dr. Charles Caldwell for 1815—three years—forming 6 volumes, numbered 1 to 6. In 1816 it was published by Mr. Harrison Hall, and edited by his brother, John E. Hall, Esq., who kept it till 1819—four years. This series formed 8 volumes, numbered 1 to 8. The last volume, the 34th of the whole, was published in two numbers, and then this periodical, so celebrated in its day, and which exerted no small influence on our country's character, closed its varied career. It is much to be regretted that there should have been so much irregularity in numbering the volumes of this work. There are four "new series," and five different first, second, third, fourth, and fifth volumes—so that if one is directed to volume second, for instance, for any article, he may have to examine five different volumes before he can find it.

<sup>2</sup> Life by John E. Hall, in the "Philadelphia Souvenir."

St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, where, a few years after, a monument was placed over his grave.<sup>1</sup>

It has been customary of late years to depreciate the "Portfolio." This we deem unjust; and think it must be done by those who have not read its pages; for we have no hesitation in saying that it will bear a favorable comparison with any similar contemporaneous periodical, English or American. It had not, indeed, the learning nor the variety of the "Gentleman's Magazine," but that had been published nearly half a century when the "Portfolio" was commenced. But, by its talent, vivacity, taste, and variety, it did more, perhaps, than any other publication of that time, on this side the Atlantic, to refine the taste of the people, and to give a relish for choice reading and for literary pursuits.

#### NIGHT.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—ISAIAH xxi. 11.

To this query of Isaiah, the watchman replies, "that the morning cometh, and also the night." The brevity of this an-

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<sup>1</sup> The following is the inscription upon his tombstone; but there is a mistake in it—for "Lexington" it should read *Boston*.

"JOSEPH DENNIE,  
Born at Lexington, in Massachusetts,  
August 30th, 1768,  
Died at Philadelphia, January 7th, 1812.  
Endowed with talents, and qualified  
By Education,  
To adorn the Senate and the Bar,  
But following the impulse of a genius,  
Formed for converse with the Muses,  
He devoted his life to the Literature of  
His country.  
As Author of the Lay Preacher,  
And as first Editor of the Portfolio,  
He contributed to chasten the morals, and to  
Refine the taste of the nation.  
To an imagination lively, not licentious,  
A wit sportive, not wanton,  
And a heart without guile,  
He united a deep sensibility which  
Endeared him to his friends,  
And an ardent piety, which, we humbly trust,  
Recommended him to his God;  
Those friends have erected  
This tribute of their affection  
To his memory.  
To the mercies of that God is their resort  
For themselves and for him.  
MDCCCXIX."

sver has left it involved in something of the obscurity of the season when it was given. I think that night, however sooty and ill-favored it may be pronounced by those who were born under a day-star, merits a more particular description. I feel peculiarly disposed to arrange some ideas in favor of this season. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits; they must be prominent, indeed, to be discerned by the *closed* eyes of the snorer, who thinks that night was made for nothing but sleep. But the student and the sage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purposes; and that it not only recruits exhausted spirits, but sometimes informs inquisitive, and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to sermonize while others slumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, and to observe various characters at noon, will leave but little time, except the night, to digest the one, or speculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to composition, and while the light of the paly planets discovers at his desk the Preacher, more wan than they, he may be heard repeating emphatically with Dr. Young:—

“Darkness has much Divinity for me.”

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near but the silent volumes on his shelf; no noise abroad but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then smoked his sixth and *last* pipe, and asks not a question more concerning Josephus, or the Church. Stillness aids study, and the sermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can discern its dim beauties, my warm heart shall feel, and my prompt pen shall describe, the uses and the pleasures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night? I can with propriety imagine this question addressed to myself. I am a professed lucubrator, and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours as

“A meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin?”

However injuriously night is treated by the sleepy moderns, the vigilance of the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record as the book of Genesis, I find that Isaac, though he devoted his assiduous days to action, reserved speculation till night. “He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.” He chose that sad, that solemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved and departed mother. The

tumult and glare of day suited not with the sorrow of his soul. He had lost his most amiable, most genuine friend, and his unostentatious grief was eager for privacy and shade. Sincere sorrow rarely suffers its tears to be seen. It was natural for Isaac to select a season to weep in, which should resemble "the color of his fate." The darkness, the solemnity, the stillness of the eve were favorable to his melancholy purpose. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant "south country," and "well of Lahairoi;" he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that "the dead of midnight is the noon of thought." One of them is beautifully described by the poet as soliciting knowledge from the skies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme, nor his nightly walks were forsaken till the sun appeared and dimmed his "nobler intellectual beam." We undoubtedly owe to the studious nights of the ancients most of their elaborate and immortal productions. Among them it was necessary that every man of letters should trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the forum or the circus, but the night was the season for the statesman to project his schemes, and for the poet to pour his verse.

Night has likewise, with great reason, been considered in every age as the astronomer's day. Young observes, with energy, that "*an undevout astronomer is mad.*" The privilege of contemplating those brilliant and numerous myriads of planets which bedeck our skies, is peculiar to night, and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bless that season when we are indulged with such a gorgeous display of glittering and useful light. It must be confessed that the seclusion, calmness, and tranquillity of midnight, is most friendly to serious, and even airy contemplations.

I think it treason to this sable power, who holds divided empire with day, constantly to shut our eyes at her approach. To long sleep, I am decidedly a foe. As it is expressed by a quaint writer, we shall all have enough of that in the grave. Those who cannot break the silence of night by vocal throat or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to disturb it by a *snore*. But he, among my readers, who possesses the power of fancy and strong thought, should be vigilant as a watchman. Let him sleep abundantly for health, but sparingly for sloth. It is better, sometimes, to consult a page of philosophy than the pillow.—*Lay Preacher.*

## SPRING.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."—*ECCLESIASTES xi. 7.*

The sensitive Gray, in a frank letter to his friend West, assures him that, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt him from the fireside, he will, like all other things, be the better for his influence; for the sun is an old friend, and an excellent nurse. This is an opinion which will be easily entertained by every one who has been cramped by the icy hand of Winter, and who feels the gay and renovating influence of Spring. In those mournful months when vegetables and animals are alike coerced by cold, man is tributary to the howling storm and the sullen sky, and is, in the pathetic phrase of Johnson, a "slave to gloom." But when the earth is disencumbered of her load of snows, and warmth is felt, and twitting swallows are heard, he is again jocund and free. Nature renews her charter to her sons, and rejoicing mortals, in the striking language of the poet, "revisit light, and feel its sovereign, vital lamp." Hence is enjoyed in the highest luxury,

" Day, and the sweet approach of even, and morn,  
And sight of vernal bloom, and summer's rose,  
And flocks, and herds, and human face divine."

It is nearly impossible for me to convey to my readers an idea of the "vernal delight" felt, at this period, by the Lay Preacher, far declined in the vale of years. My spectral figure, pinched by the rude gripe of January, becomes as thin as that "dagger of lath" employed by the vaunting Falstaff; and my mind, affected by the universal desolation of Winter, is nearly as vacant of joy and bright ideas as the forest is of leaves, and the grove is of song.

Fortunately for my happiness, this is only periodical spleen. Though, in the bitter months, surveying my extenuated body, I exclaim, with the melancholy prophet, "My leaness, my leanness, wo unto me!" and though, adverting to the state of my mind, I behold it "all in a robe of darkest grain," yet, when April and May reign in sweet vicissitude, I give, like Horace, care to the winds, and perceive the whole system excited by the potent stimulus of sunshine.

An ancient bard, of the happiest descriptive powers, and who noted objects not only with the eye of a poet, but with

the accuracy of a philosopher, says, in a short poem devoted to the praises of mirth, that

“Young and old come forth to play,  
On a sunshine holiday.”

In merry Spring-time, not only birds, but melancholic old fellows like myself, sing. The sun is the poet's, the invalid's, and the hypochondriac's friend. Under clement skies and genial sunshine, not only the body is corroborated, but the mind is vivified, and the heart becomes “open as day.” I may be considered fanciful in the assertion, but I am positive that many who, in November, December, January, February, and March, read nothing but Mandeville, Rochefoucault,<sup>1</sup> and Hobbes, and cherish malignant thoughts, at the expense of poor human nature, abjure their evil books and sour theories when a softer season succeeds. I have myself, in winter, felt hostile to those whom I could smile upon in May, and clasp to my bosom in June. Our moral qualities as well as natural objects are affected by physical laws, and I can easily conceive that benevolence, no less than the sunflower, flourishes and expands under the luminary of day.

With unaffected earnestness, I hope that none of my readers will look upon the agreeable visitation of the sun, at this beauteous season, as the impertinent call of a crabbed monitor, or an importunate dun. I hope that none will churlishly tell him “how they hate his beams.” I am credibly informed that several of my city friends, many fine ladies, and the worshipful society of loungers, consider the early call of the above red-faced personage as downright intrusion. It must be confessed that he is fond of prying into chambers and closets, but not, like a rude searcher, or libertine gallant, for injurious or licentious purposes. His designs are beneficent, and he is one of the warmest friends in the world.

Notwithstanding his looks are sometimes a little suspicious, and he presents himself with the fiery eye and flushed cheek of a jolly toper; yet this is only a new proof of the fallacy of physiognomy, for he is the most regular being in the universe. He keeps admirable hours, and is steady, diligent, and punctual to a proverb. Conscious of his shining merit, and dazzled by his regal glory, I must rigidly inhibit all from attempting to exclude his person. I caution sluggards to abstain from the use of shutters, curtains, and all other villainous modes of

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<sup>1</sup> Pron. Rosh'-foo-co.

insulting my ardent friend. My little garden—my only support—and myself, are equally the object of his care; and were it not for the constant loan of his great lamp, I could not always see to write *The Lay Preacher*.

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JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER, 1784-1812.

JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, May 26, 1784. His ancestors, both by his father's and his mother's side, for several generations, were clergymen. His father, Dr. Buckminster, was for a long time a minister of Portsmouth, and was esteemed one of the most eminent clergymen of the State. His mother, the granddaughter of Dr. Stevens, of Kittery, was a woman of an elegant and cultivated mind, and, though dying while the subject of this memoir was very young, she had made such impressions on his mind and heart as most deeply and permanently affected his character.

Mr. Buckminster was a striking example of the early development of talents. There was no period, after his earliest infancy, when he did not impress on all who saw him a conviction of the certainty of his future eminence. It is said that he began to study the Latin grammar at four years of age, and even then discovered that love for books and ardent thirst for knowledge which he possessed through life. He received his education preparatory for college at Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, under the care of the venerable Dr. Benjamin Abbot—that prince of schoolmasters, for whom all his pupils ever entertained the highest veneration and esteem. At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard University, nearly a year in advance, and at once took the highest rank as a scholar, which he continued throughout his whole collegiate career to maintain—a career as honorable to his moral principles as it was to his intellectual powers. He never incurred any college censure; and it may be said of him, as has been remarked of a kindred genius, that “he did not need the smart of guilt to make him virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make him wise.”<sup>1</sup>

In 1800, he received the honors of the University, and entered at once upon the study of theology, for which he had an inclination at

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<sup>1</sup> Kirkland's Life of Fisher Ames.

an early age. After four years of very faithful study, in which he had made attainments of an extent and variety rarely met with in one so young, he was invited, in October, 1804, to preach at the Brattle Street Church, Boston. He accepted the invitation, and, after preaching for a few weeks, was invited by that church to become their minister, and was ordained January 30, 1805. Of the style, the learning, and the unction of his sermons at this time, all who heard him spoke in the highest terms. "The most refined and the least cultivated equally hung upon his lips. The attention of the thoughtless was fixed. The gayety of youth was composed to seriousness. The mature, the aged, the most vigorous and enlarged minds, were at once charmed, instructed, and improved."

But a cloud was soon to overshadow this fair prospect, for, in October of that year, he was attacked by a fit of epilepsy, brought on by too intense application to his studies. In the spring of 1806, the increase of this fatal malady induced his friends to insist upon his taking a voyage to Europe. He consented, and embarked in May of that year, for Liverpool. He spent some time in London, passed over to the Continent, ascended the Rhine, made the tour of Switzerland, visited Paris, returned to London in February, 1807, went through England, Scotland, and Wales, embarked at Liverpool in August, and reached home in September. He was welcomed by his congregation with unabated affection, and returned to all the duties of his office with redoubled activity. This he flattered himself he could safely do, from the increased vigor and improved health which his visit to Europe had given to him. But the result proved all the fond hopes his friends had cherished of a life of prolonged usefulness, to be vain. For a few years he continued to labor in his professional duties with unabated industry, and was continually filling a larger space in the public eye, when, in the midst of all his usefulness and activity, and when he was especially interesting to his friends, he was suddenly cut down. A violent attack of his old disorder at once made a total wreck of his intellect, and, after lingering for a few days, during which he had not even a momentary interval of reason, he sank under its force, June 9, 1812, having just completed his twenty-eighth year.

Few men ever died more lamented by the community in which they had lived, than Mr. Buckminster. His death was felt by all classes, and by all sects of Christians, to be a great public loss; for he was eminently a good as well as a great man. His life was one of uniform purity and rectitude, of devotion to his Master's service, of disinterested zeal for the good of mankind. It was the great object of his ministerial labors to produce that practical religion of heart and life

which is explained in the teaching and illustrated in the example of the Saviour. As a scholar, Professor Norton remarks: "There is no question that he was one of the most eminent men whom our country has produced. In the time which was left him by his many interruptions, he had acquired such a variety of knowledge that one could hardly converse with him on any subject connected with his profession, or with the branches of elegant literature, without having some new ideas suggested, without receiving some information, or being, at least, directed how to obtain it. Yet he did not labor to acquire learning merely for the sake of exhibiting it to the wonder of others, but his studies were all for profit and usefulness. Of his public discourses I do not fear speaking with exaggerated praise. To listen to them was the indulgence and gratification of our best affections. It was to follow in the triumph of religion and virtue. . . . He was, beyond all question, to be placed in the first rank of those by whom we have been best instructed in truth, and most animated in virtue."<sup>1</sup>

#### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

To form a vicious habit is one of the easiest processes in nature. Man comes into a world where sin is, in many of its various forms, originally pleasant, and where evil propensities may be gratified at small expense. The necessary indulgence of appetite, and the first use of the senses, would make us all sensual and selfish from our birth, if the kind provision which Heaven has made, of suffering, of instruction, and of various discipline, did not sometimes break the propensities which we bring with us from the cradle. Nothing is required but to leave man to what is called the state of nature, to make him the slave of habitual sensuality.

But, even after the mind is in some degree fortified by education, and reason has acquired a degree of force, the ease with which a bad habit can be acquired is not less to be lamented. If, indeed, the consequence were to struggle with sin, in fair, open, and direct contest, it would not so often and so readily yield. But sin enters not by breach or escalade, but by cunning or treachery. It presents itself not as sin, but as innocence, when your watchfulness is hushed to sleep, or the eye

<sup>1</sup> Read a memoir prefixed to his works, 2 vols., Boston, 1839; also, an article in the "North American Review," x. 204; but above all, "Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D., and of his son, Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster," by Eliza B. Lee.

of reason diverted. Vice gains its power by insinuation. It winds gently round the soul without being felt, till its twines become so numerous that the sinner, like the wretched Laocoon, writhes in vain to extricate himself, and his faculties are crushed, at length, in the folds of the serpent.

If the first entrance of vice is so easy, every successive act, which is to form the habit, is easier than the last. The taste of pleasure provokes the appetite. If conscience receive no aid, when the temptation returns the victory will be easier, and the triumph more complete. If no evil consequences immediately follow, if the sentence of reproach, of infamy, or of natural punishment be not speedily executed, conscience, thus unsupported, is not heard or not credited. If, however, reproach should follow, or infamy be apprehended, the culprit may either be driven to the society of the shameless, or attempt some new vice, to conceal, or varnish, or vindicate the former.

This leads me to observe, further, that no evil habit can long exist alone. Vice is prolific. It is no solitary invader. Admit one of its train, and it immediately introduces, with an irresistible air of insinuation, the multitude of its fellows, who promise you liberty, but whose service is corruption, and whose wages is death. "Enter not," then, "into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

#### PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

Before I conclude, however, I cannot but make one remark, of great practical importance, that, though a child may be secured from the contagion of innumerable examples of depravity in others, one unequivocal violation of rectitude, discovered in the parent, may paralyze the influence of all past and all future instruction. What, then, is not to be apprehended from an habitual transgression of the laws of virtue! You cannot, you will not, put lessons into your children's hands, every line of which condemns you; you will not hear them read from books whose pure pages make you blush; you will not teach them prayers, who never heard you pray; nor send them regularly to the weekly services of the sanctuary, to see your seats empty, and hear your irreligious habits condemned. This, I acknowledge, would be too much to expect of you. Walk, then, within your houses, with a perfect heart. Then may you teach diligently to your children the holy truths and precepts of your

religion. You will neither be unwilling to talk of them, "when thou sittest in thine house, when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, nor when thou risest up;" "that the generation to come may know them, even the children which shall be born, who shall arise and declare them to their children," and their children to another generation.

#### TEMPTATIONS OF THE YOUNG.

It is true that every age and employment has its snares, but the feet of the young are most easily entrapped. Issuing forth, as you do, in the morning of life, into the wide field of existence, where the flowers are all open, it is no wonder that you pluck some that are poisonous. Tasting every golden fruit that hangs over the garden of life, it is no wonder that you should find some of the most tempting, hollow and mouldy. But the peculiar characteristic of your age, my young friends, is impetuosity and presumptuousness. You are without caution, because without experience. You are precipitate, because you have enjoyed so long the protection of others that you have yet to learn to protect yourselves. You grasp at every pleasure, because it is new, and every society charms with a freshness which you will be surprised to find gradually wearing away. Young as you are upon the stage, there seems to be little for you to know of yourselves; therefore you are contented to know little, and the world will not let you know more till it has disappointed you oftener.

Entering, then, into life, you will find every rank and occupation environed with its peculiar temptations; and, without some other and higher principle than that which influences a merely worldly man, you are not a moment secure. You are poor, and you think pleasure and fashion and ambition will disdain to spread their snares for so ignoble a prey. It is true, they may. But take care that dishonesty does not dazzle you with an exhibition of sudden gains. Take care that want does not disturb your imagination by temptations to fraud. Distress may drive you to indolence and despair, and these united may drown you in intemperance. Even robbery and murder have sometimes stalked in at the breach which poverty or calamity has left unguarded. You are rich, and you think that pride and a just sense of reputation will preserve you from the vices of the vulgar. It is true, they may; and you may be ruined in the progress of luxury, and lost to society, and, at

last, to God, while sleeping in the lap of the most flattering and enervating abundance.

The last resource against temptation is prayer. Escaping, then, from your tempter, fly to God. Cultivate the habit of devotion. It shall be a wall of fire around you, and your glory in the midst of you. To this practice the uncorrupted sentiments of the heart impel you, and invitations are as numerous as they are merciful to encourage you. When danger has threatened your life, you have called upon God. When disease has wasted your health, and you have felt the tomb opening under your feet, you have called upon God. When you have apprehended heavy misfortunes, or engaged in hazardous enterprises, you have, perhaps, resorted to God to ask his blessing. But what are all these dangers to the danger which your virtue may be called to encounter on your first entrance into life? In habitual prayer you will find a safeguard. You will find every good resolution fortified by it, and every seduction losing its power, when seen in the new light which a short communion with Heaven affords. In prayer you will find that a state of mind is generated which will shed a holy influence over the whole character; and those temptations to which you were just yielding will vanish, with all their allurements, when the day-star of devotion rises in your hearts.

#### ACTIVE AND INACTIVE LEARNING.

The history of letters does not, at this moment, suggest to me a more fortunate parallel between the effects of active and of inactive learning than in the well-known characters of Cicero and Atticus. Let me hold them up to your observation, not because Cicero was faultless, or Atticus always to blame, but because, like you, they were the citizens of a republic. They lived in an age of learning and of dangers, and acted upon opposite principles when Rome was to be saved, if saved at all, by the virtuous energy of her most accomplished minds. If we look now for Atticus, we find him in the quiet of his library, surrounded with books, while Cicero was passing through the regular course of public honors and services, where all the treasures of his mind were at the command of his country. If we follow them, we find Atticus pleasantly wandering among the ruins of Athens, purchasing up statues and antiquities, while Cicero was at home, blasting the projects of Catiline, and, at the head of the senate, like the tutelary spirit of his country,

as the storm was gathering, secretly watching the doubtful movements of Cæsar. If we look to the period of the civil wars, we find Atticus always reputed, indeed, to belong to the party of the friends of liberty, yet originally dear to Sylla, and intimate with Clodius, recommending himself to Cæsar by his neutrality, courted by Antony, and connected with Octavius, poorly concealing the epicureanism of his principles under the ornaments of literature and the splendor of his benefactions ; till at last this inoffensive and polished friend of successive usurpers hastens out of life to escape from the pains of a lingering disease. Turn now to Cicero, the only great man at whom Cæsar always trembled, the only great man whom falling Rome did *not* fear. Do you tell me that his hand once offered incense to the dictator ? Remember, it was the gift of gratitude only, and not of servility ; for the same hand launched its indignation against the infamous Antony, whose power was more to be dreaded, and whose revenge pursued him till this father of his country gave his head to the executioner without a struggle, for he knew that Rome was no longer to be saved. If, my friends, you would feel what learning, and genius, and virtue should aspire to in a day of peril and depravity, when you are tired of the factions of the city, the battles of Cæsar, the crimes of the triumvirate, and the splendid court of Augustus, do not go and repose in the easy chair of Atticus, but refresh your virtues and your spirits with the contemplation of Cicero.

#### UNPROFITABLENESS A CRIME.

It is everywhere the natural tendency of a life of retirement and contemplation to generate the notion of innocence and moral security ; but men of letters should remember that, in the eye of reason and of Christianity, simple unprofitableness is always a crime. They should know, too, that there are solitary diseases of the imagination not less fatal to the mind than the vices of society. He who pollutes his fancy with his books may, in fact, be more culpable than he who is seduced into the haunts of debauchery by the force of passion or example. He who by his sober studies only feeds his selfishness or his pride of knowledge may be more to blame than the pedant or the coxcomb in literature, though not so ridiculous. That learning, whatever it may be, which lives and dies with the possessor, is more worthless than his wealth which descends to his posterity ; and, where the heart remains uncultivated and

the affections sluggish, the mere man of curious erudition may stand, indeed, as an object of popular admiration, but he stands like the occasional palaces of ice in the regions of the north, the work of vanity, lighted up with artificial lustre, yet cold, useless, and uninhabited, and soon to pass away without leaving a trace of their existence. You, then, who feel yourselves sinking under the gentle pressure of sloth, or who seek in learned seclusion that moral security which is the reward only of virtuous resolution, remember you do not escape from temptations, much less from responsibility, by retiring to the repose and silence of your libraries.

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JOEL BARLOW, 1755—1812.

JOEL BARLOW, the author of the "Columbiad," was born in Reading, Fairfield County, Connecticut, in 1755. He entered Dartmouth College in 1774, but soon left that institution, and entered Yale, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1778. He entered at once upon the study of law, but he soon exchanged that for theology, and received a license as chaplain to the army, in which he remained till the close of the war. While in this situation, he composed, with his friends, Rev. Timothy Dwight and Col. Humphreys, various patriotic songs and addresses, which exerted no little influence upon the minds of the soldiery. He commenced, also, at this time, "The Vision of Columbus," which afterwards formed the basis of his larger work, "The Columbiad."

After the peace in 1783, Mr. Barlow went back from the gospel to the law, for which he was much better suited, and settled in Hartford. To add to his income, he established a weekly gazette, called "The American Mercury," which gained for him considerable reputation by its able editorial management. About this time, he revised and published the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Isaac Watts, and two years after, in 1787, gave to the world his first large poem, on which he had been laboring for many years, "The Vision of Columbus." To increase the sale of these, he gave up his newspaper and opened a book-store. But his books not doing as well as he expected, the next year he went to England as agent of a fraudulent land company, of the nature of which he was at first ignorant; but he relinquished his agency as soon

as the character of the company became known to him. He was absent seventeen years, most of which time he spent in France, and published while there a number of political pamphlets, and also his celebrated and best poem "Hasty Pudding." In 1795, Washington appointed him consul at Algiers, with power to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Dey, and to ransom all Americans who were held in slavery on the coast of Barbary. He accepted the appointment, concluded the treaty favorably, and made similar ones with the governments of Tripoli and Tunis. He was thus the happy means of freeing large numbers of Americans from Algerine slavery.<sup>1</sup> In 1797, he returned to France, entered into commercial pursuits, and amassed a large fortune. In 1805, he sold all his property in France, returned home, and made his residence at Georgetown, District of Columbia. In 1808, his "Columbiad" was published in quarto, in splendid style. The mechanical execution of this work entitles it to admiration; and this is about all that can be said in its praise. It is the history of Columbus in rhyme; and is about equal to Addison's "Campaign," in poetical merit. In 1811, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to France, to obtain indemnification for injuries sustained by American commerce. The next year he was invited to meet Napoleon at Wilna, in Poland, for a personal conference. But the great severity of the climate, fatigue, and exposure, brought on an inflammation of the lungs, and he died in an obscure village near Cracow, in Poland, on the 22d of December, 1812.

## THE HASTY PUDDING.

## CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise  
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;  
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,  
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,  
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,  
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,  
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire  
The purest phrensy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,  
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;  
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing  
Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring;  
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,  
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.

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<sup>1</sup> Read "White Slavery in Algiers," by Hon. Charles Sumner.

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,  
My morning incense, and my evening meal,  
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,  
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.  
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,  
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,  
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,  
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song,  
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,  
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,  
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,  
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name  
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;  
But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,  
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere.

Assist me first with pious toil to trace,  
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;  
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore  
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),  
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame  
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.

Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,  
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize,  
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,  
In boiling water stir the yellow flour;  
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,  
Swell's in the flood and thickens to a paste,  
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,  
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;  
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,  
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,  
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,  
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,  
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.  
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone  
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,  
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,  
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy  
Expands my heart to meet thee in Savoy!  
Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam,  
Each clime my country, and each house my home,  
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,  
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

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There are who strive to stamp with disrepute  
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute,  
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs  
Compare thy nursling man to pamper'd pigs;

With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,  
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.  
 What though the generous cow gives me to quaff  
 The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?  
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,  
 Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?  
 Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise  
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

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## CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,  
 To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,  
 To make mankind to social virtue sour,  
 Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;  
 For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,  
 Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;  
 Children no more their antic gambols tried,  
 And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee; his abundant feast  
 With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,  
 A numerous offspring gathers round the board,  
 And cheers alike the servant and the lord,  
 Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,  
 And health attends them from the short repast.

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Some with molasses line the luscious treat,  
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.  
 A wholesome dish and well deserving praise,  
 A great resource in those bleak wintry days  
 When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,  
 And raging Boreas drives the shivering cow.

Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,  
 Great source of health, the only source of joy;  
 How oft thy teats these precious hands have press'd!  
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!  
 How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!  
 And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!

Yes, swains who know her various worth to prize,  
 Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.  
 Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,  
 Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;  
 When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,  
 And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk then with pudding I would always choose;  
 To this in future I confine my muse,  
 Till she in haste some further hints unfold,  
 Well for the young, nor useless to the old.  
 First in your bowl the milk abundant take,  
 Then drop with care along the silver lake

Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide  
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;  
But when their growing mass no more can sink,  
When the soft island looms above the brink,  
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due;  
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

## TO FREEDOM.

Sun of the moral world! effulgent source  
Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,  
Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand,  
And radiate hence to every distant land;  
Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,  
The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,  
Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly  
Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye;  
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,  
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man,  
Bold nature bursting through her long disguise,  
And nations daring to be just and wise.  
Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea  
Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;  
Protected Industry beneath thy reign  
Leads all the virtues in her filial train;  
Courageous Probity, with brow serene;  
And Temperance calm presents her placid mien;  
Contentment, Moderation, Labor, Art  
Mould the new man and humanize his heart;  
To public plenty private ease dilates,  
Domestic peace to harmony of states.  
Protected Industry, careering far,  
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,  
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,  
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

*Columbiad.*

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BENJAMIN RUSH, 1745—1813.

BENJAMIN RUSH, M. D., one of the most eminent physicians of which our country can boast, was born at Byberry, about fourteen miles north of Philadelphia, on the 24th of December, 1745. He was early destined by his parents for professional life, and such were his talents and habits of study, that he graduated at Princeton College in 1760.

After spending six years in Philadelphia in the study of medicine, under the direction of Dr. Redman, he went to Edinburgh for the further prosecution of his studies, and remained there till the spring of 1768, when he went over to France. In the fall of that year, he returned to Philadelphia, and the next year was elected Professor of Chemistry in the college of that city. In 1791, the college was merged in a university, and Dr. Rush was appointed Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Practice in the University of Pennsylvania.

As a lecturer and a practitioner, deeming medicine to be yet in its infancy, he considered himself as an eclectic. Not only did he avail himself of the good he found in all systems, but he introduced many improvements of his own. He carried bleeding and the depletive system, however, further than had ever before been done, and further than would now be deemed advisable; and he made great use of calomel in his practice, which he called the "Samson" of the *materia medica*. His opponents, however, gave the same name to the same drug, but for very different reasons; "for," said they, "like Samson, it has slain its thousands." During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, the labors of Dr. Rush were as unremitting as they were successful in endeavoring to mitigate the horrors of this scourge. At all hours might he have been seen going in various parts of the city, administering to the wants of all classes with that unselfish devotion which only his deep religious principles could have inspired. But his incessant labors of mind and body, by night and day, nearly cost him his life. At the close of the season, he himself was attacked by the disease, and for some days he lingered between life and death, while the whole community, with the deepest anxiety and distress, were awaiting the result. Happily his valuable life was saved, to be devoted yet many more years to the cause of science and philanthropy.

It is truly astonishing how, with such an amount of private practice, Dr. Rush was enabled to do so much outside of his profession. He was a member of the Congress which, in 1776, published the Declaration of Independence, and of course affixed his name to that memorable instrument, the truths of which we, as a nation, in our apologies for, and support of, slavery, are denying every day. In 1777, he was appointed Physician-General for the Middle Department of the Military Hospitals, and in 1787 was a member of the Convention of Pennsylvania for ratifying the Federal Constitution, which he advocated with great ability. After the establishment of the federal government, he withdrew himself altogether from public life, and

devoted his time to his profession, and to the claims of humanity. The only office he accepted as a reward for his many services, and which he held for fourteen years, was that of Treasurer of the United States Mint.

But, however much Dr. Rush's learning and skill in his profession may command our respect and admiration, it is as a philanthropist, and as the friend of everything that tends to the improvement of man, that his memory will ever be most warmly cherished. He was President of the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, and as early as 1774 wrote two essays upon the guilt as well as danger of our great national sin, to which he remained inflexibly opposed until the day of his death. He was also vice-president and one of the founders of the Philadelphia Bible Society, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Philosophical Society. He took a warm interest in the establishment of the Philadelphia Dispensary, in 1786, and served for many years as one of its physicians. He was the principal agent in founding Dickinson College, at Carlisle, and was instrumental in bringing from Scotland that eminent scholar and divine, the Rev. Charles Nesbit, D. D., to preside over that institution. He was one of the first, if not the first, to advocate the establishment of free schools, and wrote several able essays to show the importance of the system to the perpetuity of our republican institutions. He also took early ground for the diminution of capital punishments, and lived to see the effect of his labors when, in 1794, the Legislature of Pennsylvania abolished death as a punishment for all crimes except for murder in the first degree.

Dr. Rush was also one of the earliest friends of the temperance reform. His "Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Body and Mind" was published in pamphlet form, and had a most extensive circulation, and was productive of great good. It partially opened the eyes of the community to the infinite evils resulting from the habitual use of intoxicating drinks. He also published an essay against tobacco, and exhibited a frightful catalogue of ills to health and morals arising from the use of that disgusting and filthy weed. His last work, published a year before his death, was entitled "Medical Inquiries and Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind." This is truly a valuable work, and has been pronounced by very respectable authority, "at once a metaphysical treatise on the human understanding; a physiological theory of organic and thinking life; a code of pure morals and religion; a book of the best maxims to promote wisdom and happiness; in fine, a collection of classical, polite, poetical, and sound literature."

Dr. Rush terminated his long and useful life, after a few days' illness of typhus fever, on the 19th of April, 1813, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The news of his death threw a general gloom over the community, and was accompanied by every mark of profound grief, and affection for his memory. All classes felt that they had lost a most valued friend. As a gentleman, distinguished for ease and affability of manners; as a scholar, versed in ancient and modern learning; as a physician, adorning by his character and genius the profession to which he gave the best energies of his life; as a philanthropist, interested in all that tends to elevate and bless man; and as a Christian, "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before God," the name of Dr. Rush will ever be cherished as one of the brightest and best in our country's history.

Dr. Rush's writings are of such a character that it is impossible to do any justice to them by a few extracts. Still, as this is all that can be done here, we give the following to enable the reader to form some idea of his style and manner, and of the subjects in which he was particularly interested.

#### FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers, and the inspired author of the proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other "opens her mouth with wisdom," and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad; the other is honored and beloved at home. "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which a grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

A philosopher once said: "Let me make all the ballads of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have said, let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively

imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country where knowledge and virtue were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh and the malignant smile, at the expense of innocence or of personal infirmities—the feats of successful mimicry—and the low-priced wit which is borrowed from a misapplication of Scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of the ladies. A double entendre, in their presence, would then exclude a gentleman forever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from contempt, in a foreign country. The influence of female education would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence would be increased by marriage; and the patriot, the hero, and the legislator would find the sweetest reward of their toils in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wise and prudent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods, by his mother, Mandane; Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office before he was born, by his mother, Hannah; Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother, Constantia; and Edward the Sixth inherited those great and excellent qualities which made him the delight of the age in which he lived, from his mother, Lady Jane Seymour. Many other instances might be mentioned, if necessary, from ancient and modern history, to establish the truth of this proposition.

I am not enthusiastical upon the subject of education. In the ordinary course of human affairs, we shall probably too soon follow the footsteps of the nations of Europe, in manners and vices. The first marks we shall perceive of our declension will appear among our women. Their idleness, ignorance, and profligacy will be the harbingers of our ruin. Then will the character and performance of a buffoon on the theatre be the subject of more conversation and praise than the patriot or the minister of the gospel—then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted by a flood of French and Italian words—then will the history of romantic amours be preferred to the immortal writings of Addison, Hawkesworth, and Johnson—then will our churches be neglected, and the

name of the Supreme Being never be called upon but in profane exclamations—then will our Sundays be appropriated only to feasts and concerts—and then will begin all that train of domestic and political calamities. But I forbear. The prospect is so painful that I cannot help silently imploring the great arbiter of human affairs to interpose His almighty goodness, and to deliver us from these evils, that at least one spot of the earth may be reserved as a monument of the effects of good education, in order to show in some degree what our species was before the fall, and what it shall be after its restoration.

#### THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Were it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment; that this weed was cultivated with immense care; that it was an important article of commerce; that the want of it produced real misery; that its taste was extremely nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health and morals; and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property; the account would be thought incredible, and the author of it would probably be excluded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to TOBACCO.

The progress of habit in the use of Tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spirituous liquors. The slaves of it begin by using it only after dinner; then, during the whole afternoon and evening; afterwards before dinner, then before breakfast, and finally, during the whole night. I knew a lady who had passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for Tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was ever born with a relish for it; even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently recovers her disrelish to it. It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition. This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sign of an approaching, and a return of the appetite for it, a sign of a departing fever. I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of Tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects of smoking and chewing, is thirst. This thirst cannot be allayed by water, for no sedative or even insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of Tobacco. A desire of course is excited for strong drinks, and these, when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of Tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered as the root of all evil. "An idle man's brain," says the celebrated and original Mr. Bunyan, "is the devil's work-shop."

3. The use of Tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Tobacco, more especially when used in smoking, is generally *offensive* to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered as the outposts of virtue. A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of Tobacco cannot therefore be indulged with innocence. It produces a want of respect for our fellow-creatures, and this always disposes to unkind and unjust behavior towards them. Who ever knew a rude man completely or uniformly moral?

In reviewing the account that has been given of the disagreeable and mischievous effects of Tobacco, we are led to inquire, what are its uses upon our globe, for we are assured that nothing exists in vain. Poison is a relative term, and the most noxious plants have been discovered to afford sustenance to certain animals. But what animal besides man will take tobacco into its mouth? Horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs, and even hogs, refuse to taste it. Flies, mosquitos, and the moth are chased from our clothes by the smell of it. But let us not arraign the wisdom and economy of nature in the production of this plant. Modern travellers have at last discovered that it constitutes the food of a solitary and filthy wild beast, well known in the deserts of Africa, by the name of the ROCK GOAT.

I shall conclude these observations by relating an anecdote of the late Dr. Franklin. A few months before his death, he declared to one of his friends that he had never used Tobacco in any way in the course of his long life, and that he was disposed to believe there was not much advantage to be derived from it, for that he had never met with a man who used it who advised him to follow his example.

## THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL BOOK.

Before I state my arguments in favor of teaching children to read by means of the Bible, I shall assume the five following propositions:—

I. That Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and that in proportion as mankind adopt its principles, and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy.

II. That a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way.

III. That the Bible contains more knowledge necessary to man in his present state than any other book in the world.

IV. That knowledge is most durable, and religious instruction most useful, when imparted in early life.

V. That the Bible, when not read in schools, is seldom read in any subsequent period of life.

My arguments in favor of the use of the Bible as a school book are founded, first, in the constitution of the human mind. The memory is the first faculty which opens in the minds of children. Of how much consequence, then, must it be, to impress it with the great truths of Christianity before it is pre-occupied with less interesting subjects! There is also a peculiar aptitude in the minds of children for religious knowledge. I have constantly found them, in the first six or seven years of their lives, more inquisitive upon religious subjects than upon any others; and an ingenious instructor of youth has informed me that he has found young children more capable of receiving just ideas upon the most difficult tenets of religion than upon the most simple branches of human knowledge.

There is a wonderful property in the *memory* which enables it, in old age, to *recover* the knowledge it had acquired in early life, after it had been apparently forgotten for forty or fifty years. Of how much consequence, then, must it be, to fill the mind with that species of knowledge, in childhood and youth, which, when *recalled* in the decline of life, will support the soul under the infirmities of age, and smooth the avenues of approaching death! The Bible is the only book which is capable of affording this support to old age; and it is for this reason that we find it resorted to with so much diligence and pleasure by such old people as have read it in early life. I can recollect many instances of this kind, in persons who discovered no attachment to the Bible in the meridian of their

lives, who have, notwithstanding, spent the evening of them in reading no other book.

My second argument in favor of the use of the Bible in schools, is founded upon an implied command of God, and upon the practice of several of the wisest nations of the world. In the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, we find the following words, which are directly to my purpose : " And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. And thou *shalt teach them diligently unto thy children*, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." \* \*

I have heard it proposed that a portion of the Bible should be read every day by the master, as a means of instructing children in it. But this is a poor substitute for obliging children to read it as a school book ; for, by this means, we insensibly engrave, as it were, its contents upon their minds ; and it has been remarked that children, instructed in this way in the Scriptures, seldom forget any part of them. They have the same advantage over those persons who have only heard the Scriptures read by a master, that a man who has worked with the tools of a mechanical employment for several years, has over the man who has only stood a few hours in the workshop, and seen the same business carried on by other people.

We hear much of the persons educated in free schools in England turning out well in the various walks of life. I have inquired into the cause of it, and have satisfied myself that it is wholly to be ascribed to the general use of the Bible in those schools.

I think I am not too sanguine in believing that education, conducted in this manner, would, in the course of two generations, eradicate infidelity from among us, and render civil government scarcely necessary in our country.

In contemplating the political institutions of the United States, I lament that we waste so much time and money in punishing crimes, and take so little pains to prevent them. We profess to be republicans, and yet we neglect the only means of establishing and perpetuating our republican forms of government—that is, the universal education of our youth in the principles of Christianity by means of the Bible ; for this divine Book, above all others, favors that equality among mankind, that respect for just laws, and all those sober and frugal virtues which constitute the soul of republicanism.

## ALEXANDER WILSON, 1766-1813.

If one's nationality is to be determined by the country where he was chiefly educated, by the soil which proved kindred to his genius, by the scenes which called forth his powers, and by the field where he won his fame, then is Alexander Wilson, though of foreign origin, truly an American.

He was born in Paisley, Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1766, of humble parents, who could afford to him but the mere rudiments of an education, and at the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a weaver, with whom he worked till he was eighteen. He early evinced a taste for literature, spending all his leisure time in reading and study, and from his youth to the day of his death, presents an eminent instance of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The genius of Burns, who was but six years older, had just burst upon his countrymen, and the spirit of emulation so fired the breast of Wilson, that he soon put forth a volume entitled "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious." But it was not received with much favor, and certainly "put no money in his purse," so that he returned to his trade as a more sure means of gaining a livelihood. In a few years, he became disgusted with it, and resolved to try to better his fortune in the United States. Working hard and living very economically, he soon saved enough to pay for his passage, and sailing in a vessel from Belfast, he arrived at New Castle, Delaware, on the 14th of July, 1794, but without a shilling in his pocket. Shouldering his fowling-piece, he set forward on foot towards Philadelphia, and on his way shot a woodpecker. This little incident was doubtless the germ of his future fame, for the peculiar habits and rich plumage of this native of our forests made a deep impression upon his mind, and led him by degrees to that train of thought and those plans of action which resulted in placing him at the head of American ornithologists.

At Philadelphia, he at first worked at his old trade; but as soon as he became acquainted with the people and their manners, and had made a little money, he resolved to devote himself to the pursuits of literature. To this end he taught a school at Milestown, about six miles from Philadelphia, where he remained several years, studying diligently, and adding something to the income from his school by surveying land for the farmers in the neighborhood. He then travelled into the Genesee country in New York to see some friends, and on his return accepted the invitation to become the head teacher of Union

School, in the township of Kingsessing, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill, on the banks of which river Audubon likewise caught his inspiration. Here he contracted an affectionate intimacy with the venerable naturalist, William Bartram, whose magnificent botanic garden was in the vicinity of the school-house.

From this time (about 1803) must be dated the beginning of his history as an ornithologist. Seeing the imperfections of books on the subject of the birds of our country, how imperfectly and often falsely they were represented in drawings, he determined to devote himself exclusively to the pursuits of a naturalist, with a glimmering hope of giving to the world a complete work on American Ornithology. Still, how could he accomplish an undertaking so vast, ignorant as he was of drawing, and other requisite branches of knowledge? But to an enthusiastic and determined spirit nothing seems impossible. He at once devoted himself to the study of drawing and engraving, and soon made very commendable progress in those arts. In October, 1804, he set out on foot for the Falls of Niagara, making everything on his journey subsidiary to his favorite pursuit. On his return, he published an account of his journey in the "Port Folio," in a poem called "The Foresters," and continued in his vocation as a teacher, devoting all his spare time, as before, to his favorite science. By the spring of 1805, he had completed the drawings of twenty-eight birds, mostly residents of Pennsylvania, and at the close of the next year entered into an engagement with Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, to publish his *AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY*, the first volume of which was given to the world in September, 1808. Immediately he set off on a tour to the Eastern States to exhibit his work, procure subscribers, and at the same time add to his stock of ornithological science. But the price of the work completed (one hundred and twenty dollars) was so far beyond anything the public had been accustomed to, that he did not meet with the encouragement he hoped. Still he was not disheartened. He returned home, and then made an extensive tour through the Southern States, of the state of things in which he gives a very amusing, though a very sad picture. He returned the next year, and in January, 1810, appeared the second volume of the *ORNITHOLOGY*. He then set out on a Western tour, going to Pittsburgh, and then down the Ohio, and through Kentucky, Tennessee, &c., to New Orleans, whence he embarked for New York, and arrived at Philadelphia on the 2d of August, 1811. He then took another tour through the Northern and Eastern States, and on his return, made unceasing efforts to complete his great work. As soon as the seventh volume had left the press, he went to Great Egg Har-

bor to collect materials for the eighth. He took cold from exposure; dysentery ensued, and he died on the 23d of August, 1813.

In his personal appearance, Wilson was tall and handsome; rather slender than athletic in form. His countenance was expressive and thoughtful, his eye powerful and intelligent, and his conversation remarkable for quickness and originality. He was warm-hearted and generous in his affections, and through life displayed a constant attachment to his friends, even after many years of separation.

Few examples can be found in literary history equal to that of Wilson. Though fully aware of the difficulty of the enterprise in which he engaged, his heart never for a moment failed him, and his success was complete, for his work has secured him immortal honor.<sup>1</sup>

#### PLEASURES IN CONTEMPLATING NATURE

That lovely season is now approaching when the garden, woods, and fields will again display their foliage and flowers. Every day we may expect strangers, flocking from the South, to fill our woods with harmony. The pencil of nature is now at work, and outlines, tints, and gradations of lights and shades that baffle all description will soon be spread before us by that great master, our most benevolent Friend and Father. Let us cheerfully partake in the feast he is preparing for all our senses. Let us survey those millions of green strangers just peeping into day, as so many happy messengers come to proclaim the power and the munificence of the Creator. I confess that I was always an enthusiast in my admiration of the rural scenery of nature; but, since your example and encouragement have set me to attempt to imitate her productions, I see new beauties in every bird, plant, and flower I contemplate; and find my ideas of the incomprehensible First Cause still more exalted, the more minutely I examine His works. I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding

<sup>1</sup> Read Sketch of his Life, by George Ord; Life, by Wm. B. O. Peabody, in Sparks's "American Biography;" and an article in the 8th vol. of the "American Quarterly Review."

my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's works that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular it does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me, and although they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few five-penny-bits, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basket full of crows. I expect his next load will be bull-frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE BALD EAGLE.

This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by anything but man; and, from the ethereal heights

<sup>1</sup> Letter to a friend, written 1804.

to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to local changes of season, as, in a few minutes, he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries which he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overwhelming all opposition. Elevated upon a high, dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below—the snow-white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy sand-pipers, coursing along the beach; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his attention. By his wide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the looks of the eagle are all ardor, and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting into the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk. Each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in these encounters, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it

in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

#### THE MOCKING BIRD.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force, and sweet-ness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various birds of song, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arrest the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away, and, as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain.” While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce

his utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that, perhaps, are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking, to protect her injured brood. He runs over the quaverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat, by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. Amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, marten, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer, in this singular concert, is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

THE DUTIES OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.<sup>1</sup>

Devote your whole time, except what is proper for needful exercise, to making yourself completely master of your business. For this purpose, rise by the peep of dawn, take your regular walk, and then commence your stated studies. Be under no anxiety to hear what people think of you or your tutorship; but study the improvement and watch over the good conduct of the children consigned to your care, as if they were your own. Mingle respect and affability with your orders and arrangements. Never show yourself feverish or irritated; but preserve a firm and dignified, a just and energetic deportment, in every emergency. To be completely master of one's business, and ever anxious to discharge it with fidelity and honor, is to be great, beloved, respectable, and happy.

## CONSOLATION IN AFFLICITION.

Sorry I am, indeed, that afflictions so severe as those you mention should fall where so much worth and sensibility reside, while the profligate, the unthinking, and unfeeling so frequently pass through life strangers to sickness, adversity, and suffering. But God visits those with distress whose enjoyments he wishes to render more exquisite. The storms of affliction do not last forever; and sweet is the serene air, and warm sunshine, after a day of darkness and tempest. Our friend has indeed passed away, in the bloom of youth and expectation; but nothing has happened but almost every day's experience teaches to expect. How many millions of beautiful flowers have flourished and faded under your eye; and how often has the whole profusion of blossoms, the hopes of a whole year, been blasted by an untimely frost. He has gone only a little before us; we must soon follow; but while the feelings of nature cannot be repressed, it is our duty to bow with humble resignation to the decisions of the Great Father of all, rather receiving with gratitude the blessings he is pleased to bestow, than repining at the loss of those he thinks proper to take from us. But

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<sup>1</sup> In a letter to his nephew, William Duncan, then (1811) engaged in the profession of instruction.

allow me, my dear friend, to withdraw your thoughts from so melancholy a subject, since the best way to avoid the force of any overpowering passion is to turn its direction another way.

## DAVID RAMSEY, 1749-1815.

DAVID RAMSEY, the distinguished historian, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on the 2d of April, 1749. His father, James Ramsey, was a respectable farmer, who had early emigrated from Ireland, and by the diligent cultivation of his farm was enabled to educate a numerous family. A Protestant Christian, he early sowed the seeds of religion in the minds of his children, and lived to see the happy fruits of his care and labor. Our author was early distinguished for his quickness of intellect, and, after going through the usual preparatory studies, entered Princeton College, where he graduated in 1765, being only sixteen years of age. After teaching for two years, he commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia under Dr. Rush, and in 1772 commenced its practice in Maryland. The next year he removed to Charleston, S. C., and rose rapidly to eminence in his profession and in the respect of the community.<sup>1</sup> His talents, business habits, and industry eminently qualified him for an active part in public affairs, and as he was a zealous advocate for independence, he was often called on when anything was to be done for the common welfare. From the Declaration of Independence to the close of the war he was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina. In February, 1782, he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, and again in 1785. The next year he returned to Charleston, and again entered the walks of private life.

From the beginning to the close of the war, Dr. Ramsey had been carefully collecting materials for its history, and in 1785 published his "History of the Revolution in South Carolina." Five years after, in 1790, when he had studied the subject more, and gained much val-

<sup>1</sup> On his going to Charleston, Dr. Rush wrote a commendatory letter, to aid him in his new post, in which he says: "It is saying but little of him to tell you that he is far superior to any person we ever graduated at our college; his abilities are not only good, but great; his talents and knowledge universal. \* \* \* Joined to all these, he is sound in his principles, strict, nay more, severe in his morals. He writes, talks, and —what is more—lives well."

able information from many distinguished actors in its scenes, he published his "History of the American Revolution," which was received with universal approbation. In 1801, he published his "Life of Washington," which still maintains a high reputation. In 1808, he gave to the world a "History of South Carolina," in two volumes, octavo. Besides these historical works, he published a number of essays connected with his profession; a "Biographical Chart," to facilitate the study of history; and a "Eulogium on Dr. Rush." He had made preparations for publishing a larger historical work upon our country, but he was suddenly taken off, being shot by a lunatic, in the streets of Charleston, on the 8th of May, 1815.

#### WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

The hour now approached in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Having drank, he added: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description. When the last of the officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession, with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North River, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and, by waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears; and all of them gazed upon the barge which conveyed him from their sight till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

The army being disbanded, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, then the seat of Congress, to resign his commission. On his way thither, he, of his own accord, delivered to the comptroller of accounts in Philadelphia an account of the expenditure of all the public money he had ever received. This was in his own hand-writing, and every entry was made in a very particular manner. Vouchers were produced for every item, except for secret intelligence and services, which amounted to no more than 1982 pounds, 10 shillings sterling. The whole, which, in the course of eight years of war, had passed through his hands, amounted only to 14,479 pounds, 18 shillings, 9 pence sterling. Nothing was charged or retained for personal services; and actual disbursements had been managed with such economy and fidelity, that they were all covered by the above moderate sum.

After accounting for all his expenditures of public money (secret service money, for obvious reasons, excepted), with all the exactness which established forms required from the inferior officers of his army, he hastened to resign into the hands of the fathers of his country the powers with which they had invested him. This was done in a public audience. Congress received him as the founder and guardian of the republic. While he appeared before them, they silently retraced the scenes of danger and distress through which they had passed together. They recalled to mind the blessings of freedom and peace purchased by his arm. They gazed with wonder on their fellow-citizen, who appeared more great and worthy of esteem in resigning his power than he had done in gloriously using it. Every heart was big with emotion. Tears of admiration and gratitude burst from every eye. The general sympathy was felt by the resigning hero, and wet his cheek with a manly tear. After a decent pause, he addressed Thomas Mifflin, the President of Congress, in the following words:—

"The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, how-

ever, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and for the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

"While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the persons who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend, in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

"I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commanding the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

This address being ended, General Washington advanced and delivered his commission into the hands of the President of Congress, who replied as follows:—

"The United States, in Congress assembled, receive, with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war.

"Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without friends or a government to support you.

"You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have, by the love and confidence of your fellow-citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered, till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence,

to close the war in safety, freedom, and independence; on which happy event we sincerely join you in congratulations.

"Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages. We feel with you our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interest of those confidential officers who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

"We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation; and for you we address to Him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all His care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious, and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

His own sensations, after retiring from public business, are thus expressed in his letters: "I am just beginning to experience the ease and freedom from public cares, which, however desirable, it takes some time to realize; for, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that it was not until lately I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating, as soon as I awoke in the morning, on the business of the ensuing day; and of my surprise on finding, after revolving many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man, or had anything to do with public transactions. I feel as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burden on his shoulders, is eased of the latter, having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and, from his housetop, is looking back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires which lay in his way, and into which none but the all-powerful Guide and Dispenser of human events could have prevented his falling."

"I have become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and, under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in

devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in the hope of catching a gracious smile—can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

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TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752—1817.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, the son of Timothy and Mary Dwight, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 14th of May, 1752. His father was a man of sound and vigorous intellect; and his mother, the daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, inherited no small share of her father's intellectual greatness. When to great mental vigor we add that his parents united the highest moral qualities, we can see how highly favorable was such an intellectual and moral atmosphere to the development of his youthful faculties; and of these influences he had, most happily, the disposition to avail himself. He showed uncommon powers of mind at a very early age, being able to read in the Bible fluently at the age of four, and at six commencing the study of Latin.

In 1765, he entered Yale College, just as he had completed his thirteenth year, and was familiar not only with the requirements for entering—though these were very low compared with what they now are—but with most of the classical authors that were read during the first half of his collegiate course. Owing to his over preparation, he did not feel the necessity of much application for the first two years; and these, consequently, were spent rather idly. But for this indolence he atoned in his junior and senior years, studying with an intensity that left no time unemployed. In consequence of his excessive application to study, his eyes became seriously affected, and a permanent weakness of sight was induced, so that to the close of life he could read but little, and that only occasionally.

After leaving college, he taught a grammar school in New Haven, and in 1771 was chosen tutor in Yale College, in which office he continued with high reputation for six years. While here, in 1774, he finished his poem "The Conquest of Canaan," though it was not published till eleven years after. In March, 1777, he married the daughter of Benjamin Woolsey, of Long Island. By her he had eight sons, six of whom survived him. In June he was licensed as a preacher, and in September was appointed chaplain to a brigade in General Putnam's division, in which capacity he continued about a year.<sup>1</sup> In 1778, his father dying, he removed to Northampton, to console his mother and provide for her numerous family, to whose support he contributed for five years, from a scanty income obtained by preaching and teaching and occasionally laboring on a farm. In 1783, he was ordained over a parish in Greenfield, where he continued for twelve years. In 1785, he published his "Conquest of Canaan;" and in 1794, his poem called "Greenfield Hill," in seven parts. After the death of Dr. Stiles, he was chosen President of Yale College, and was inaugurated in September, 1795; which office, together with the professorship of theology, he continued to fill for the remainder of his life. While discharging the duties of these offices, he prepared his sermons on systematic theology, on which his fame chiefly rests, entitled "Theology Explained and Defended in a Series of Sermons," 5 volumes. This admirable and most comprehensive system of divinity has passed through many editions in England as well as in our own country. In his college vacations, he was in the habit of journeying, and to this we owe his "Travels in New England and New York," published, after his death, in four volumes. He died January 11th, 1817, aged sixty-four, having been President of the College twenty-one years.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At that time the eyes of most Christians were not opened to see the gross inconsistency in a minister of the "Prince of Peace" entering the army and exhorting the soldiers to fight bravely, and praying the "God of love" to infuse into them a spirit of animosity towards their brother man, called "the enemy."

<sup>2</sup> The following pleasant anecdote is told concerning Dr. Dwight and Dennis, the editor of the "Port Folio." While travelling in New Jersey, the learned President chanced to stop for a night at a stage hotel, in one of its populous towns. Late in the evening arrived also at the inn Mr. Dennis, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all *paired* with lodgers except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. "Show me to his apartment," exclaimed Dennis; "although I am a stranger to the reverend Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings." The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennis to his guest's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus,

Pleasing as Dr. Dwight is as a poet, and learned and eloquent as he was as a divine, it is as President of Yale College that he was most valued, and honored, and loved while living, and as such is embalmed in the hearts of the large number of scholars, divines, and statesmen still living, who were instructed by him in their collegiate course. He had the remarkable faculty of winning the affections and commanding the most profound respect of all the young men who came under his influence, while he poured forth his instructions in a most impressive eloquence from a mind stored with the treasures of ancient and modern learning. And knowing, as we do, that for the last twenty years of his life he could scarcely use his eyes at all, our wonder increases that he accomplished so much. But what cannot singleness of aim, determined purpose, and unremitting industry effect?

#### DUELING.

Life, to man, is his all. On it everything is suspended which man can call his own; his enjoyments, his hopes, his usefulness, and his salvation. Our own life is to us, therefore,

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politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. He was struck with the peculiar physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced an animated colloquy. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary and political characters for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dwight chanced to mention the writings of Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the 'Port Folio,'" said the Doctor in a rhapsody, "is the Addison of the United States, the father of American Belles Lettres. But, sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing, that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and to Bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken: I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir," says the Doctor, "you err; I have my information from a particular friend. I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong." Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking, "that Doctors Abercrombie and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines; yet that he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America had ever produced. But, sir," continued Dennie, "there are traits in his character unworthy so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description; he is the greatest *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age." "Sir," said the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary." "Sir," says Dennie, "you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, who I am confident would not tell an untruth." "No more slander," says the Doctor; "I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak!" "And I, too," exclaimed Dennie, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

invaluable. As we are most reasonably required to *love our neighbor as ourselves*, his life ought, in our estimation, to possess the same value. In conformity to these views, mankind have universally regarded those who have violently deprived others of life with supreme abhorrence, and branded their names with singular infamy. Murderers have been punished, in every age and country, with the most awful expressions of detestation, with the most formidable array of terror, and with the most excruciating means of agony. On the heads of murderers, at the same time, mankind have heaped curses without bounds. The City of Refuge, nay, the Altar itself, a strong tower of defence to every other criminal, has lost its hallowed character, at the approach of a murderer, and emptied him out of its sacred recesses into the hands of the *Avenger of blood*. God hath said, *A man that doeth violence to the blood of any person, he shall flee to the pit: let no man stay him.* In solemn response, the world has cried, Amen.

But all these sentiments, all these rights, all the obligations of this law, the Duellist has violated. Nay, he has violated them in cold blood; with the deliberation of system; in the season of serenity; in the tranquillity of the closet. This violation he has made a part of his creed, and settled purpose of his life; a governing rule of his conduct. All this he has done amid the various advantages of birth and education; under the light of Science; with the Bible in his hand; and before the altar of his God. He has done it all, also, in the face of arguments, which have commanded the conviction of all mankind, except himself; and which would have convinced *him*, had his mind been honestly open to the force of argument. His opinions have been a thousand times exposed: his arguments have been a thousand times refuted. Against him have been arrayed, in every Christian country, the common sense of mankind, the feelings of humanity, the solemn voice of Law, and the Infinitely awful command of the Eternal God. With a moral hardihood, not often exemplified even in this world, he encounters them all, overcomes them all, and goes coolly onward to the work of destruction.

#### THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile, extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion

of nature. This convulsion was, in my own view, that of the deluge. There are here, and throughout New England, no eminent proofs of volcanic violence, nor any strong exhibitions of the power of earthquakes. Nor has history recorded any earthquake or volcano in other countries, of sufficient efficacy to produce the phenomena of this place. The objects rent asunder are too great, the ruin is too vast and too complete, to have been accomplished by these agents. The change appears to have been effected when the surface of the earth extensively subsided; when countries and continents assumed a new face; and a general commotion of the elements produced a disruption of some mountains, and merged others beneath the common level of desolation. Nothing less than this will account for the sundering of a long range of great rocks, or rather of vast mountains; or for the existing evidences of the immense force by which the rupture was effected.

The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks, standing perpendicularly, at the distance of twenty-two feet from each other; one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by the brook mentioned as the head stream of the Saco; the other half by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments, partly blown out of the road, and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch, we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of everything before us. The scale on which all the objects in view were formed was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and piled by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form, and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of ages, recalling to the mind the *saxum vetustum* of Virgil, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us the view widened fast to the southeast. Behind us it closed almost instantaneously, and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm, we saw, in full view, the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance from us of about two miles. The stream ran over a series of rocks almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current; and yet so far disturbed as



to be perfectly white. The sun shone with the clearest splendor, from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect; and the cascade glittered down the vast steep like a stream of burnished silver.

At the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the entrance, we passed a brook, known in this region by the name of *the flume*, from the strong resemblance to that object exhibited by the channel which it has worn for a considerable length in a bed of rocks, the sides being perpendicular to the bottom. This elegant piece of water we determined to examine farther; and, alighting from our horses, walked up the acclivity perhaps a furlong. The stream fell from a height of two hundred and forty or two hundred and fifty feet over three precipices; the second receding a small distance from the front of the first, and the third from that of the second. Down the first and second it fell in a single current, and down the third in three, which united their streams at the bottom in a fine basin, formed by the hand of nature in the rocks immediately beneath us. It is impossible for a brook of this size to be modelled into more diversified or more delightful forms; or for a cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty. The cliffs, together with a level at their foot, furnished a considerable opening, surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams, penetrating through the trees, painted here a great variety of fine images of light, and edged an equally numerous and diversified collection of shadows; both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvering and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen. Exclusively of its murmurs, the world around us was solemn and silent. Everything assumed the character of enchantment; and, had I been educated in the Grecian mythology, I should scarcely have been surprised to find an assemblage of Dryads, Naiads, and Oreades sporting on the little plain below our feet. The purity of this water was discernible, not only by its limpid appearance and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite, and the rocks and the stones in its bed and at its side, instead of being covered with adventitious substances, were washed perfectly clean; and, by their neat appearance, added not a little to the beauty of the scenery.

#### THE GOODNESS OF GOD AS MANIFESTED IN CREATION.

Were all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect

of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But, were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an *Arabian* desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendor and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living lustre of the Spring, and the rich glories of the Autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind than we, perhaps, even think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.

#### GOFFE, THE REGICIDE.

In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the first of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms—which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church—and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic under which they began the conflict was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable

and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe, Whalley having become supernuated some time before the event took place.

## LEVI PRISBIE, 1784—1822.

LEVI PRISBIE was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in the year 1784. His father, whose name he bore, was a clergyman of that town, distinguished for his conscientiousness and his sense of religion; and to his instructions and example Mr. Prisbie may be supposed to have been, in a great measure, indebted for the first planting of his religious sentiments. After completing his preparatory studies at Andover Academy, Mr. Prisbie entered Harvard University in 1798. As a student, he was among the most distinguished in his class for his talents and acquisitions, for correctness of conduct, integrity, and manliness. Soon after leaving college, he commenced the study of the law; but his fair prospects were soon clouded by an affection of his eyes, which so deprived him of their use for the purpose of study that he was never after able to use them except for very short periods. This great affliction he bore like a man and a Christian, and derived from it the moral benefits it was adapted to afford. He made use of every means in his power for improvement, invented a machine to aid him in writing, and was surrounded by friends ready always to read to him.

Being unable to pursue his professional studies, he accepted the

place of Latin tutor in Harvard University in 1805, in which he continued till 1811, when he was appointed Professor of the Latin language, which chair he held till 1817. On the 5th of November of that year, he was inaugurated as Professor of Moral Philosophy; and the address which he delivered upon the occasion is one that shows his eminent fitness for that high office, as a scholar of enlarged views, refined taste, deep thought, and elevated Christian principles. But, alas! "Death loves a shining mark." Professor Frisbie had given but two courses of lectures, when symptoms of that insidious, but fatal disease—consumption—appeared, and on the 9th of July, 1822, after a lingering illness, he breathed his last.

Of his character, one who was associated with him in the faculty of the College, and his most intimate friend,<sup>1</sup> thus writes: "If those who knew him best were called upon to mention any virtue of which he was particularly distinguished, I believe they would unite in naming INTEGRITY. He was a man who, if ever ANY ONE could, might have told the world his purposes, and risen in their respect. If you were to determine whether he would pursue any particular course of conduct, or aim at any particular object, you had only to determine whether he would think that object right, and that course of conduct his duty, and you were sure that no selfish or mean passion, and no sinister purpose would interfere to lead insensibly his judgment astray. There were no false appearances about him. He had nothing of that disguise and cunning which are sometimes mistaken for policy. His conduct lay before you in broad daylight; and you never were at a loss for his motives, and you never perceived any but what were honorable. His notions of right and wrong were founded upon the laws of religion, and of God, and not upon the maxims of the world. He compared his actions, not with the opinions and sentiments of the day, but with the eternal principles of morality."<sup>2</sup>

#### THE RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE OF MORALS AND LITERATURE.

In no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in those of

<sup>1</sup> Professor Andrews Norton—one of Harvard's most distinguished sons—in his "Address at the Interment of Professor Frisbie."

<sup>2</sup> In 1817, Professor Frisbie was married to Miss Catharine Saltonstall Mellen, daughter of John Mellen, Esq., of Cambridge, who, for personal charms, mental accomplishments, and warmth and elevation of soul, was the "counterfeit resemblance" of her husband's charming poem, "A Castle in the Air." They had but one child, a daughter, who died in infancy.

the author of Childe Harold. His character produced the poems, and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own, but instruments through which he breathes his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The desolate misanthropy of his mind rises, and throws its dark shade over his poetry like one of his own ruined castles; we feel it to be sublime, but we forget that it is a sublimity it cannot have till it is abandoned by everything that is kind, and peaceful, and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins. Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false or pernicious, but that he leaves an impression unfavorable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a summer evening, where all is tender, and beautiful, and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapors of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm, and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

Although I have illustrated the moral influence of literature, principally from its mischiefs, yet it is obvious, if what I have said be just, it may be rendered no less powerful as a means of good. Indeed, the fountains of literature into which an enemy has sometimes infused poison naturally flow with refreshment and health. Cowper and Campbell have led the muses to repose in the bowers of religion and virtue; and Miss Edgeworth has so cautiously combined the features of her characters that the predominant expression is ever what it should be. She has shown us not vices ennobled by virtues, but virtues degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great, but, had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue; and had she added, with the apostle, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

The incorporating of religion with morality is a means of practical influence, and extends to every order in society. It

is not the fountain which plays only in the gardens of the palace, but the rain of heaven, which descends alike upon the inclosures of the rich and the poor, and refreshes the meanest shrub no less than the fairest flower. The sages of antiquity seem to have believed that morality had nothing to do with religion; and Christians of the Middle Ages, that religion had nothing to do with morality: but, at the present day, we acknowledge how intimate and important is their connection. It is not views of moral fitness, by which the minds of men are at first to be affected, but by connecting their duties with the feelings and motives, the hopes and fears of Christianity. Both are necessary; the latter, to prompt and invigorate virtue; the former, to give it the beauty of knowledge and taste. It is heat that causes the germ to spring and flourish in the heart, but it is light that imparts verdure to its foliage, and their hues to its flowers.

## TACITUS.

The moral sensibility of Tacitus is, we think, that particular circumstance by which he so deeply engages his reader, and is perhaps distinguished from every other writer in the same department of literature; and the scenes he was to describe peculiarly required this quality. His writings comprise a period the most corrupt within the annals of man. The reigns of the Neros, and of many of their successors, seemed to have brought together the opposite vices of extreme barbarism and excessive luxury; the most ferocious cruelty and slavish submission; voluptuousness the most effeminate, and sensuality worse than brutal. Not only all the general charities of life, but the very ties of nature were annihilated, by a selfishness the most exclusively individual. The minions of power butchered the parent, and the child hurried to thank the emperor for his goodness. The very fountains of abomination seemed to have been broken up, and to have poured over the face of society a deluge of pollution and crimes. How important, then, was it for posterity that the records of such an era should be transmitted by one, in whose personal character there should be a redeeming virtue, who would himself feel, and awaken in his readers, that disgust and abhorrence which such scenes ought to excite? Such a one was Tacitus. There is in his narrative a seriousness approaching sometimes almost to melancholy, and sometimes bursting forth in expressions of virtuous indignation. He appears always to be aware of the general complexion of

the subjects of which he is treating; and even when extraordinary instances of independence and integrity now and then present themselves, you perceive that his mind is secretly contrasting them with those vices with which his observation was habitually familiar.

In estimating, however, the moral sentiment of this historian, we are not to judge him by the present standard, elevated and improved, as it is, by Christianity. Tacitus undoubtedly felt the influence of great and prevalent errors. That war with barbarians was at all times just, and their territory and their persons the lawful prey of whatever nation could seize them, it is well known, had been always the practical maxim of the Greeks as well as the Romans. Hence we are not to be surprised that, in various passages of his work, he does not express that abhorrence of many wars in which his countrymen were engaged which we might otherwise have expected from him. This apology must especially be borne in mind as we read the life of Agricola. The invasion of Britain by the Romans was as truly a violation of the rights of justice and humanity as that of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, and their leader little better in principle than Cortes and Pizarro.<sup>1</sup>

We have mentioned what appear to us the most striking characteristics of Tacitus. When compared with his great predecessor, he is no less excellent, but essentially different. Livy is only an historian; Tacitus is also a philosopher. The former gives you images, the latter impressions. In the narration of events, Livy produces his effect by completeness and exact particularity; Tacitus by selection and condensation. The one presents to you a panorama; you have the whole scene, with all its complicated movements and various appearances, vividly before you. The other shows you the most prominent and remarkable groups, and compensates in depth what he wants in minuteness. Livy hurries you into the midst of the battle, and leaves you to be borne along by its tide; Tacitus stands with you upon an eminence where you may have more tranquillity for distinct observation; or, perhaps, when the armies have retired, walks with you over the field, points out to you the spot of each most interesting particular, and shares with you those solemn and profound emotions which you have now the composure to feel.

<sup>1</sup> And how much better was our invasion of Mexico, and "annexing" (a modern phrase for stealing) Texas, which brought on the Mexican war?

**MORAL TASTE.**

Sensibility to beauty is in some degree common to all; but it is infinitely varied, according as it has been cultivated by habit and education. To the man whose taste has been formed on just principles, and who has been led to perceive and relish what is truly beautiful, a new world is opened. He looks abroad over nature, and contemplates the productions of art, with sentiments to which those who are destitute of this faculty are strangers. He perceives in the works of God, and in the contrivances of man, all the *utility* for which they were destined and adapted, in common with others; but besides this, his heart is filled with sentiments of the *beautiful* or the *grand*, according to the nature of the object. It is in literature that taste, in the more common use of the word, has its most extensive sphere, and most varied gratifications; yet whether it be exercised on nature, the fine arts, or literature, we are aware how much depends on associations with life, feeling, and human character. Why does the traveller wander with such peculiar interest over the mountains and plains of Italy and Greece, but because every spot is consecrated by the memory of great events, or presents to him the memorials of departed genius? It is for this reason that poetry peoples even solitude and desolation with imaginary life; so that, in ancient days, every forest had its Dryads, every fountain its nymphs, and the voice of the Naiades was heard in the murmuring of the streams. It is partly in reference to the same principle that deserts and mountains, where all is barrenness and solitude, raise in the mind emotions of sublimity. It is a feeling of vastness and desolation that depends in a great degree on the absense of everything having life or action. The mere modifications of nature are beautiful; the human form from its just proportions, the human face from the harmonious combinations of features and coloring; but it is only when this form is living and moving, and when this face is suffused with emotion and animated with intelligence, when the attitude and the look alike express the workings of the heart and mind, that we feel the perfect sentiment of beauty.

Thus inanimate nature, and literature in its transcripts of the aspects of nature, become most interesting by association with life and action, and above all with man. It is from descriptions of man, considered as a moral being, that even literary

taste receives many of its highest gratifications. There is a moral as well as natural beauty and grandeur. A rational agent, animated by high principles of virtue, exhibiting the most generous affections, and preferring on all occasions what is just to what is expedient, is the noblest picture which the hand of genius can present. Very few indeed are insensible to those fine touches of moral feeling which are given in our best writers; but their full effect requires not only an improved mind, but a heart in harmony with whatever is most excellent in our natures, and a lively susceptibility to moral greatness. This susceptibility is *moral taste*.

#### A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,  
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,  
    Inspires my waking schemes,  
And when I sleep, with form so light,  
Dances before my ravished sight,  
    In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,  
Nor yet the lily with them blend,  
    To captivate my eyes.  
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,  
And, sweetly mutable, displays  
    Its feelings as they rise!

Features, where pensive, more than gay,  
Save when a rising smile doth play,  
    The sober thought you see;  
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,  
And kind affections round them beam,  
    But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould,  
Where yet a something you behold  
    Unconsciously doth please;  
Manners all graceful without art,  
That to each look and word impart  
    A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,  
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,  
    And mind inform the whole;  
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,  
Her voice, her beaming eye must show  
    An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,  
And were her fate to mine but joined

By Hymen's silken tie,  
To her myself, my all I'd give,  
For her alone delighted live,  
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppressed,  
On the soft pillow of her breast  
My aching head I'd lay;  
At her sweet smile each care should cease,  
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,  
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,  
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;  
Should sickness e'er invade,  
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,  
My hand the cordial should supply;  
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,  
My arms should shield her from the storm;  
And, were its fury hurled,  
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,  
In her defence undaunted dare  
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,  
Together humbly would we bend,  
To praise the Almighty name;  
And when I saw her kindling eye  
Beam upwards to her native sky,  
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,  
But on our years serenely glide,  
And all to love be given;  
And, when life's little scene was o'er,  
We'd part to meet, and part no more,  
But live and love in heaven.

#### EVENING HYMN.

My soul, a hymn of evening praise  
To God, thy kind preserver, raise,  
Whose hand, this day, hath guarded, fed,  
And thousand blessings round thee shed.

Forgive my sins this day, O Lord,  
In thought or feeling, deed or word;  
And if in aught thy law I've kept,  
My feeble efforts, Lord, accept.

While nature round is hush'd to rest,  
Let no vain thought disturb my breast;

Shed o'er my soul religion's power,  
Serenely solemn as the hour.

Oh, bid thy angels o'er me keep  
Their watch to shield me while I sleep,  
Till the fresh morn shall round me break,  
Then with new vigor may I wake.

Yet think, my soul, another day  
Of thy short course has rolled away!  
Ah, think, how soon in deepening shade  
Thy day of life itself shall fade!

How soon death's sleep my eyes must close,  
Lock every sense in dread repose,  
And lay me mid the awful gloom  
And solemn silence of the tomb!

This very night, Lord, should it be,  
Oh, may my soul repose in thee,  
Till the glad morn in heaven shall rise,  
Then wake to triumph in the skies.

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LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, 1808—1825.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, second daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson, was born September 27, 1808, at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. Her parents were in straitened circumstances, and her mother in feeble health, and from these causes it became necessary that she should devote most of her time to domestic duties. But for these she had no inclination; and, therefore, when her work was done, she retired to enjoy those intellectual and imaginative pursuits in which her whole heart was engaged. This predilection for studious retirement she is said to have manifested at the early age of four years. The earliest poem that she wrote, and which has been preserved, was written when she was nine years old—an "Elegy on a Robin, killed in an attempt to rear it." Her thirst for knowledge was wonderful. Before she was twelve years old, she had read Shakspeare, and many of the standard English poets, though she had no advantages of school education, and no one to direct her reading. Still she continued to read and to write poetry so beautiful as to excite the astonishment and admiration of her parents, and all other good people.

When about twelve years old, a gentleman who had heard much of her verses was so much gratified on reading them, that he sent her

a complimentary note, inclosing a bank note of twenty dollars. Her first joyful thought was that she had now the means she had so long desired of increasing her little stock of books; but, looking towards the sick bed of her mother, who had now been confined by illness for many months, tears came into her eyes, and she instantly put the note into her father's hand, saying: "Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without the books." Such an exhibition of character endears her more to us than all her poetry.

Her ardor for knowledge grew with her growth, so that she one day exclaimed to her mother: "O that I possessed only half the means of improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy." At length, the longings of her soul were about to be gratified, but at a fatal expense. In October, 1824, when she had just passed sixteen, a gentleman on a visit at Plattsburg saw some of her verses, was made acquainted with her history, genius, and limited means, and resolved to afford her every educational advantage. Accordingly, she was placed at the "Troy Female Seminary," where she had all the advantages for which she had hungered and thirsted; and, like one who had long hungered and thirsted, she devoured them with fatal eagerness. Her application was incessant, and its effects on her constitution—already somewhat debilitated by previous disease—became apparent. On her return home in vacation, she had a serious illness, which left her more feeble than ever. On her recovery, she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany, but there, in a short time, a more alarming illness brought her to the very borders of the grave. She partially recovered, and was removed to her home, where she gradually declined, till death released her pure and exalted mind from its prison-house of clay, on the 27th of August, 1825, before she had completed her seventeenth year. "In our own language," says the poet Southey, "we can call to mind no instance, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement."<sup>1</sup>

In person, Miss Davidson was singularly beautiful; she had a high,

<sup>1</sup> "Let no parent wish for a child of precocious genius, nor rejoice over such a one, without fear and trembling! Great endowments, whether of nature or of fortune, bring with them their full proportion of temptations and dangers; and, perhaps, in the endowments of nature the danger is greatest, because there is most at stake. It seems, in most cases, as if the seeds of moral and intellectual excellence were not designed to bring forth fruits on earth, but that they are brought into existence, and developed here, only for transportation to a world where there shall be nothing to corrupt or hurt them, nothing to impede their growth in goodness, and their progress towards perfection." Read article in "London Quarterly," vol. xli., 289 (Nov. 1829), by the poet Southey.

open forehead, a soft black eye, perfect symmetry of features, a fair complexion, and luxuriant, dark hair. The prevailing expression of her face was melancholy.

That she should have written so voluminously as has been ascertained, is almost incredible. Her poetical writings, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various length; and when it is considered that among these are five regular poems, of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labors. Besides these, there were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, written in a few months, to her mother alone. To this statement should also be appended the fact that a great portion of her writings she destroyed. Her mother says: "I think I am justified in saying that she destroyed one-third, at least, of all she wrote." What poet ever accomplished more at so early an age! what one ever gave brighter promise of future distinction!" "In her poems," says Southey again, "there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends, and the parents of the deceased, could have formed; nor can any person rise from the perusal of such a volume without feeling the vanity of human hopes. But those hopes are not vain which look beyond this world for their fulfilment."

#### SONG AT TWILIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

When evening spreads her shades around,  
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;  
When not a murmur, not a sound,  
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,  
And looks around with golden eye;  
When Nature, softened by her light,  
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above  
This world, and all this world can give,  
O, sister, sing the song I love,  
And tears of gratitude receive!

<sup>1</sup> Read "Remains, by S. F. B. Morse."

<sup>2</sup> Addressed to her sister, requesting her to sing Moore's "Farewell to his Harp."

The song which thrills my bosom's core,  
 And, hovering, trembles half afraid,  
 O, sister, sing the song once more  
 Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing  
 Those notes amid the glare of day;  
 Notes borne by angels' purest wing,  
 And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,  
 Shouldst thou still linger here above,  
 Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,  
 And, sister, sing the song I love!

TO A STAR.<sup>1</sup>

Thou brightly glittering star of even,  
 Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!  
 Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,  
 How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,  
 Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine!  
 Sure the fair world which thou mayst boast  
 Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,  
 Their hopes, their joys together share;  
 While hovering angels touch the string,  
 And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,  
 Illumed by heaven's resplendent lights;  
 There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,  
 And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,  
 Thou gem upon an azure heaven!  
 How swiftly will I soar to thee,  
 When this imprisoned soul is free!

## THE PROPHECY.

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,  
 On that full dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow;  
 Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,  
 I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.

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<sup>1</sup> Written in her fifteenth year.

That brow may beam in glory awhile ;  
 That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;  
 That full, dark eye may brightly beam  
 In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream ;  
 But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,  
 And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.  
 I know by that spirit so haughty and high,  
 I know by that brightly-flashing eye,  
 That, maiden, there's that within thy breast  
 Which hath mark'd thee out for a soul unbliss'd ;  
 The strife of love with pride shall wring  
 Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;  
 And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,  
 Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.  
 Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye  
 A dark and a doubtful prophecy.  
 Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;  
 Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse.  
 I see the cloud and the tempest near ;  
 The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;  
 The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,  
 The rushing waves of a wretched life ;  
 Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,  
 And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.  
 Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave !  
 Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.  
 When I am cold, and the hand of Death  
 Hath crown'd my brow with an icy wreath ;  
 When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;  
 When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,  
 Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,  
 And think on my last, sad prophecy.

TO MY MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,  
 And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;  
 Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,  
 And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove ;  
 To thee my lay is due, the simplest song  
 Which Nature gave me at life's opening day ;  
 To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
 Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,  
 What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me ?  
 Who would have smiled responsive ?—who in grief  
 Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee ?

<sup>1</sup> This was written but a few months before her death.

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,  
 Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?  
 Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,  
 And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear ?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,  
 And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow ?  
 Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,  
 In all the agony of love and wo ?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,  
 Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch ;  
 Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery ;  
 Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,  
 By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—  
 Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,  
 That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee this rude and simple song,  
 Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,  
 To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,  
 Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

#### THE FEAR OF MADNESS.<sup>1</sup>

There is a something which I dread ;  
 It is a dark, a fearful thing ;  
 It steals along, with withering tread,  
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour  
 Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness ;  
 'Tis not the dread of death—'tis more—  
 It is the dread of madness.

Oh ! may these throbbing pulses pause,  
 Forgetful of their feverish course ;  
 May this hot brain, which, burning, glows  
 With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,  
 A tenant of its lowly bed ;  
 But let not dark delirium steal—

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<sup>1</sup> These were the last lines she ever composed, and were left unfinished.

## LINDLEY MURRAY, 1745-1826.

No work which treats of American literature should fail to notice him whose works on English philology have been the standard educational books, on both sides of the Atlantic, for half a century. Lindley Murray was born at Swetara, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1745. He was the eldest of twelve children, and he was quite young when his father, an enterprising trader and miller, removed to New York, and there long distinguished himself as an active merchant, and a man of unsullied integrity. Lindley had, very early, a great ardor in the pursuit of knowledge; and so close was his application that his father felt it to be his duty to remove him from school, and introduce him into his counting-room. Its duties, however, of buying and selling, of unpacking and repacking, and of watching the fluctuations of the market, became exceedingly wearisome to him, and his physical energies were hardly equal to them. He therefore determined to enter the legal profession, for which he had long felt an inclination, and his father at length gave him permission to prepare himself for it. He entered the office of his father's counsellor, Benjamin Kissam, Esq., a person of great eminence and integrity in his profession, and was for some time a fellow-student of the illustrious John Jay, afterwards the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

After remaining four years in Mr. Kissam's office, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and practised with great success, on the strength of which he formed a matrimonial connection that, from the fine mind and amiable disposition of the lady, was a source of happiness to him through life. Not long after he had commenced practice, his father, whose health was feeble, went to England on business, and in a year sent for his son to join him. He did so, and the united families remained some time in that country. In 1771, however, Lindley Murray returned to New York, and resumed the profession of law, which he practised on the principles of the strictest Christian benevolence, always urging a peaceable settlement of difficulties, in every case where it was at all practicable. What a world of vexations, heart-burnings, hatreds, and expense would be saved, if all lawyers were governed by these principles! At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, being in poor health, he removed to a neat residence on Long Island; and, after four years, having recovered in a great degree, he returned to New York, and entered into mercantile pursuits. He was very suc-

cessful, and had acquired sufficient to make him independent of business, when he was attacked by a disease that completely debilitated his whole muscular system. His physicians believed that the climate of England would be more favorable to his health, and accordingly he and his wife embarked for that country in 1784. He selected Yorkshire as his residence, and took a pleasant and convenient mansion in the village of Holdgate, within a mile of York. His health seemed to improve for a short time, and he was enabled to walk little in his garden; but finally he had to give that up, and take exercise in his carriage. At length he was compelled to relinquish this, and from 1809 till his decease—sixteen years—he was wholly confined to the house. But his bodily sufferings were the means of chastening his spirit, and strengthening those feelings of piety and devotion which he had long cherished. An American<sup>1</sup> who visited him in 1819 remarks: "Though so weak as scarcely able to bear his own weight, he has been enabled, by the power of a strong and well-balanced mind, and by the exercise of the Christian virtues, to gain a complete ascendancy over himself; and to exhibit an instance of meekness, patience, and humility which affords, I may truly say, one of the most edifying examples I have ever beheld." On the 16th of February, 1826, this eminently good man closed his earthly career.

Few authors have so wide-spread a fame as Lindley Murray, and few have had so many readers. His first publication was "The Power of Religion on the Mind;" a treatise of great excellence, which was very favorably received, and passed through numerous editions, though not much known now. His next work was his "English Grammar," which was soon followed by his "English Reader;" and it is doubtless the fact that no school-books have ever enjoyed so wide a circulation. For more than half a century they were the books used by the young of all classes, on both sides of the Atlantic, in their early studies of the character of our language. He also published an "Introduction" and a "Sequel" to the "Reader;" and afterwards an octavo edition of his grammar, which has been considered as a standard in settling the principles of English composition. He is the author of several other minor works on the English language.

The following extracts are from a series of letters, of an autobiographical character, written by himself.

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<sup>1</sup> Prof. Griscom.

## MODERATION IN ONE'S DESIRES.

My views and wishes, with regard to property, were, in every period of life, contained within a very moderate compass. I was early persuaded that, though "a competence is vital to content," I ought not to annex to that term the idea of much property. And I determined that when I should acquire enough to enable me to maintain and provide for my family, in a respectable and moderate manner, and this according to real and rational, not imaginary and fantastic wants, and a little to spare for the necessities of others, I would decline the pursuits of property, and devote a great part of my time, in some way or other, to the benefit of my fellow-creatures, within the sphere of my abilities to serve them. I perceived that the desire of great possessions generally expands with the gradual acquisition and the full attainment of them; and I imagined that charity and a generous application do not sufficiently correspond with the increase of property. I thought, too, that procuring great wealth has a tendency to produce an elated independence of mind, little connected with that humility which is the ground of all our virtues; that a busy and anxious pursuit of it often excludes views and reflections of infinite importance, and leaves but little time to acquire that treasure which would make us rich indeed. I was inclined to think that a wish for personal distinction, a desire of providing too abundantly for their children, and a powerful habit of accumulation, are the motives which commonly actuate men in the acquisition of great wealth. The strenuous endeavors of many persons to vindicate this pursuit, on the ground that the idea of a competency is indefinite, and that the more we gain, the more good we may do with it, did not make much impression upon me. I fancied that, in general, experience did not correspond with this plausible reasoning; and I was persuaded that a truly sincere mind could be at no loss to discern the just limits between a safe and competent portion and a dangerous profusion of the good things of life. These views of the subject I reduced to practice; and terminated my mercantile concerns when I had acquired a moderate competency.

**EMPLOYMENT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.**

In the course of my literary labors, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that, if I had suffered my time to pass away, with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and, perhaps, my life considerably shortened. I have, therefore, reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled, under my bodily weakness and confinement, to turn my attention to the subjects which have, for so many years, afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around, and endeavor to discover whether there are not some means yet left us of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may, in some degree, shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances, we do ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions, by comparing them with our disposition and ability.

**THE BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.**

I consider myself as under deep obligations to God for the trials and afflictions with which he has been pleased to visit me, as well as for the prosperous events of my life. They have been the corrections and restraints of a wise and merciful Father; and may justly be ranked among the number of my choicest blessings. I am firmly persuaded that cross occurrences and adverse situations may be improved by us to the happiest purposes. The spirit of resignation to the will of Heaven, which they inculcate, and the virtuous exertions to which they prompt us, in order to make the best of our condition, not only often greatly amend it, but confer on the mind a strength and elevation which dispose it to survey with less

attachment the transient things of time, and to desire more earnestly the eternal happiness of another world.

## TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,  
Enraptured still to call thee mine,  
To call thee mine for life,  
I glory in the sacred ties,  
Which modern wits and fools despise,  
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss :  
The tender look, the melting kiss,  
Even years have not destroyed;  
Some sweet sensation, ever new,  
Springs up and proves the maxim true,  
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all for thee.  
Hast thou a wish ?—'tis all for me.  
So soft our moments move,  
That angels look with ardent gaze,  
Well pleased to see our happy days,  
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—  
Thy bosom is my softest home,  
I'll lull me there to rest;  
And is there aught disturbs my fair ?  
I'll bid her sigh out every care,  
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all her own ;  
All hers and mine are roll'd in one—  
Our hearts are so entwined,  
That, like the ivy round the tree,  
Bound up in closest amity,  
Tis death to be disjoin'd.

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JOHN ADAMS, 1735—1826.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, October 19th, 1735. After the usual preparatory studies, he entered Harvard College, and was distinguished in his class for diligence in his studies, and for originality and bold-

ness of thought—qualities which shone most conspicuously in his after life. He graduated in 1755, and commenced the study of law with James Putnam, at Worcester, and in 1758 commenced the practice at Quincy. In 1764, he married Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, and a lady of an excellent education, and of uncommon natural endowments. In 1765, he removed to Boston, and not only did his legal practice soon become quite extensive, but it was seen, in the then stirring political times, that he was one to whom his fellow-citizens might confidently look as a champion of their rights against the encroachments and assumptions of the Crown, and one on whom they could at all times rely. In 1768, Governor Bernard offered him the place of Advocate General in the Court of Admiralty, a highly honorable and lucrative post; but he promptly declined it, determining that no prospects of personal advancement should tempt him to desert the cause of the Colonies, in the struggle which he saw must soon come. In 1769, he was chairman of the committee appointed by the town of Boston to draw up instructions to their representatives to resist the British encroachments. In March, 1770, occurred the fatal affray between the British troops and some citizens of Boston, in which a few of the latter were killed. As Capt. Preston and his soldiers acted in self-defence, Mr. Adams volunteered in their defence, regarding truth and justice, then as ever, more than popular clamor. Notwithstanding the strong excitement against them, all were acquitted but two, who were found guilty of manslaughter. The very same year, such confidence did his fellow-citizens repose in his integrity, he was chosen a member of the legislature from Boston.

In June, 1774, Mr. Adams was elected by the Assembly, together with T. Cushing, S. Adams, and R. T. Payne, to the first Continental Congress. To his friend Sewall, who endeavored to dissuade him from accepting the appointment, he replied, in his characteristic energy of language: "The die is cast; I have passed the Rubicon; sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, with my country is my unalterable determination." He took his seat in Congress, September 5, 1774, and was on the committee which drew up the statement of the rights of the Colonies, and on that which prepared the address to the king. He also attended the next Congress in 1775, and was among the foremost of those who were in favor of independence. He moved, May 6, 1776, to recommend to the Colonies "to adopt such a government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents and of America." This passed, after an earnest debate, on the 15th. On the 7th of June,



Richard Henry Lee made the motion, which was seconded by Mr. Adams, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." The debate continued to the 10th, and was then postponed to the 1st of July. A committee of five, consisting of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, was appointed to draw up a declaration of independence. At the request of Mr. Adams, the instrument was written by Jefferson, and was adopted, as is known, on the 4th, but not without some strong opposition. The opposing arguments were met by Mr. Adams, in a speech of unrivalled power. Of him Mr. Jefferson said: "The great pillar of support to the declaration of independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the House, was John Adams; he was the colossus of that Congress; not graceful, not eloquent, not always fluent in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved his hearers from their seats."

In November, 1777, Silas Deane, who had been sent commissioner, with Franklin and A. Lee, to the French court, having been recalled, Mr. Adams was appointed in his place; but the treaty of commerce and alliance having been signed before his arrival, he soon returned. In 1779, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace with Great Britain, and had authority to form a commercial treaty with that nation. He was associated with Franklin, Jay, and Laurens, and the mission was successful in forming a definite treaty of peace, which was ratified January 14, 1784. He returned to Boston in 1788, after an absence of nine years. Congress had before passed a resolution of thanks for his able and faithful discharge of various important commissions. He was elected the first Vice-President of the United States in 1789, and was re-elected the second term; consequently, he was President of the Senate during the whole of the administration of Washington, whose confidence he enjoyed in the highest degree. Having been elected President to succeed Washington, he entered upon his duties March 4, 1797.<sup>1</sup> In 1801, he was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson, who was elected by a majority of one vote.

<sup>1</sup> The following admirable letter was addressed by Mrs. Adams to her husband, on his being elected President of the United States:—

Quincy, February 8<sup>th</sup>, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,  
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season! You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge

After March, 1801, Mr. Adams lived in retirement at Quincy, occupied in agricultural pursuits, though occasionally addressing various communications to the public. In 1820, at the age of 85, he was president of the convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts. In 1825, he enjoyed the singular happiness of seeing his son, John Quincy Adams, elevated to the office of President of the United States.

Mr. Adams had given evidence that he was drawing near his end in June, 1826. On the morning of the 4th of July, he was roused by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon; and when asked if he knew what day it was, he replied, "Oh, yes! it is the glorious Fourth—God bless it! God bless you all!" In the forenoon, the orator of the day, his parish minister, called to see him, and found him seated in an arm-chair, and asked him for a sentiment to be given at the public table. He replied, "I will give you—'Independence forever!'" In the course of the day, he said, "It is a great and glorious day;" and just before he expired, exclaimed, "Jefferson survives," showing that his thoughts were dwelling on the scene of 1776. But Jefferson was then dead, having expired at one o'clock. Mr. Adams died at twenty minutes past six P.M.

It is useless to expatiate upon the character of John Adams, for it is inseparably interwoven with the most momentous period of our country's history. With the exception of Washington, no one stood higher, no one did more to shape the institutions of our country, no one exerted a mightier or more extended influence for good; and his name will ever be venerated by all succeeding generations.<sup>1</sup>

#### MEDITATES THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.<sup>2</sup>

The other night the choice of Hercules came into my mind,  
and left impressions there which I hope will never be effaced,

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this thy so great a people?"—were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A.

<sup>1</sup> Read "The Works of John Adams: with a Life of the Author; Notes and Illustrations by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams," 10 volumes.

<sup>2</sup> From his Diary, dated Braintree, January 3d, 1759.

nor long unheeded. I thought of writing a fable on the same plan, but accommodated, by omitting some circumstances and inserting others, to my own ease.

Let Virtue address me: "Which, dear youth, will you prefer, a life of effeminacy, indolence, and obscurity, or a life of industry, temperance, and honor? Take my advice; rise and mount your horse by the morning's dawn, and shake away, amidst the great and beautiful scenes of nature that appear at that time of the day, all the crudities that are left in your stomach, and all the obstructions that are left in your brains. Then return to your studies, and bend your whole soul to the institutes of the law and the reports of cases that have been adjudged by the rules in the institutes; let no trifling diversion, or amusement, or company, decoy you from your book; that is, let no girl, no gun, no cards, no flutes, no violins, no dress, no tobacco, no laziness, decoy you from your books. (By the way, laziness, languor, inattention, are my bane. I am too lazy to rise early and make a fire; and when my fire is made, at ten o'clock, my passion for knowledge, fame, fortune, for any good, is too languid to make me apply with spirit to my books, and by reason of my inattention my mind is liable to be called off from law by a girl, a pipe, a poem, a love-letter, a spectator, a play, &c. &c.) But keep your law book or some point of law in your mind at least six hours in a day. (I grow too minute and lengthy.) Labor to get distinct ideas of law, right, wrong, justice, equity; search for them in your own mind, in Roman, Grecian, French, English treatises of natural, civil, common, statute law; aim at an exact knowledge of the nature, end, and means of government; compare the different forms of it with each other, and each of them with their effects on public and private happiness. Study Seneca, Cicero, and all other good moral writers; study Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Vinnius, &c., and all other good civil writers."

Here are two nights and one day and a half spent in a softening, enervating, dissipating series of hustling, prattling, poetry, love, courtship, marriage; during all this time I was seduced into the course of unmanly pleasures that Vice describes to Hercules, forgetful of the glorious promises of fame, immortality, and a good conscience, which Virtue makes to the same hero as rewards of a hardy, toilsome, watchful life in the service of mankind. I could reflect with more satisfaction on an equal space of time spent in a painful research of the principles of law, or a resolute attempt of the powers of eloquence. But where is my attention? Is it fixed from sunrise to midnight on

Grecian, Roman, Gallic, British law, history, virtue, eloquence? I don't see clearly the objects that I am after; they are often out of sight; motes, atoms, feathers, are blown into my eyes and blind me. Who can see distinctly the course he is to take and the objects that he pursues, when in the midst of a whirlwind of dust, straws, atoms, and feathers?

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

FROM A LETTER DATED THE THIRD OF JULY.

Yesterday<sup>1</sup> the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do." You will see, in a few days, a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it in the sight of God and man. A plan of confederation will be taken up in a few days.

When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of this controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period, from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness, as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom; at least, this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, it will have this good effect at least. It will inspire us with many virtues, which we have not, and correct many errors, follies, and vices which threaten to disturb, dishonor, and destroy us. The furnace

<sup>1</sup> The practice has been to celebrate the 4th of July, the day upon which the form of the Declaration of Independence was agreed to, rather than the 2d, the day upon which the resolution, making that declaration, was determined upon by the Congress.

of affliction produces refinement in states as well as individuals. And the new governments we are assuming in every part, will require a purification from our vices, and an augmentation of our virtues, or they will be no blessings. The people will have unbounded power, and the people are extremely addicted to corruption and venality, as well as the great. But I must submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.

## FROM ANOTHER LETTER OF THE SAME DATE.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treason that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1743-1826.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, descended from a family which had been long settled in his native State, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, on the 2d of April, 1743. After finishing his collegiate course of education at William's and Mary's College, he commenced the study of the law with the celebrated George Wythe, afterwards chancellor of the State. He was called to the bar in 1766; but the clouds that indicated the coming revolution were gathering faster and faster in the political horizon, demanding the clearest and coolest heads as well as the most intrepid spirits, to take the management of

the ship of State, and carry her safely through the storm. Accordingly, we find that, as early as 1769, Mr. Jefferson was a distinguished member of the Legislature of Virginia, and associated with the most determined champions of our rights.

On the 12th of March, 1773, Mr. Jefferson was appointed a member of the first committee of correspondence established by the colonial legislatures, a sufficient proof of the estimation in which his talents were held. The next year, being still a member of the Legislature of Virginia, he wrote and published his "Summary View of the Rights of British America." It was a bold and manly document, ably setting forth our own rights, and pointing out clearly the various ways in which they had been violated by the British government. On the 27th of March, 1775, he was elected one of the members to represent Virginia in the General Congress of the Confederated Colonies, already assembled at Philadelphia, and took his seat in this assembly on the 21st of June. So early did he become known in that illustrious body for real abilities, that, in a few days after his arrival, he was made a member of a committee appointed to draw up a declaration setting forth the causes and necessity of resorting to arms; a task which, like all other addresses of this congress, was executed with singular ability.

With the year 1776, the affairs of the colonies began to assume an aspect of more energy, with aims more definite. More than six months had elapsed since the fields of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill had been stained with hostile blood, and with our determined resistance the question of absolute independence became one of very general interest and deep thought among all classes of the nation. When, therefore, the subject was brought before Congress on Friday, the 27th of June, it met with a hearty response in that body, and was fully discussed on the following Saturday and Monday. The debate was then postponed until the 1st of July, and a committee was appointed to prepare, in the mean while, a declaration "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston; and to Mr. Jefferson, the chairman, was assigned the important duty of preparing the draft of the document; and the result proved that he was fully equal to the task. On the 28th of June, the Declaration of Independence was presented to Congress and read; on the first, second, and third of July, it was taken into very full consideration; and on the fourth it

was agreed to, after several alterations and many omissions had been made in the draft as it was first framed by the committee.

During the summer of this year (1776), Mr. Jefferson took an active part in the deliberations and business of Congress; but in the fall, owing to his ill health, the situation of his family, and the embarrassed condition of things in Virginia, he felt it his duty to return to his own State, and devote himself to her service. To her he rendered incalculable service in aiding in a careful revision of her laws, and, as governor, directing the military movements of the State during the greater portion of the revolutionary period. Though his public duties were arduous, he found time to write, in 1781, his "Notes on Virginia," the work by which, next to the Declaration of Independence, he is most favorably known. In June, 1783, Mr. Jefferson was again elected a delegate to Congress from Virginia, and of course took a prominent part in that body. An opportunity was soon offered to him of expressing again, as he had already so frequently done, his detestation of slavery, and his earnest desire for the entire abolition of it in the United States. Being appointed, in April, 1784, chairman of a committee to which was assigned the task of forming a plan for the temporary government of the Western Territory, he introduced into it the following clause: "That, after the year 1800, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any one of the said States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been convicted to have been personally guilty." When the report of the committee was presented to Congress, these words were stricken out.<sup>1</sup>

Having been appointed by Congress commissioner to negotiate treaties in Europe, in conjunction with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, he sailed in July (1784), and joined his colleagues at Paris: full powers having been given to them to form alliances of amity and commerce with foreign states. They were not, however, very successful, treaties having been formed with but two governments, Morocco and Prussia. On the 10th of March, 1785, Mr. Jefferson was unanimously appointed by

<sup>1</sup> I may say that it is a good thing that they were so, for three years after, when the subject was under discussion—the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, drawn up by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts—a similar proviso was introduced and carried, TO TAKE EFFECT IMMEDIATELY, AND NOT TO BE PUT OFF TO THE YEAR 1800. Too great credit, however, cannot be awarded to Mr. Jefferson for being the first to lay down the noble principle of freedom, though it is an undoubted historical fact that Nathan Dane, aided partly by hints from Rufus King and Timothy Pickering, has the immortal honor of being the author of the Ordinance of 1787 (as it was stated by Webster in his matchless reply to Hayne), for Mr. Jefferson was in France when it was discussed and passed. For a full account of this interesting subject, read "Life and Correspondence of Rufus King, by his son, Charles King, LL. D."

Congress to succeed Dr. Franklin as minister plenipotentiary at the court of Versailles. He remained in France until October, 1789, when he returned, and was, at the formation of the new government, appointed by President Washington, Secretary of State, the post, next to that of the president, the most responsible of all the highest offices. This he filled with honor to himself and advantage to the country. Finding, however, the views of Washington and the greater portion of his cabinet essentially different from his own, he resigned the office of Secretary of State, and retired into private life, devoting himself to the education of his family, the cultivation of his estate, and the pursuits of his philosophical studies. In September, 1796, when General Washington announced his determination to retire from public life, the two parties into which the country was divided—the Federalists and anti-federalists, or "Republicans," as then called—brought forward their favorite candidates. John Adams was supported by the former, and Thomas Jefferson by the latter. Mr. Adams was elected, and entered upon the duties of his office the 4th of March, 1797. Such, however, was the change of parties that, after four years, Mr. Jefferson was elected, in 1801, to the office of President. Comments upon the measures of his administration belong rather to the province of the historian than of the biographer; and we have no space to make such comments, were they in place. It may be, however, remarked, that time has proved that the fears of many of the most distinguished leaders of the Federal party—that the State governments would be too strong for the Federal government—have proved groundless, and that the Republicans, or Democrats, were right in their jealousies towards the overshadowing power of the government at Washington, which has increased with a strength and influence, every year, that should cause great jealousy on the part of the States, and lead them to watch carefully and assert their constitutional rights.<sup>1</sup>

The leading events of Mr. Jefferson's administration were the purchase of Louisiana<sup>2</sup> from France; the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, west of the Rocky Mountains, to the mouth of Columbia River; and the "Embargo." Upon these measures, there is no room here to comment, if it were the place to do it. At the close of his second term, 1809,

<sup>1</sup> "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Constitution, Amendments, Article X.

<sup>2</sup> From this territory, bought for twenty millions of dollars, four new slave States were formed. Had the principles of the Ordinance of 1787 been applied to this region, what untold blessings would have accrued to our country! The further extension of slavery would have been stopped, and that anomaly in our system would probably have died out before the death of Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson retired to private life, and resided at Monticello, his country-seat in Virginia. He did not, however, lead an idle life; he took a deep interest in the cause of education in his native State, and was the means of establishing its celebrated university. It is painful to add that, in the latter years of his life, he suffered from pecuniary embarrassments. To relieve him from these, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act, in the spring of 1826, authorizing him to dispose of his estates by lottery! Whether this measure was in keeping with the boasted generosity of that State, each one can determine for himself. But he was soon to be beyond feeling any pangs at the ingratitude of his native commonwealth, for, on the 4th of July of that same year (1826), he breathed his last, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

In person Mr. Jefferson was six feet two inches high, erect and well formed, though thin; his eyes were light, and full of intelligence; his complexion fair, and his countenance remarkably expressive. In conversation, he was cheerful and enthusiastic, and his language was remarkable for its vivacity and correctness. His manners were simple and unaffected, combined, however, with much native but unobtrusive dignity.

The chief glory of Mr. Jefferson's character, and that which posterity will more and more admire, was his ardent love of liberty for all men, irrespective of color. This is clearly evinced in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, which he wrote; in the principles of the Ordinance of 1787, which he originated; and in several passages in his "Notes on Virginia," wherein he pictures, in his own nervous language, the guilt and curse of slavery. Such must, in time, be the universal sentiment of our land.

#### THE RIGHTS OF MAN.<sup>1</sup>

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most

<sup>1</sup> From the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

#### PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left, approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which Nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction,

pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY.<sup>1</sup>

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such

<sup>1</sup> Among the numerous writings of Mr. Jefferson upon slavery, showing his loathing of the system, and his earnest desire for its abolition, I select the following—a portion of a letter to Dr. Price, of London, dated Paris, August 7th, 1785, and to be found on page 377 of the 1st vol. of his complete works.

"Northward of the Chesapeake, you may find, here and there, an opponent to your doctrine [the abolition of slavery], AS YOU MAY FIND, HERE AND THERE, A ROBBER OR MURDERER; but in no greater number. In that part of America, there being but few slaves, they can easily disencumber themselves of them; and emancipation is put in such a train that, in a few years, there will be no slaves north of Maryland. In Maryland, I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of THIS EXORBITTY as in Virginia. This is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression; a conflict wherein the sacred right is gaining daily recruits from the influx into office of young men grown and growing up. These have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mothers' milk; and it is to them I look with anxiety to turn the fate of this question."

circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.

What an incomprehensible machine is man, who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict upon his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.

*Notes on Virginia.*

**A DECALOGUE OF CANONS FOR PRACTICAL LIFE.**

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

**HIS DYING COUNSEL.<sup>1</sup>**

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

MONTICELLO, February 21<sup>st</sup>, 1826.

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<sup>1</sup> Letter to Thomas Jefferson Smith.

## CARLOS WILCOX, 1794—1827.

CARLOS WILCOX was born at Newport, N. H., October 22, 1794. He graduated at Middlebury College, in 1813, and then entered the theological school at Andover, Mass. After preaching in various places (during which time he published several of his poetical effusions), he was settled at Hartford, in December, 1824. In consequence of ill health, he was dismissed, in May, 1826; and he retired to Danbury, where he died, May 29, 1827.

The above is all we can find of his life. Of him as a poet, his writings, though few, enable us to speak in terms of decided praise. It has been truly said that he resembles Cowper in many respects—in the gentleness and tenderness of his sensibilities—in the modest and retiring disposition of his mind—in its fine culture, and its original and poetical cast—and not a little in the character of his poetry.<sup>1</sup> The following pieces present good specimens of his style:—

## SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

The sun now rests upon the mountain tops—  
Begins to sink behind—is half concealed—  
And now is gone: the last faint twinkling beam  
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.  
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,  
When only one small cloud (so still and thin,  
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,  
And so transparent, that it seems a spot  
Of brighter sky beyond the farthest mount)  
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or when a few  
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,  
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,  
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,  
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,  
A half hour's space above the mountain lie:  
Or when the whole consolidated mass,  
That only threatened rain, is broken up  
Into thousand parts, and yet is one,  
One as the ocean broken into waves;  
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep  
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed  
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,  
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. George B. Cheever.

All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,  
 Till twilight end. But now another scene,  
 To me most beautiful of all, appears:  
 The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,  
 Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow  
 So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,  
 Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force  
 Its power of vision to admit the whole.  
 Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,  
 Midway the blushing of the mellow peach  
 Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;  
 And here, in this most lovely region, shines,  
 With added loveliness, the evening-star.  
 Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,  
 Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

## FREEDOM.

All are born free, and all with equal rights.  
 So speaks the charter of a nation proud  
 Of her unequalled liberties and laws,  
 While, in that nation—shameful to relate—  
 One man in five is born and dies a slave.  
 Is this my country? this that happy land,  
 The wonder and the envy of the world?  
 O for a mantle to conceal her shame!  
 But why, when Patriotism cannot hide  
 The ruin which her guilt will surely bring  
 If unrepented? and unless the God  
 Who poured his plagues on Egypt till she let  
 The oppressed go free, and often pours his wrath  
 In earthquakes and tornadoes, on the isles  
 Of western India, laying waste their fields,  
 Dashing their mercenary ships ashore,  
 Toasing the isles themselves like floating wrecks,  
 And burying towns alive in one wide grave,  
 No sooner ope'd but closed, let judgment pass  
 For once untasted till the general doom,  
 Can it go well with us while we retain  
 This cursed thing? Will not untimely frosts,  
 Devouring insects, drought, and wind and hail,  
 Destroy the fruits of ground long tilled in chains?  
 Will not some daring spirit, born to thoughts  
 Above his beast-like state, find out the truth,  
 That Africans are men; and, catching fire  
 From Freedom's altar raised before his eyes  
 With incense fuming sweet, in others light  
 A kindred flame in secret, till a train,  
 Kindled at once, deal death on every side?  
 Cease then, Columbia, for thy safety cease,

And for thine honor, to proclaim the praise  
 Of thy fair shores of liberty and joy,  
 While thrice five hundred thousand wretched slaves,<sup>1</sup>  
 In thine own bosom, start at every word  
 As meant to mock their woes, and shake their chains,  
 Thinking defiance which they dare not speak.

## DOING GOOD, TRUE HAPPINESS.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.  
 'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold  
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
 Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,  
 Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,  
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bower,  
 Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night  
 When death is waiting for thy numbered hours  
 To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
 Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
 And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;  
 Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;  
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
 And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good  
 Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
 Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
 To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
 With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;  
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit  
 To light on man as from the passing air;  
 The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,  
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;  
 And learning is a plant that spreads and towers  
 Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,  
 That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers  
 Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

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<sup>1</sup> According to the census of 1850, there are in the land 3,204,347 slaves, about one to every six freemen.

Has immortality of name been given  
 To them that idly worship hills and groves,  
 And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?  
 Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,  
 To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?  
 Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,  
 By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?  
 Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,  
 By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear  
 But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim  
 Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear  
 From other lips, without a blush of shame,  
 Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,  
 And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist  
 The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;  
 'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,  
 Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;  
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above:  
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
 The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
 Thy hands, un-sparing and unwearied, sow,  
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bower.

## JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, 1797—1828.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD was born in New London, Conn., in 1797, and graduated at Yale College in 1815. He studied law, and commenced the practice, at Middleton; but not pleased with the profession, he abandoned it, and in 1822 undertook the editorial charge of the "Connecticut Mirror," at Hartford, which for five years he enriched with his beautiful poetical productions, and chaste and elevated prose compositions. "His pieces were extensively copied, and not unfrequently with high encomium. But Brainard was one of those who 'bear their faculties meekly.' Although publishing, week after week, poems which would have done honor to the genius of Burns or Wordsworth, he never publicly betrayed any symptoms of vanity. He held on the quiet and even tenor of his way, apparently regardless of that prodigality of intellectual beauty which blossomed around him."

As an editor of a literary, political, and news journal, he was a model, and the influence that his paper exerted on all within whose sphere it came could not but be most happy and elevating ; but consumption had marked him for her own, and in less than five years he returned to his father's house, where he died September 26th, 1828.

That Brainard had the true spirit of a poet, there can be no doubt ; but he wrote in great haste, and published as fast as he wrote. Hence there is great inequality in his compositions, some showing high poetical beauty and strength, both in thought and language ; and some, the want of good taste, and great negligence. The following are, we think, among the best of his pieces :—

#### FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee ! It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters ;" and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?  
O, what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

#### THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep :—  
The wave is bluer than the sky ;  
And, though the light shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow  
That sparkle in the depths below ;  
The rainbow's tints are only made  
When on the waters they are laid,  
And sun and moon most sweetly shine  
Upon the ocean's level brine.  
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—  
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—  
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell  
 How little of the sea-nymph's shell,  
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,  
 Or winds its softness through the flood,  
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,  
 And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—  
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;  
 Above, let care and fear contend  
 With sin and sorrow to the end :  
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,  
 That frets above our peaceful home,  
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
 Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

#### ON THE LOSS OF PROFESSOR FISHER.<sup>1</sup>

The breath of air, that stirs the harp's soft string,  
 Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;  
 The drops of dew, exhaled from flowers of spring,  
 Rise, and assume the tempest's threatening form ;  
 The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,  
 Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;  
 And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,  
 Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash  
 That wave and wind can muster, when the might  
 Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whispered in thy charmed ear,  
 And radiant learning beckoned thee away.  
 The breeze was music to thee, and the clear  
 Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.  
 And they have wrecked thee'—But there is a shore  
 Where storms are hushed, where tempests never rage,  
 Where angry skies and blackening seas no more  
 With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.  
 By thee its peaceful margin shall be trod—  
 Thy home is heaven, and thy Friend is God.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Fisher was the Professor of Mathematics in Yale College, elected in 1817. Anxious to enlarge his knowledge in his favorite science, to which he had devoted his life, he set sail for Europe in the packet ship Albion, which was lost in a terrific storm off the coast of Ireland, April 23d, 1822, and but very few of the passengers or crew were saved. Among the lost, was the promising and gifted subject of these lines.

FRAGMENT.<sup>1</sup>

Solemn he paced upon that schooner's deck,  
And muttered of his hardships: "I have been  
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide  
Has dashed me on the sawyer; I have sailed  
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge  
Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless const  
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel  
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas;  
And often, in my cold and midnight watch,  
Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore  
Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen  
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows;  
And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,  
Have swung into its vortex; and I know  
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,  
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;—  
But never yet, upon the stormy wave,  
Or where the river mixes with the main,  
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,  
In all my rough experience of harm,  
Met I—a Methodist meeting-house!

\* \* \* \* \*

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,  
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!  
It comes in such a "questionable shape,"  
I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, Josey,  
And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,  
Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy  
Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest*!  
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,  
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,  
Riding at anchor, by a meeting-house!

THE DEPARTURE OF LEATHER STOCKING.<sup>2</sup>

Far away from the hill-side, the lake, and the hamlet,  
The rock, and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;  
From the footpath that winds by the side of the streamlet,  
From his hut, and the grave of his friend far away;

<sup>1</sup> This "Fragment" is founded on an event which occurred a few years before the author's death, at New London. During a heavy rain storm, a schooner that was at anchor in the river was run foul of in the night by a Methodist meeting-house, which had been carried away by the freshet and floated down stream.

<sup>2</sup> The following lines were called forth by Cooper's novel of "The Pioneers."

He has gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,  
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centred,  
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,  
Nor bloodhound has roused up the deer with his bay.

Light be the heart of the poor, lonely wanderer,  
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile ;  
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,  
Far from the track of the mean and the vile !  
And when the resistless destroyer assails him,  
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,  
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,  
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre : . . .  
There, for his pall, shall the oak leaves be spread ;  
The sweetbrier shall bloom, and the wild grapes shall cluster,  
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.  
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,  
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,  
The wolves with his wild dogs shall lie there together,  
And mourn o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

## JOHN M. MASON, 1770—1829.

**JOHN MITCHEL MASON**, the son of Rev. John Mason, who came to this country from Scotland in 1761, was born in the city of New York on the 19th of March, 1770. At the age of seventeen, he was received into his father's church, and soon after entered Columbia College, in advance standing, and took his first degree in 1789, with high reputation as a scholar. After leaving college, he commenced the study of theology with his father, and continued the same with him nearly two years. It was then thought best that he should complete his studies in Edinburgh, whither he accordingly went early in 1791, and returned the latter part of the next year, his father having died during his absence. He had been at home but a few months when he was called to his late father's post, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, and was ordained March, 1793. So much admired

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in which his well-known character of Leather Stocking is for the first time introduced. At the close of the story, the scene of which is laid in the interior of New York, Leather Stocking shoulders his rifle, and announces his purpose of departing to the remote and unknown solitudes of the west. These verses are addressed to him.

was he for his eloquence, that in four years after his settlement (to use his own language) "it became necessary to swarm;" and in two years the new church, of which he continu'd the pastor, quite equalled in numbers the old. Every year added to the high estimation in which he was held by scholars, as well as by the Christian Church; and when the Associate Reformed Synod took measures to establish a Theological Seminary, he was unanimously elected Professor. In the same year (1804), he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania.

The summer of 1804 was marked by a calamity which melted the nation into tears—the murder of Alexander Hamilton by Aaron Burr. Dr. Mason had always been on the most intimate terms with Hamilton, esteeming him the greatest man of our country; and from the time he received the fatal wound till the next day, when he died, he was often at his bedside, administering to him those consolations which only Christianity can impart. Soon after, he preached a sermon upon the death of Hamilton—one of the most eloquent discourses ever delivered by man, and which elicited the warmest praise on both sides of the Atlantic.<sup>1</sup> His deep feelings of grief for the loss of Hamilton and admiration of his character are expressed in many of his letters at this time. The following to a correspondent in Scotland, dated August 11, 1804, expresses his grief at

#### HAMILTON'S DEATH.

News I have none but what the papers will have announced before this reaches you; melancholy, most melancholy news for America; the premature death of her greatest man, Major-General Hamilton. I say nothing too strong when I assure you that, all things considered, the loss of Washington was light in comparison with this. His most stupendous talents, which set him above rivalry, and his integrity, with which intrigue had not the hardihood to tamper, held him up as the nation's hope, and as the terror of the unprincipled; but it marked him out, at the same time, as a victim to the disappointed and profligate ambition of Vice-President Burr. By the most insidious and cruel artifice he was entrapped, against his judgment, his conscience, and his efforts, in a duel with

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<sup>1</sup> Among others, Judge Jay and Judge Marshall wrote to him letters of thanks for it.

that desperate man, and mortally wounded. The catastrophe happened on the morning of the 11th, and he expired at two o'clock on the 12th ult. The shock and agony of the public mind has never been equalled. Burr went out, determined to kill him; for he had been long qualifying himself to become a "dead shot." Ingenuous Hamilton went out to be murdered, being as ignorant of the pistol as myself, and had resolved not to take the life of his antagonist, even if it were in his power. The cry of lamentation and indignation assails Burr from every point of the compass, nor can he turn his eye anywhere without reading his own infamy in the honors heaped upon the illustrious dead.

In 1807, was commenced the publication of "The Christian's Magazine," a monthly periodical, of which Dr. Mason was the editor, and most of which he wrote. In this appeared, in successive numbers, his controversial papers upon the Episcopal form of church government, in reply to Bishop Hobart. In 1811, he was elected Provost of Columbia College, which post he held till 1816, when, feeling that his powers had been overtaxed, and that he was sinking under the weight of his numerous duties, he resigned his office, and took a voyage to Europe to recruit his exhausted powers. He returned after two years, improved indeed in health, but not completely restored. The resumption of his many duties proved too much for his bodily strength, and the next year he had an attack of partial paralysis. From this, however, he partially recovered, and in 1821 he accepted the invitation of the Trustees of Dickinson College to become its President. He had discharged the duties of this high office with the greatest advantage to the institution for two years, when a fall from his horse quite disabled him, and he resigned and returned to New York the same year, where he died on the 26th of December, 1829, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Dr. Mason was a remarkable man—remarkable for his majestic personal appearance as well as for his intellectual powers, his learning, and his eloquence. He was in stature about six feet, with a high forehead, deep blue eyes, and a face remarkably expressive of thought, feeling, firmness, and courage. As a pulpit orator it has been remarked of him by a learned contemporary that "upon the whole, for a combination of clearness, power, majesty, bold conceptions, profound thought, sublime and tender emotions, evangelical richness and unction, natural and impressive utterance, adaptation of style and manner to varying subjects and assemblies, Dr. Mason would probably not

lose by comparison with the best preachers that have adorned the modern pulpit."<sup>1</sup>

#### IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL STUDY.

With all who are qualified to form a judgment on the subject, there is but one opinion as to the importance of classical education. Experience has shown that with the study or neglect of the Greek and Latin languages, sound learning flourishes or declines. It is now too late for ignorance, indolence, eccentricity, or infidelity to dispute what has been ratified by the seal of ages. Whoever shall deny the superiority of the ancient classics as models of finished composition, of elevated sentiment, of all that belongs to disciplined mind, will forfeit his claim to the reputation of a scholar. But when it is considered that they contribute more than any other means to expand, to strengthen, and to polish the youthful intellect; that they not only exemplify, but cherish, the most refined literary taste; that they promote the power of patient, close, and discriminating inquiry; that modern times cannot boast of a truly classical writer in his own language who was altogether unacquainted with them; and what is of still more serious concern, that, in the hands of such as know how to use them, they are of eminent service to the Christian religion, and to those invaluable social interests which depend upon it; zeal in their defence becomes a virtue, and efforts to extend the study of them, a duty.

#### THE LUST FOR RICHES.

The grudge with which most men part with a little pittance for the noblest purposes, is astonishing and humiliating. Mammon, Mammon, is the god of the professing world among us. The love of distinction flows in the channels of wealth, and thus creates an aristocracy the most feeble and enfeebling, the most corrupt and corrupting, the most slavish and enslaving of all aristocracies—the aristocracy of Dollars. Hence the passion for lucre is the passion of the United States. Men measure their respectability not by their deeds of goodness,

<sup>1</sup> Read "Memoirs, with a portion of his Correspondence," 8vo. pp. 560, by Rev. Jacob Van Vechten; and Works, in four volumes, edited by his son, Rev. Ebenezer Mason.

but by the sums of which they are masters. In Massachusetts, there are noble exceptions. Several individuals have given from ten thousand to forty thousand dollars each to a Theological Seminary at Andover. With us, there is nothing which bears the most distant resemblance to this munificence.

#### POLITICS AND RELIGION.

That religion has, in fact, nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it, is a melancholy truth. But that it has, of right, no concern with political transactions is quite a new discovery. If such opinions, however, prevail, there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct in political matters violates every precept, and slanders every principle, of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science and the exercise of civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on his authority, and extending to all our relations, personal and social? Yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* Where did you learn this maxim? The Bible is full of directions for your behavior as *citizens*. It is plain, pointed, awful in its injunctions on ruler and ruled *as such*: yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* You are commanded "*in ALL your ways to acknowledge him.*" "*In EVERYTHING, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests be made known unto God.*" "*And WHATSOEVER YE DO, IN WORD OR DEED, to do ALL IN THE NAME of the Lord Jesus.*"<sup>1</sup> Yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* Most astonishing! And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be, *without law to God, and not under the law of Jesus Christ?* Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood and corruption which pervade the system of party, and burst out like a flood at the public *elections*, are to be blotted from the catalogue of unchristian deeds, because they are *politics!* Or that a minister of the gospel may see his people, in their political career, bid defiance to their God in breaking through

<sup>1</sup> He might have given a still stronger text—Philippians i. 27. “Let your politics be such as it becometh the gospel of Christ.” Our translation is “conversation;” but the original is *τοπεια*, “act as a citizen,” or “act in political matters, as a Christian.”

every moral restraint, and keep a guiltless silence, because *religion has nothing to do with politics?* I forbear to press the argument farther; observing only that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had had *more* to do with our politics; if, in the pride of our *citizenship*, we had not forgotten our *Christianity*; if we had prayed more and wrangled less about the affairs of our country, it would have been infinitely better for us at this day.

#### CHARACTER OF HAMILTON.

He was born to be great. Whoever was second, HAMILTON must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult—no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority, in some particular, belongs to thousands. Pre-eminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of HAMILTON. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertion, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thunder. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance; but HAMILTON, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest lustre. Frankness, snavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family!—but he is gone—that noble heart beats no more; that eye of fire is dimmed; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the sercest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb.

Fathers, friends, countrymen! the dying breath of HAMILTON recommended to you the Christian's hope. His single testimony outweighs all the cavils of the sciolist, and all the jeers of the profane. Who will venture to pronounce a fable that

doctrine of *life and immortality* which his profound and irradiating mind embraced as the truth of God? When you are to die, you will find no source of peace but in the faith of Jesus. Cultivate, for your present repose and your future consolation, what our departed friend declared to be the support of his expiring moments: "A tender reliance on the mercies of the Almighty, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ."

HAMILTON! we will cherish thy memory, we will embalm thy fame! Fare thee well, thou unparalleled man, farewell—forever!

#### GOSPEL FOR THE POOR.

The Lord Jesus, who *went about doing good*, has left us an example that we should follow his steps. Christians, on whom he has bestowed affluence, rank, or talent, should be the last to disdain their fellow-men, or to look with indifference on indigence and grief. Pride, unseemly in all, is detestable in them who confess that *by grace they are saved*. Their Lord and Redeemer, who humbled himself by assuming their nature, came to *deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper*. And surely, an object which was not unworthy of the Son of God cannot be unworthy of any who are called by his name. Their wealth and opportunities, their talents and time, are not their own, nor to be used according to their own pleasure, but to be consecrated by their vocation as *fellow-workers with God*. How many hands that hang down would be lifted up! how many feeble knees confirmed! how many tears wiped away! how many victims of despondency and infamy rescued by a close imitation of Jesus Christ! Go with your opulence to the house of famine, and the retreats of disease. Go *deal thy bread to the hungry; when thou seest the naked, cover him; and hide not thyself from thine own flesh*. Go, and furnish means to rear the offspring of the poor, that they may at least have access to the word of your God. Go, and quicken the flight of the Angel who has the *everlasting gospel to preach unto the nations*. If you possess not wealth, employ your station in promoting *good will toward men*. Judge the fatherless; plead for the widow. Stimulate the exertions of others, who may supply what is *lacking on your part*. Let the beauties of *holiness* pour their lustre upon your distinctions, and recommend to the unhappy that peace which yourselves have found in the salvation of God. If you have neither riches

nor rank, devote your talents. Ravishing are the accents which dwell on the tongue of the learned when it speaks a word in season to him that is weary. Press your genius and your eloquence into the service of the Lord your righteousness, to magnify his word, and display the riches of his grace. Who knoweth whether he may honor you to be the minister of joy to the disconsolate, of liberty to the captive, of life to the dead? If he has denied you wealth, and rank, and talent, consecrate your heart. Let it dissolve in sympathy. There is nothing to hinder your rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and your weeping with them that weep, nor to forbid the interchange of kind and soothing offices. A brother is born for adversity; and not only should Christian be to Christian a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, but he should exemplify the loveliness of his religion to them that are without. An action, a word, marked by the sweetness of the Gospel, has often been owned of God for producing the happiest effects. Let no man, therefore, try to excuse his inaction; for no man is too inconsiderable to augment the triumphs of the Gospel by assisting in the consolation which it yields to the miserable.

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NATHANIEL H. CARTER, 1788—1830.

NATHANIEL HASELTINE CARTER, son of Joseph Carter, was born in Concord, N. H., in the year 1788. In 1811, he graduated at Dartmouth College, and afterwards studied law. In 1817, when the so-called Democratic legislature of New Hampshire created the short-lived "Dartmouth University," in order to destroy Dartmouth College, he was appointed Professor of Languages in the former, and officiated in that capacity two or three years. In 1820, he became proprietor and editor of the "Albany Register," the name of which he soon changed to that of the "New York Statesman." He removed to the city of New York in 1822; and from 1825 to 1827 travelled for his health upon the continent of Europe, enriching his paper with letters which, on his return, were published in two octavo volumes. In 1829, being in very feeble health, he went abroad again, in the hope of being benefited; but died at Marseilles a short time after he landed, January 2d, 1830.

Mr. Carter was an able editor, an upright man, and an accomplished scholar, and was a writer of very pleasing poetry as well as prose.

His longest poetical piece is entitled the "Pains of Imagination," and was delivered at Dartmouth College.

## HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!  
When thy creating hand  
Stretch'd the blue arch of heaven abroad,  
And meted sea and land,  
The morning stars together sung,  
And shouts of joy from angels rung.  
  
Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far  
Was the eventful morn  
When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star  
Announced a Saviour born!  
Then sweeter strains from heaven began—  
"Glory to God—good-will to man."  
  
Babe of the manger! can it be?  
Art thou the Son of God?  
Shall subject nations bow the knee,  
And kings obey thy nod?  
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall  
Before the tenant of a stall?  
  
'Tis He! the hymning seraphs cry,  
While hovering, drawn to earth;  
'Tis he! the shepherd's songs reply,  
Hail! hail Emmanuel's birth!  
The rod of peace those hands shall bear,  
That brow a crown of glory wear!  
  
'Tis He! the eastern sages sing,  
And spread their golden hoard;  
'Tis He! the hills of Sion ring,  
Hosanna to the Lord!  
The Prince of long prophetic years  
To-day in Bethlehem appears!  
  
He comes! the Conqueror's march begins,  
No blood his banner stains;  
He comes to save the world from sins,  
And break the captive's chains!  
The poor, the sick and blind shall bless  
The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.  
  
Though now in swaddling-clothes he lies,  
All hearts his power shall own,  
When he, with legions of the skies,  
The clouds of heaven his throne,  
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,  
And strike a trembling world with dread.

## WILLIAM TUDOR, 1779—1830.

THE family of Tudor is of Welsh origin. John, the first of the name in America, came to Boston early the last century. His son William, having graduated at Harvard College in 1769, commenced the practice of law in Boston, and married Delia Jarvis, a lady of refinement and of taste congenial with his own. Their son, William, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Boston on the 28th of January, 1779, was educated at Phillip's Academy in Andover, and graduated at Harvard College in 1796. Being destined for commercial life, he entered the counting-room of John Codman, one of the most eminent and successful merchants of Boston, and early established a character of the highest integrity and enterprise, united to a love of letters, which, amid all the turmoil of business, he ever continued to cherish. When he was twenty-one, he was sent by Mr. Codman to Paris, as his confidential agent in a matter of great business interest. After being abroad nearly a year, he returned home, and soon after went to Leghorn, on commercial business. He visited, at this time, France, Germany, and England, and returned to America with his love of letters confirmed. A few of his friends and associates had for some time contemplated the formation of a literary club; he entered warmly into their views, and soon the Anthology Society was formed, of which he was one of the most efficient, as well as earliest, members.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Monthly Anthology was begun by Mr. Phineas Adams, a graduate of Harvard, and then a schoolmaster in Boston. The first number, under the title of "The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review, edited by Sylvanus Per-se," was published in Boston by E. Lincoln, in November, 1803. At the end of six months, he gave it up to the Rev. William Emerson,\* who induced two or three gentlemen to join with him in the care of the work, and thus laid the foundation of the Anthology Club. The Club was regularly organized and governed by rules; the number of resident members varied from eight to sixteen. It was one of its rules that every member should write for the work, and nothing was published without the consent of the Society. The Club met once a week in the evening, and after deciding on the manuscripts that were offered, partook of a plain supper, and enjoyed the full pleasure of a literary chat. The following were the members of the Club, some for a short time only, others during the greater part of its existence: Rev. Drs. Gardiner, Kirkland, and McKean, Professor Willard, Rev. Messrs. Emerson, Buckminster, S. C. Thatcher, and Tuckerman; Drs. Jackson, Warren, Gor-

\* Mr. Emerson was pastor of the "First Church" in Boston, from 1799 to 1811. It was on his motion, in the Anthology Club, seconded by Wm. Smith Shaw, that the vote to establish a library of periodical publications was adopted; and this constituted the first step towards the establishment of the Boston Athenaeum, whose library is now one of the best, and perhaps, next to Harvard College library, the best in the country. While this noble institution endures, it will perpetuate the memory of the "Anthology Club."

In the year 1805, Frederick Tudor, the brother of William, formed the plan of establishing a new branch of commerce, by the transportation of ice to the tropical climates. The plan was, of course, ridiculed by a large portion of the community, but he persevered. William was sent as his agent to the West Indies, and though many obstacles, as might be expected, were encountered, yet the perseverance of Frederick finally triumphed over all. He established the traffic, acquired in it great affluence himself, and created for his country an important branch of commerce, of which he was unquestionably the author and founder.

On his return from the West Indies, William Tudor rejoined the Anthology Club, was chosen a member of the Massachusetts legislature for the town of Boston, and, at the request of its authorities, delivered an oration on the 4th of July, 1809. In 1810, he again went to Europe, in the employ of Stephen Higginson, Jr., an eminent Boston merchant, upon commercial business; but returned, the next year, to devote his thoughts to pursuits more kindred to his genius. Indeed, general literature and the political relations of his country now became the exclusive objects of his attention; and to open a field for their successful pursuit he formed, in 1814, the design of establishing the "North American Review," which still continues a noble monument of his industry, intellectual power, and varied learning. In May, 1815, it first made its appearance.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tudor took upon himself, avowedly, the character of editor, and sustained the work with little external aid. Of the first four volumes, three-fourths are known to be wholly from his pen.

In 1819, Mr. Tudor published "Letters on the Eastern States;" in 1821, a volume of "Miscellanies;" and in 1823, the "Life of James Otis," a most instructive and interesting piece of biography, which may indeed be regarded as a history of the times. In the same year, he conceived the design of purchasing the summit of Bunker Hill, and erecting thereon a monument commemorative of the battle. Not

ham, and Bigelow; Messrs. W. S. Shaw, Wm. Tudor, P. Thatcher, A. M. Walter, E. J. Dana, W. Wells, R. H. Gardiner, B. Welles, J. Savage, J. Field, Winthrop Sargent, J. Stickney, Alex. H. Everett, J. Head, Jr., and George Ticknor.

This work undoubtedly rendered great service to our literature, and aided in the diffusion of good taste in the community. It was one of the first efforts of regular criticism on American books, and it suffered few productions of the day to escape its notice. The writers, of course, received no pay, they worked in this field for the love of it. The profits of the Review did not pay for their support.

<sup>1</sup> It was first issued every two months, and continued thus till December, 1818, when it was changed to a quarterly publication. At the close of the ninth volume, Sept. 1819, the editorship passed into other hands, and with No. XXVI. for January, 1820, called the first of the new series, the 10th vol. begins.

having the means himself, he communicated his views to some wealthy friends, and the result was the organization of the "Bunker Hill Monument Association."

In 1823, he was appointed Consul at Lima and the ports of Peru, the duties of which office he discharged with singular ability. There he remained till, in 1827, he received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio Janeiro. His health, however, did not allow him to repair to his new station till 1828. Here he negotiated with the government a most satisfactory arrangement of indemnity for spoliations on American commerce; so satisfactory that it received the unanimous concurrence of the United States Senate. This was his last public act. He died at Rio Janeiro on the 9th of March, 1830, of a fever incident to the climate.

In William Tudor, the qualities of the gentleman and the man of business, of the scholar and the man of the world, were so manifestly and so happily blended, that both in public conduct and private intercourse his character commanded universal respect and confidence. And when we look at the part he took in sustaining the "Monthly Anthology," at a time when we hardly had any literature of our own; and subsequently as the founder of the "North American Review," and the chief writer of its earlier volumes, we must say that to no one is the cause of American literature more deeply indebted.<sup>1</sup>

#### INFLUENCE OF FEMALES ON SOCIETY.

From an accurate account of the condition of women in any country, it would not be difficult to infer the whole state of society. So great is the influence they exercise on the character of men, that the latter will be elevated or degraded according to the situation of the weaker sex. Where women are slaves, as in Turkey, the men will be the same: where they are treated as moral beings, where their minds are cultivated, and they are considered equals, the state of society must be high, and the character of the men energetic and noble. There is so much quickness of comprehension, so much susceptibility of pure and generous emotion, so much ardor of affection in women, that they constantly stimulate men to exertion, and have at the same time a most powerful agency in soothing the

<sup>1</sup> Read an excellent notice of him in "Quincy's History of the Boston Atheneum," to which I am indebted for much of the above notice.

angry feelings, and in mitigating the harsh and narrow propensities, which are generated in the strife of the passions.

The advantages of giving a superior education to women are not confined to themselves, but have a salutary influence on our sex. The fear that increased instruction will render them incompetent or neglectful in domestic life, is absurd in theory, and completely destroyed by facts. Women, as well as men, when once established in life, know that there is an end of trifling; its solicitudes and duties multiply upon them equally fast; the former are apt to feel them much more keenly, and too frequently abandon all previous acquirements to devote themselves wholly to these. But if the one sex have cultivated and refined minds, the other must meet them from shame, if not from sympathy. If a man finds that his wife is not a mere nurse or a housekeeper; that she can, when the occupations of the day are over, enliven a winter's evening; that she can converse on the usual topics of literature, and enjoy the pleasures of superior conversation, or the reading of a valuable book, he must have a perverted taste, indeed, if it does not make home still dearer, and prevent him from resorting to taverns for recreation. The benefits to her children need not be mentioned; instruction and cultivated taste in a mother enhance their respect and affection for her and their love of home, and throw a charm over the whole scene of domestic life.

#### CHARACTER OF JAMES OTIS.

James Otis was one of the most able and high-minded men that this country has produced. He was, in truth, one of the master spirits who began and conducted an opposition which at first was only designed to counteract and defeat an arbitrary administration, but which ended in a revolution, emancipated a continent, and established, by the example of its effects, a lasting influence on all the governments of the civilized world. He espoused the cause of his country not merely because it was popular, but because he saw that its prosperity, freedom, and honor would be all diminished, if the usurpation of the British parliament was successful. His enemies constantly represented him as a demagogue, yet no man was less so; his character was too liberal, proud, and honest to play that part. He led public opinion by the energy which conscious strength, elevated views, and quick feelings inspire, and was followed

with that deference and reliance which great talents instinctively command. These were the qualifications that made him for many years the oracle and guide of the patriotic party. It was not by supple and obscure intrigues, by unworthy flatteries and compliances, by a degrading adoption of plebeian dress, manners, or language, that he obtained the suffrages of the people,<sup>1</sup> but by their opinion of his uprightness, their knowledge of his disinterestedness, and their conviction of his ability. He vindicated the rights of his countrymen, not in the spirit of a factious tribune, aiming to subvert established authority, but as a Roman senator, who became the voluntary advocate of an injured province. He valued his own standing and that of his family in society, and did not wish a change or a revolution. He acknowledged a common interest with his countrymen, and sacrificed in their support all his hopes of personal aggrandizement. Had he taken part with the administration, he might have commanded every favor in their power to bestow; in sustaining that of his native land, he well knew that his only reward would be the good-will of its inhabitants, and the sweet consciousness of performing his duty; and that he must be satisfied with the common lot of great patriotism in all ages—present poverty and future fame.

In fine, he was a man of powerful genius and ardent temper, with wit and humor that never failed: as an orator, he was bold, argumentative, impetuous, and commanding, with an eloquence that made his own excitement irresistibly contagious; as a lawyer, his knowledge and ability placed him at the head of his profession; as a scholar, he was rich in acquisition and governed by a classic taste; as a statesman and civilian, he was sound and just in his views; as a patriot, he resisted all allurements that might weaken the cause of that country to which he devoted his life, and for which he sacrificed it. The future historian of the United States, in considering the foundations of American independence, will find that one of the cornerstones must be inscribed with the name of JAMES OTIS.

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<sup>1</sup> He had a great contempt for those shallow, obtrusive, noisy agents who are the appropriate evil of popular governments, as the arrogant, servile, profligate minion is of monarchies. Going one evening to attend a meeting for some political purpose, and seeing that some ordinary demagogues were the most prominent persons, he exclaimed to those who accompanied him: "Zounds! what have we here? the world butt-end foremost."

## CAUSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The following authentic anecdote on the origin of American taxation may be gratifying to persons who are fond of tracing the current of events up to their primitive sources, and who know how often changes in human affairs are first put in motion by very trifling causes. When President Adams was Minister at the Court of St. James, he often saw his countryman, Benjamin West, the late President of the Royal Academy. Mr. West always retained a strong and unyielding affection for his native land, which, to borrow a term of his own art, was in fine keeping with his elevated genius. The patronage of the king was nobly bestowed upon him, and it forms a fine trait in the character of both, that when a malicious courtier endeavored to embarrass him, by asking his opinion on the news of some disastrous event to America, in the presence of the king, he replied that he never could rejoice in any misfortune to his native country; for which answer the king immediately gave him his protecting approbation. Mr. West one day asked Mr. Adams if he should like to take a walk with him, and see the cause of the American Revolution. The minister, having known something of this matter, smiled at the proposal, but told him that he should be glad to see the cause of that revolution, and to take a walk with his friend West anywhere. The next morning he called, according to agreement, and took Mr. Adams into Hyde Park to a spot near the Serpentine River, where he gave him the following narrative: "The king came to the throne a young man, surrounded by flattering courtiers, one of whose frequent topics it was to declaim against the meanness of his palace, which was wholly unworthy a monarch of such a country as England. They said that there was not a sovereign in Europe who was lodged so poorly; that his sorry, dingy, old brick palace of St. James looked like a stable, and that he ought to build a palace suited to his kingdom. The king was fond of architecture, and would therefore more readily listen to suggestions which were, in fact, all true. This spot that you see here was selected for the site, between this and this point, which were marked out. The king applied to his ministers on the subject; they inquired what sum would be wanted by his majesty, who said that he would begin with a million; they stated the expenses of the war, and the poverty of the treasury, but that his majesty's wishes should be taken into full consider-

ation. Some time afterwards, the king was informed that the wants of the treasury were too urgent to admit of a supply from their present means, but that a revenue might be raised in America to supply all the king's wishes. This suggestion was followed up, and the king was in this way first led to consider, and then to consent to the scheme for taxing the colonies."

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ROBERT C. SANDS, 1799—1832.

ROBERT C. SANDS was born in the city of New York, May 11th, 1799. He entered the Sophomore class in Columbia College in 1812, and was graduated, with a high reputation for scholarship, in 1815. He soon after began the study of law in the office of David B. Ogden, entering upon his new course of study with great ardor, and pursuing it with steady zeal. He had formed in college a very intimate friendship with James Eastburn, afterwards a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and in 1817 he commenced, in conjunction with his clerical friend, a romantic poem, founded on the history of Philip, the celebrated Sachem of the Pequods. But Mr. Eastburn's health began to fail early in 1819, and he died in December of that year, before the work was completed. It was therefore revised, arranged, and completed, with many additions, by Sands, who introduced it with a touching preface, in which the surviving poet mourned, in noble and touching strains, the accomplished friend of his youth. The poem was published under the title of "Yamoyden," at New York, in 1820, and received with high commendation, and gave Mr. Sands great literary reputation throughout the United States.

In 1820, Mr. Sands was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the city of New York; but his ardent love of general literature gradually weaned him from his profession. In 1822 and 1823, he wrote many articles for the "Literary Review," a monthly periodical, and in 1824 the "Atlantic Magazine" was established, and placed under his charge. He gave it up in six months; but when it became changed to the "New York Review," he was engaged as an editor, and assisted in conducting it till 1827. He had now become an author by profession, and looked to his pen for support, as he had before for fame or for amusement. When, therefore, an offer of a liberal salary was made him as an assistant editor of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," he accepted



it, and continued his connection with that journal until his death, which took place on the 17th of December, 1832; in the mean time editing and writing a number of miscellaneous works, which had an ephemeral reputation, but are now little known and less read. Yet many of them had decided merit, and it is our pleasure to set a few of the choicest before our readers.

## FROM THE PROEM TO YAMOYDEN.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,  
The last that either bard shall e'er essay :  
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again  
That first awoke them in a happier day :  
Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,  
His requiem murmuurs o'er the moaning wave ;  
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay  
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honors crave ;  
His harp lies buried deep in that untimely grave !

Friend of my youth ! with thee began the love  
Of sacred song ; the wont, in golden dreams,  
'Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,  
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams ;  
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom, gleams  
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,  
Forever lit by memory's twilight beams ;  
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,  
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranced, to hear,  
O'er battle-fields, the epic thunders roll ;  
Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear,  
Through Argive palaces shrill echoing stole :  
There would we mark, uncurbed by all control,  
In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight ;  
Or hold communion with the musing soul  
Of sage or bard, who sought, 'mid pagan night,  
In loved Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

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Friend of my youth ! with thee began my song,  
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die ;  
Misled in phantom-peopled realms too long—  
Though not to me the muse averse deny,  
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to deserv—  
Such thirstless pastime should with youth be o'er ;  
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,  
But for thy sake such idlesse would deplore—  
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

## EVENING.

The sun is sinking from the sky  
In calm and cloudless majesty;  
And cooler hours, with gentle sway,  
Succeed the fiery heat of day.  
Forest and shore and rippling tide  
Confess the evening's influence wide,  
Seen lovelier in that fading light  
That heralds the approaching night—  
That magic coloring nature throws,  
To deck her beautiful repose—  
When floating on the breeze of even,  
Long clouds of purple streak the heaven,  
With brighter tints of glory blending,  
And darker hues of night descending,  
While hastening to its shady rest  
Each weary songster seeks its nest,  
Chanting a last, a farewell lay,  
As gloomier falls the parting day.

But lo! with orb serene on high,  
The round moon climbs the eastern sky;  
The stars all quench their feebler rays  
Before her universal blaze.  
Round moon! how sweetly dost thou smile,  
Above that green reposing isle—<sup>1</sup>  
Soft cradled in the illumined bay,  
Where from its banks the shadows seem  
Melting in filmy light away.  
Far does thy tempered lustre stream,  
Checkering the tufted groves on high,  
While glens in gloom beneath them lie.  
Oft sheeted with the ghostly beam,  
Mid the thick forest's mass of shade,  
The shingled roof is gleaming white,  
Where labor, in the cultured glade,  
Has all the wild a garden made.  
And there with silvery tassels bright  
The serried maize is waving slow,  
While fitful shadows come and go,  
Swift o'er its undulating seas,  
As gently breathes the evening breeze.

<sup>1</sup> The island of Rhode Island, in Narraganset Bay.

## THE DEAD OF 1832.

Oh Time and Death! with certain pace,  
 Though still unequal, hurrying on,  
 O'erturning, in your awful race,  
 The cot, the palace, and the throne!  
 Not always in the storm of war,  
 Nor by the pestilence that sweeps  
 From the plague-smitten realms afar,  
 Beyond the old and solemn deeps:  
 In crowds the good and mighty go.  
 And to those vast dim chambers hie,  
 Where, mingled with the high and low,  
 Dead Cæsars and dead Shakespeares lie.  
 Dread Ministers of God! sometimes  
 Ye smite at once, to do His will,  
 In all earth's ocean-sever'd climes,  
 Those—whose renown ye cannot kill!  
 When all the brightest stars that burn  
 At once are banished from their spheres,  
 Men sadly ask, when shall return  
 Such lustre to the coming years?  
 For where is he—who lived so long—  
 Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,  
 And showed his fate, in powerful song,  
 Whose soul for learning's sake was lost?  
 Where he—who backwards to the birth  
 Of Time itself, adventurous trod,  
 And in the mingled mass of earth  
 Found out the handiwork of God?  
 Where he—who in the mortal head,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ordained to gaze on heaven, could trace  
 The soul's vast features, that shall tread  
 The stars, when earth is nothingness?  
 Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre,<sup>4</sup>  
 Till round the world its echoes roll,  
 And swept, with all a prophet's fire,  
 The diapason of the soul?  
 Where he—who read the mystic lore,<sup>5</sup>  
 Buried, where buried Pharaohs sleep;  
 And dared presumptions to explore  
 Secrets four thousand years could keep?

<sup>1</sup> Goethe and his Faust.  
<sup>2</sup> Scott.

<sup>3</sup> Cuvier.  
<sup>4</sup> Champollion.

<sup>5</sup> Spärsheim.

Where he—who with a poet's eye<sup>1</sup>  
 Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,  
 And made even sordid Poverty  
 Classic, when in his numbers glazed ?

Where—that old sage so hale and staid,<sup>2</sup>  
 The “greatest good” who sought to find ;  
 Who in his garden mused, and made  
 All forms of rule, for all mankind ?

And thou—whom millions far removed<sup>3</sup>  
 Revered—the hierarch meek and wise,  
 Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,  
 Near where thy Wesley’s coffin lies.

He too—the heir of glory—where  
 Hath great Napoleon’s scion fled ?  
 Ah ! glory goes not to an heir !  
 Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead !

But hark ! a nation sighs ! for he,<sup>4</sup>  
 Last of the brave, who perilled all  
 To make an infant empire free,  
 Obeys the inevitable call !

They go—and with them is a crowd,  
 For human rights who thought and did,  
 We rear to them no temples proud,  
 Each hath his mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre,  
 The MIND, their monument sublime ;  
 Young in eternal fame they are—  
 Such are YOUR triumphs, Death and Time.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night to all the world ! there’s none,  
 Beneath the “over-going sun,”  
 To whom I feel or hate or spite,  
 And so to all a fair good-night.

Would I could say good-night to pain,  
 Good-night to conscience and her train,  
 To cheerless poverty, and shame  
 That I am yet unknown to fame !

Would I could say good-night to dreams  
 That haunt me with delusive gleams,  
 That through the sable future’s veil  
 Like meteors glimmer, but to fail !

<sup>1</sup> Crabbe.<sup>2</sup> Adam Clarke.<sup>3</sup> Jeremy Bentham.<sup>4</sup> Charles Carroll.

Would I could say a long good-night  
To halting between wrong and right,  
And, like a giant with new force,  
Awake prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on,  
And when few years have come and gone,  
The past will be to me as naught,  
Whether remembered or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend  
O'er my last couch shall tearful bend ;  
And, though no day for me was bright,  
Shall bid me then a long good-night.

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## PHILIP FRENEAU, 1752-1832.

PHILIP FRENEAU was a celebrated poet in the period of the American Revolution, for most of his pieces were written between the years 1768 and 1793. He was of French extraction, his grandfather, a Huguenot, having come to this country, soon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, 1598. He was born in New York in the year 1752, and after the usual preparatory studies, in which he distinguished himself, he entered Princeton College, New Jersey, and graduated there in 1771, at the age of nineteen. Before leaving college, he had not only written many fugitive pieces, but had planned an epic poem on the life and discoveries of Columbus, which, however, was never executed, though we doubtless have, in some of his detached pieces, portions which he intended to interweave into the body of the work. After leaving college, he went to Philadelphia, and spent his time chiefly in writing upon public political characters and events, taking strong ground for the Republican side, and holding the "Tories," as the favorers of Great Britain were called, up to ridicule and contempt. He enjoyed the friendship of some of the first men of the day—of Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Francis Hopkinson, and others; and Mr. Jefferson, on coming to the Presidency, gave him a place in the Department of State. He soon, however, resigned his post, not finding its duties agreeable to him, and removed to Philadelphia, to conduct a paper entitled the "Freeman's Journal." Finding this unprofitable, he took the command of a merchant ship, in 1793, and made several voyages to Madeira, the West Indies, and other places.

Of his subsequent history, we know but little. The latter part of his life he lived at Mount Pleasant, and then at Freehold, in New Jersey, at which latter place he died on the 18th of December, 1832.

THE DYING INDIAN.<sup>1</sup>

"On yonder lake I spread the sail no more!  
Vigor, and youth, and active days are past;  
Relentless demons urge me to that shore  
On whose black forests all the dead are cast;  
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,  
For I must go to shades below,  
Where all is strange, and all is new;  
Companion to the airy throng!  
What solitary streams,  
In dull and dreary dreams,  
All melancholy, must I rove along!

To what strange lands must *Chequi* take his way!  
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace;  
No deer along those gloomy forests stray,  
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,  
But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,  
That ramble through those visionary glades;  
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,  
But sickly orchards there  
Do fruits as sickly bear,  
And apples a consumptive visage shew,  
And withered hangs the hurtleberry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!  
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,  
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?  
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow:  
Such is the picture in my boding mind!  
Fine tales, indeed, they tell  
Of shades and purling rills,  
Where our dead fathers dwell  
Beyond the western hills;  
But when did ghost return his state to show,  
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I, too, must be a fleeting ghost! no more;  
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;  
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,  
For emptier groves below!  
Ye charming solitudes,  
Ye tall ascending woods,

<sup>1</sup> Tomo-Chequi.

Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,  
 Whose aspect still was sweet,  
 Whether the sun did greet,  
 Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams—  
 Adieu to all!

To all that charmed me where I strayed,  
 The winding stream, the dark sequestered shade :  
 Adieu all triumphs here !

Adieu, the mountain's lofty swell,  
 Adieu, thou little verdant hill,  
 And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,  
 For some remoter sphere !

Perplexed with doubts, and tortured with despair,  
 Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep ?  
 Nature at last these ruins may repair,  
 When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep ;  
 Some real world once more may be assign'd,  
 Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind !  
 Farewell, sweet lake ! farewell, surrounding woods !  
 To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,  
 Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,  
 Beyond the Huron Bay !

Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,  
 My trusty bow and arrows by my side,  
 The cheerful bottle and the venison store ;  
 For long the journey is that I must go,  
 Without a partner, and without a guide."

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep,  
 Then closed his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep !

## THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,  
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,  
 Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,  
 Unseen thy little branches greet :  
 No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,  
 She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
 And planted here the guardian shade,  
 And sent soft waters murmuring by ;  
 Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
 Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,  
 I grieve to see your future doom :  
 They died—nor were those flowers more gay,  
 The flowers that did in Eden bloom ;

Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came:  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.

#### THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Though clad in winter's gloomy dress!  
All Nature's works appear,  
Yet other prospects rise to bless  
The new returning year:  
The active sail again is seen  
To greet our western shore;  
Gay plenty smiles, with brow serene,  
And wars distract no more.

No more the vales, no more the plains  
An iron harvest yield;  
Peace guards our doors, impels our swains  
To till the grateful field:  
From distant climes, no longer foes,  
(Their years of misery past,)  
Nations arrive, to find repose  
In these domains at last.

And, if a more delightful scene  
Attracts the mortal eye,  
Where clouds nor darkness intervene,  
Behold, aspiring high,  
On freedom's soil those fabrics plann'd,  
On virtue's basis laid,  
That make secure our native land,  
And prove our toils repaid.

Ambitious aims and pride severe,  
Would you at distance keep,  
What wanderer would not tarry here,  
Here charm his cares to sleep?  
O, still may health her balmy wings  
O'er these fair fields expand.  
While commerce from all climates brings  
The products of each land.

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<sup>1</sup> The winter of 1814-15.

Through toiling care and lengthen'd views,  
 That share alike our span,  
 Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues,  
 The eternal friend of man :  
 The darkness of the days to come  
 She brightens with her ray,  
 And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb,  
 When sickening to decay !

## THE JUG OF RUM.

Within these earthen walls confin'd,  
 The ruin lurks of human kind ;  
 More mischiefs here, united, dwell,  
 And more diseases haunt this cell  
 Than ever plagu'd the Egyptian flocks,  
 Or ever curs'd Pandora's box.

Here, only by a cork controll'd,  
 And slender walls of earthen mould,  
 In all their pomp of death reside  
 Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied ;  
 The Tree, that bears the deadly fruit  
 Of murder, maiming, and dispute ;  
 Assault, that innocence assails,  
 The images of gloomy jails,  
 The giddy thought on mischief bent,  
 The midnight hour in folly spent,  
 All these within this jug appear,  
 And Jack, the hangman, in the rear !

Thrice happy he, who early taught  
 By Nature, ne'er this poison sought ;  
 Who, friendly to his own repose,  
 Treads under foot this worst of foes—  
 He, with the purling stream content,  
 The beverage quaffs that Nature meant ;  
 In Reason's scale his actions weigh'd,  
 His spirits want no foreign aid—  
 Not swell'd too high, or sunk too low,  
 Placid, his easy moments flow ;  
 Long life is his, in vigor passed,  
 Existence welcome to the last,  
 A spring, that never yet grew stale—  
 Such virtue lies in—ADAM'S ALE !

## JONATHAN LAWRENCE, 1807—1837.

THIS young poet, of great promise, was born in New York in November, 1807, and graduated at Columbia College in 1822. He entered the profession of the law, and the highest expectations were formed of his future eminence, when he was suddenly removed by death on the 26th of April, 1837. After his death, his brother collected, and had printed for private circulation, his various writings, consisting of prose essays and poetry, which are distinguished for great beauty and purity of thought and style. Among them is the encouraging and spirited direction, in all the trials of life, to

## LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,  
“Look aloft!” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity’s glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array’d,  
“Look aloft” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
“Look aloft” to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,  
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,  
“Look aloft” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart  
And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft,” and depart.

## WILLIAM WIRT, 1772-1834.

WILLIAM WIRT, the son of Jacob and Henrietta Wirt, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, on the 8th of November, 1772. His father died when he was an infant, and his mother when he was but eight years old. An orphan at this tender age, he passed into the family and under the guardianship of his uncle, Jasper Wirt, who resided near the same village. His uncle and aunt did all they could to supply the place of the father and mother, and the next year, as there was no good school in the neighborhood, sent him to a classical school in Georgetown, eight miles from Bladensburg, taught by a Mr. Dent. Here he remained till he was eleven, when he was removed to a very flourishing school kept by the Rev. James Hunt, in Montgomery county, Maryland. Here he remained till 1787, when the school was discontinued, during which period of four years, he received the principal part of his education; being carried through as much of the Latin and Greek classics as was then taught in grammar-schools. At this school he formed an intimate friendship with Ninian Edwards, afterward governor of Illinois, whose father, Mr. Benjamin Edwards, invited young Wirt to his house, in Montgomery County, to pursue his studies with his son. This kind invitation was accepted, and in Mr. Edwards' family Wirt continued nearly two years.

In the spring of 1790, he commenced the study of law, at Montgomery Court-House, with Mr. Wm. P. Hunt, the son of his old preceptor; completed his course with Mr. Thomas Swann, formerly United States attorney for the District of Columbia; and in 1792 commenced practice at Culpepper Court-House, in Virginia, at the age of twenty years. In a year or two, his practice had considerably extended, and in 1796 he married the eldest daughter of Dr. George Gilmer, a distinguished physician, and took up his residence at Pen Park, the seat of his father-in-law, near Charlottesville; and here he was introduced to the acquaintance of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and other persons of celebrity. In 1799, he lost his wife; and soon after, to change the scene of his trials, his friends urged him to allow himself to be nominated as clerk of the House of Delegates. He was elected; and after having performed the duties of this office two years, he was, in 1802, appointed Chancellor of the Eastern District of Virginia, and then took up his residence at Williamsburg. In the same year, he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Colonel Gamble, of Richmond, with whom

he lived with the greatest happiness till his death; and who united to every virtue of the wife and the mother, literary attainments of no ordinary character.<sup>1</sup>

At the close of the year 1803, Mr. Wirt removed to Norfolk, and entered upon the assiduous practice of his profession. Just before this, he wrote the celebrated letters published in the "Richmond Argus," under the title of "The British Spy," which were afterwards collected into a small volume, and have passed through numerous editions<sup>2</sup>. In 1806, he took up his residence at Richmond, believing that he would there find a wider and more lucrative professional field, and in this city he remained till his appointment to the attorney-generalship of the United States. In the next year, he greatly distinguished himself in the trial of Aaron Burr, for high treason. Few trials in any country ever excited a greater sensation than this, both from the nature of the accusation, and the eminent talents and political station of the accused. Mr. Wirt's speech in this trial occupied four hours, and was replete throughout with a creative fancy, polished wit, keen repartee, elegant and apposite illustration, and logical reasoning, which are rarely combined in so high a degree. It placed him, at once, in the rank of the very first advocates in the country.

In 1808, he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Delegates for the city of Richmond. It was the first as well as the last time he ever sat in any legislative body, as he preferred the more congenial pursuits of his profession. In 1812, he wrote the greater part of a series of essays, which were originally published in the "Richmond Enquirer," under the title of "The Old Bachelor," and have since, in a collective form, passed through several editions. The "Life of Patrick Henry," the largest of his literary productions, was first published in 1817.

In 1816, he was appointed by Mr. Madison the United States attorney for the District of Virginia. In 1817, he removed to Washington, having been appointed by Mr. Monroe Attorney-General of the United States, a post which he occupied with most distinguished reputation till 1828, through the entire administrations of Monroe and Adams. In the latter part of this year, he removed to Baltimore, where he resided for the rest of his life. Previous to this, in October, 1826, he had been

<sup>1</sup> One proof of her extensive reading as well as her delicate taste is the work she published in 1829, entitled "Flora's Dictionary; by A Lady." As far as my knowledge goes, it was the first of the kind published in our country, and I think it has never since been excelled by any of its numerous competitors. The poetical selections are most tasteful and apposite, and many friends contributed to it.

<sup>2</sup> The best edition that I have seen is the tenth, published by the Harpers.

selected by the citizens of Washington, on the death of Adams and Jefferson, to pronounce a discourse on the lives and character of these two remarkable men; and it is one of the best of his literary efforts, and worthy of the impressive occasion on which it was delivered. In 1830, he delivered an address to one of the literary societies of Rutgers College; and in 1831 the Anti-Masonic Convention that assembled in Baltimore nominated him as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Though he obtained but the vote of a single State, Vermont, yet every one felt that the election of such a man would be an honor to the country. He died at Washington City, while engaged at the Supreme Court, February 18, 1834.

As a public and professional man, Mr. Wirt may be ranked among the first men of our country; and in all the relations of private life, as a man and a Christian, he was most exemplary. In person he was of a most dignified and commanding aspect, and of an open, manly, and playful countenance: his voice was clear and musical, and his whole appearance truly oratorical. If to these attractions we add a diction of great force, purity, variety, and splendor; a wit prompt, pure, and brilliant, and an imagination both vivid and playful, we have some idea of the character of the man who was the charm of every social circle, and who was regarded by all who knew him with singular affection and veneration.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE BLIND PREACHER.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

<sup>1</sup> I trust I may be pardoned for introducing an anecdote of a personal character, to show Mr. Wirt's estimation of the educational profession. I had seen him two or three times at his house in Washington, before he removed to Baltimore, in 1828, and a few days after he had settled in that city, he called at my school to place his three boys under my care. On taking leave of me, he most cordially invited me to visit his family at all times, concluding with this remark, "There are three persons, Mr. Cleveland, to whom my house is always open, and with whom I wish to be on the most intimate terms of friendship and social intercourse--my minister, the teacher of my children, and my physician." Accepting his kind and cordial invitation, I had every opportunity of observing his character in private and social intercourse; and I can truly say that it fell short in nothing that the most ardent admirer of his talents, eloquence, and public character could desire.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation ; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance ; he was a tall and very spare old man ; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy ; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah ! sacred God ! how soon were all my feelings changed ! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man ! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament ; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times ; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour ; his trial before Pilate ; his ascent up Calvary ; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored ! It was all new ; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews ; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet : my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour ; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven ; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and

fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wonnd them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses: you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody: you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised: and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ, like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

## OUR TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please; but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it—bought it! Yes—of whom? Of the poor trembling natives, who knew that refusal would be in vain, and who strove to make a merit of necessity by seeming to yield with grace what they knew that they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag, “worn and hackneyed” in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in heaven’s chancery, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of duress.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators; no wonder that, in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Make them forget, too, if you can, that, in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity, and bliss, the white man came; and lo! the animated chase, the feast, the dance, the song of fearless, thoughtless joy were

over; that ever since they have been made to drink of the bitter cup of humiliation; treated like dogs; their lives, their liberties, the sport of the white men; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them, in cruel succession; until, driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years, rolled back, nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants, and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, their language, their name, and everything that belongs to them. No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

*British Spy, Letter iv.*

#### TRUE AND FALSE GREATNESS CONTRASTED.

Having closed his administration, fellow-citizens, President Jefferson was followed by the applause, the gratitude, and blessings of his country, into that retirement which no man was ever better fitted to grace and enjoy. And from this retirement, together with his precursor, the venerable patriarch of Quincy, he could enjoy that supreme of all earthly happiness, the retrospect of a life well and greatly spent, in the service of his country and mankind. The successful warrior, who has desolated whole empires for his own aggrandizement, the successful usurper of his country's rights and liberties, may have their hours of swelling pride, in which they may look back with a barbarous joy upon the triumph of their talents, and feast upon the adulation of the sycophants that surround them; but, night and silence come; and conscience takes her turn. The bloody field rises upon the startled imagination.

The shades of the slaughtered innocents stalk, in terrific procession, before the couch. The agonizing cries of countless widows and orphans invade the ear. The bloody dagger of the assassin plays, in airy terror, before the vision. Violated liberty lifts her avenging lance; and a down-trodden nation rises before them in all the majesty of its wrath. What are the hours of a splendid wretch like this, compared with those that shed their poppies and their roses upon the pillows of our peaceful and virtuous patriots! Every night bringing to them the balm and health of repose, and every morning offering to them "their history in a nation's eyes!" This, this it is to be greatly virtuous; and be this the only ambition that shall ever touch an American bosom!

*Discourse on the Lives and Character of Adams and Jefferson.*

#### INDOLENCE AND INTELLECTUAL DISSIPATION.

Wherever I see the native bloom of health and the genuine smile of content, I mark down the character as industrious and virtuous; and I never yet failed to have the prepossession confirmed on inquiry. So, on the other hand, wherever I see pale, repining and languid discontent, and hear complaints uttered against the hard lot of humanity, my first impression is, that the character from whom they proceed is indolent or vicious, or both; and I have not often had occasion to retract the opinion.

There is, indeed, a class of characters, rather indolent than vicious, who are really to be pitied; whose innocent and captivating amusements, becoming at length their sole pursuits, tend only to whet their sensibility to misfortunes which they contribute to bring on; and to form pictures of life so highly aggravated as to render life itself stale and flat.

In this class of victims to a busy indolence, next to those who devote their whole lives to the unprofitable business of writing works of imagination, are those who spend the whole of theirs in reading them. There are several men and women of this description in the circle of my acquaintance; persons whose misfortune it is to be released from the salutary necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions, and who vainly seek for happiness in intellectual dissipation.

Bianca is one of the finest girls in the whole round of my acquaintance, and is now one of the happiest. But when I first became acquainted with her, which was about three years

ago, she was an object of pity; pale, emaciated, nervous, and hysterical, at the early age of seventeen, the days had already come when she could truly say she had no pleasure in them. She confessed to me, that she had lain on her bed, day after day, for months together, reading, or rather devouring, with a kind of morbid appetite, every novel that she could lay her hands on—without any pause between them, without any ruminations, so that the incidents were all conglomerated and confounded in her memory. She had not drawn from them all a single useful maxim for the conduct of life; but, calculating on the fairy world, which her authors had depicted to her, she was reserving all her address and all her powers for incidents that would never occur, and characters that would never appear.

I advised her immediately to change her plan of life; to take the whole charge of her mother's household upon herself; to adopt a system in the management of it, and adhere to it rigidly; to regard it as her business exclusively, and make herself responsible for it; and then, if she had time for it, to read authentic history, which would show her the world as it really was; and not to read rapidly and superficially, with a view merely to feast on the novelty and variety of events, but deliberately and studiously, with her pen in her hand, and her note-book by her side, extracting, as she went along, not only every prominent event, with its date and circumstances, but every elegant and judicious reflection of the author, so as to form a little book of practical wisdom for herself. She followed my advice, and, when I went to see her again, six months afterwards, Bianca had regained all the symmetry and beauty of her form; the vernal rose bloomed again on her cheeks; the starry radiance shot from her eyes; and, with a smile which came directly from her heart, and spoke her gratitude more exquisitely than words, she gave me her hand, and bade me welcome.

In short, the divine denunciation that *in the sweat of his brow man should earn his food* is guaranteed so effectually that labor is indispensable to his peace. It is the part of wisdom to adapt ourselves to the state of being in which we are placed; and, since here we find that business and industry are as certainly the pledges of peace and virtue as vacancy and indolence are of vice and sorrow, let every one do, what is easily in his power—create a business, even where fortune may have made it unnecessary, and pursue that business with all the ardor and perseverance of the direst necessity; so shall we see our country as far excelling others in health, contentment, and virtue, as it now surpasses them in liberty and tranquillity.

## ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER, 1807—1834.

THIS beautiful poet and prose writer, the last years of whose short life were devoted to the cause of humanity,<sup>1</sup> was born at Centre, near Wilmington, Delaware, on the 24th of December, 1807. She had the misfortune to lose both her parents at an early age, and she was placed under the care of her grandmother, Elizabeth Evans, of Philadelphia, and there attended school till she was thirteen or fourteen. She early gave evidence of remarkable talent, and before she left school, some of her pieces were very much admired, and sought after. At the age of sixteen, she began to write for the press, and her pieces were extensively copied; but what brought her especially into notice was her poem entitled "The Slave Ship," written when she was but eighteen, and which gained for her the prize offered by the publishers of "The Casket," a monthly magazine. This led to her acquaintance with Mr. Benjamin Lundy, then editor of "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," published at Baltimore, to which paper, from that time, she became a frequent contributor. She was now acknowledged as one of the most accomplished and powerful female writers of her time, and most of her writings thenceforward were devoted to the cause of Emancipation. "It is not enough to say that her productions were chaste, eloquent, and classical. Her language was appropriate, her reasoning clear, her deductions logical, and her conclusions impressive and convincing. Her appeals were tender, persuasive, and heart-reaching; while the strength and cogency of her arguments rendered them incontrovertible. She was the first American female author that ever made the Abolition of Slavery the principal theme of her active exertions."<sup>2</sup>

Miss Chandler continued to reside in Philadelphia till 1830, when she removed with her aunt and brother to Tecumseh, Lenawee County, Michigan, about sixty miles southwest of Detroit. Here, at her home called "Hazlebank," on the banks of the river Raisin, which has been appropriately called "classic ground," she continued

<sup>1</sup> I apprehend that this is the reason why so little has been said or written of her—so powerful have been the influences of slavery to palsy the tongue, and chill the heart of freemen. And yet it will be hard to find among our female authors a style more chaste and polished, or sentiments more pure and ennobling than the writings of Elizabeth M. Chandler afford.

<sup>2</sup> "Poetical Works of Elizabeth Margaret Chandler; with a Memoir of her Life and Character, by Benjamin Lundy." This early pioneer in the cause of Freedom, Benjamin Lundy, has never received the attention he deserved.

to write and labor in the cause of the oppressed, till 1834, when she was attacked by a remittent fever, which terminated in her death on the second of November of that year. Never did the grave close over a purer spirit, nor one more fully sensible of a strict accountability for the right employment of every talent.

## JOHN WOOLMAN.

Meek, humble, sinless as a very child,  
Such wert thou—and though unheld, I seem  
Ofttimes to gaze upon thy features mild,  
Thy grave, yet gentle lip, and the soft beam  
Of that kind eye, that knew not how to shed  
A glance of aught, save love, on any human head.

Servant of Jesus! Christian! not alone  
In name and creed, with practice differing wide,  
Thou didst not in thy conduct fear to own  
His self-denying precepts for thy guide.  
Stern only to thyself, all others felt  
Thy strong rebuke was love, not meant to crush, but melt.

Thou, who didst pour o'er all the human kind  
The gushing fervor of thy sympathy!  
E'en the unreasoning brute fail'd not to find  
A pleader for his happiness in thee.  
Thy heart was moved for every breathing thing,  
By careless man exposed to needless suffering.

But most the wrongs and sufferings of the slave  
Stirr'd the deep fountain of thy pitying heart;  
And still thy hand was stretch'd to aid and save,  
Until it seem'd that thou hadst taken a part  
In their existence, and couldst hold no more  
A separate life from them, as thou hadst done before.

How the sweet pathos of thy eloquence,  
Beautiful in its simplicity, went forth  
Entreating for them! that this vile offence,  
So unbeseeming of our country's worth,  
Might be removed before the threatening cloud,  
Thou saw'st o'erhanging it, should burst in storm and blood.

So may thy name be reverenced—thou wert one  
Of those whose virtues link us to our kind,  
By our best sympathies; thy day is done,  
But its twilight lingers still behind,  
In thy pure memory; and we bless thee yet,  
For the example fair thou hast before us set.

## THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

Christian mother! when thy prayer  
 Trembles on the twilight air,  
 And thou askest God to keep,  
 In their waking and their sleep,  
 Those whose love is more to thee  
 Than the wealth of land or sea,  
 Think of those who wildly mourn  
 For the loved ones from them torn!

Christian daughter, sister, wife!  
 Ye who wear a guarded life—  
 Ye whose bliss hangs not, like mine,  
 On a tyrant's word or sign,  
 Will ye hear, with careless eye,  
 Of the wild despairing cry  
 Rising up from human hearts,  
 As their latest bliss departs!

Blest ones! whom no hand on earth  
 Dares to wrench from home and hearth,  
 Ye whose hearts are sheltered well,  
 By affection's holy spell,  
 Oh, forget not those for whom  
 Life is naught but changeless gloom;  
 O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,  
 Hope may paint no brighter morrow.

THE DEVOTED.<sup>1</sup>

Stern faces were around them bent, and eyes of vengeful ire,  
 And fearful were the words they spake of torture, stake, and fire:  
 Yet calmly in the midst she stood, with eye undimm'd and clear,  
 And though her lip and cheek were white, she wore no sign of fear.

"Where is thy traitor-spouse?" they said. A half-formed smile of scorn,  
 That curl'd upon her haughty lip, was back for answer borne.  
 "Where is thy traitor-spouse?" again, in fiercer notes, they said,  
 And sternly pointed to the rack, all rusted o'er with red!

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<sup>1</sup> It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had *hidden him*. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that nought but confessing *where* she had hidden him could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety, on that condition." "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free ; but in a crimson flood,  
O'er pallid lip and cheek and brow, rush'd up the burning blood ;  
She spake, but proudly rose her tones, as when in hall or bower  
The haughtiest chief that round her stood had meekly owned their  
power :

" My noble lord is placed within a safe and sure retreat"—  
" Now tell us where, thou lady bright, as thou wouldest mercy meet,  
Nor deem thy life can purchase his ; he cannot 'scape our wrath,  
For many a warrior's watchful eye is placed o'er every path.

" But thou may'st win his broad estates to grace thine infant heir,  
" And life and honor to thyself, so thou his haunts declare."  
She laid her hand upon her heart ; her eye flash'd proud and clear,  
And firmer grew her haughty tread—" My lord is hidden here !

" And if ye seek to view his form, ye first must tear away,  
From round his secret dwelling-place, these walls of living clay !"  
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance, they silent turn'd aside,  
And left her all unharmed amidst her loveliness and pride !

#### THE SLAVE-MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

May God have mercy on thee, son, for man's stern heart hath none !  
My gentle boy, my beautiful, my loved and only one !  
I would the bitter tears, that steep thy young and grief-doomed head,  
Were springing from a broken heart, that mourn'd thee with the dead.

And yet how often have I watch'd above thine infant sleep,  
With love whose gushing tenderness strove vainly not to weep.  
When, starting through my timid heart, the thought that thou couldst  
die  
Shot, even amidst a mother's bliss, a pang of agony.

My boy ! my boy ! Oh cling not thus around me in thy grief !  
Thy mother's arm, thy mother's love can yield thee no relief ;  
The tiger's bloody jaw hath not a gripe more fierce and fell  
Than that which tears thee from my arms—thou who wert loved so  
well !

How may I live bereft of thee ? Thy smile was all that flung  
A ray of gladness 'midst the gloom, forever round me hung :  
How may a mother's heart endure to think upon thy fate,  
Thou doom'd to misery and chains !—so young and desolate !

Farewell ! farewell !—They tear thee hence !—and yet my heart beats  
on :  
How can it bear the weight of life when thou art from me gone ?  
Mine own ! mine own ! Yet cruel hands have bartered thee for gold,  
And torn thee, with a ruthless grasp, forever from my hold !

THE PARTING.<sup>1</sup>.

It has been well and beautifully said that there is no medicine for a wounded heart, like the sweet influences of Nature. The broad, still, beautiful expansion of a summer landscape—the stealing in of the sunlight by glimpses among the trees—the unexpected meeting with a favorite blossom, half hidden among the luxuriant verdure—the sudden starting of a wild bird, almost from beneath your feet—the play of light and shade upon the surface of the gliding brook, and the ceaseless, glad, musical ripple of its waters—the gushing melody poured from a thousand throats, or the rapid and solitary warble, breaking out suddenly on the stillness, and withdrawn again almost as soon as heard—the soft, hymn-like murmur of the honey-bees—and above all, the majesty of the blue, clear, bending sky!—from all these steals forth a spirit of calm enjoyment, that mingles silently with the darker thoughts of the heart, and removes their bitterness.

“If thou art worn and hard beset,  
With sorrows that thou wouldest forget—  
If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep  
The heart from fainting, and the soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

Yet there are moods of the soul that even the ministering tenderness of Nature cannot brighten. There are sorrows which she cannot soothe, and, too often, alas! darker passions, which all her sweet and balmy influences cannot hush into tranquillity. When the human heart is foul with avarice, and the unblest impulses of tyranny, the eloquence of her meek beauty is breathed in vain. The most sublime and lovely scenes of nature have been made the theatre of wrong and violence; and the stony heart of the oppressor, though surrounded by the broad evidences of omnipotent love, has persisted, unrelenting, in the selfishness of its own device.

There was all the gloriousness of summer beauty round the little bay, in whose sleeping waters rested a small vessel, almost freighted for her departure. A few human beings, only, were to be added to her cargo, and as her spiry masts caught the first

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<sup>1</sup> Heart-rending as this “Parting” is, the author assures us in a note that it is but a description of what, to her own knowledge, had actually occurred.

rays of the beaming sunlight, the frequent hoarse and brief command, and the ready response of the seamen, told that they were about to weigh anchor and depart. Among those who approached the shore, was a household group, a mother and her babes, the price of whose limbs lay heaped in the coffers of one who called himself a Christian, and who were now about to be torn from the husband and the father forever. It was a Christian land; and, perchance, if the bustle of the departing vessel had not drowned its murmur, the voice of praise and prayer to the merciful and just God might have been dimly heard floating off upon the still waters. But there was no one to save those unhappy beings from the grasp of unrighteous tyranny. The husband had been upon the beach since daybreak, pacing the sands with a troubled step, or lying in moody anguish by the water's edge, covering his face from the breaking in of the glorious sunlight, and pleading at times with the omnipotent God, whom, slave as he was, he had learned to worship, for strength to subdue the passionate grief and indignation of his heart, and for humility patiently to endure his many wrongs.

A little fond arm was twined about his neck, and the soft lip of a young child was breathing loving, but half sorrowful kisses all over his burning forehead.

"Father! dear father! we are going! will you not come with us? look where my mother, and my sisters and brothers are waiting for you."

With a shuddering and convulsive groan the unhappy man arose, and lifted the frightened child to his bosom.

"Will you not go with us, father?" repeated the boy: but the slave made him no answer, except by straining him to his bosom with a short bitter laugh, and imprinting one of his sobbing kisses upon his cheek. With a convulsive effort for the mastery, he subdued the workings of his features, and with a seemingly calm voice and countenance, approached his children. One by one he folded them in his arms, and, breathing over them a prayer and a blessing, gave them up forever. Then once more he strove to nerve his heart for its severest trial.—There was one more parting—one more sad embrace to be given and returned.—There stood the mother of his children—his own fond and gentle wife, who had been for so many years his heart's dearest blessing; and who, ere one short hour had passed, was to be to him as if the sea had swallowed her up in its waves, or the dark gloomy earth had hidden her beneath its bosom! A thousand recollections and agonizing feel-

ings came rushing at once upon his heart, and he stood gazing on her, seemingly bewildered and stupefied, motionless as a statue, and with features to which the very intensity of his passion gave the immobility of marble ; till, suddenly flinging up his arms with a wild cry, he dropped at once senseless to the earth, with the blood gushing in torrents from his mouth and nostrils. And the miserable wife, amid the shrieks of her despair, was hurried on board the vessel, and borne away from him, over the calm, sleeping, and beautiful sea, forever.

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SAMUEL J. SMITH, 1771—1835.

This excellent man and true poet was one of the Smiths of Burlington, New Jersey, and was the grandson of the historian of that State. He passed a life of singular seclusion on his paternal estate near the city of Burlington, in the practice of all the virtues that purify and ennable the character. Affluent, unambitious, fond of general reading and of the pursuits of a country life, and shrinking from intercourse with strangers, he devoted himself to the duties of his private station; was the counsellor and benefactor of the poor around him; and to the few friends who enjoyed his intimacy, one of the most charming of companions. His verses were the careless effusions of a man of genius, indifferent to fame; a shrewd observer of life and manners, of keen satiric wit, of tender sensibility, of earnest and humble piety. A volume of his poetry was published after his death, which occurred in 1835. It is of various and unequal merit, and has never been widely circulated. From this volume the following pieces are selected. We know of no Scripture paraphrase that surpasses the stanzas on the 8th chapter of Matthew. Their chaste and classical beauties, their pure morality and religious feeling, claim for them a place in every collection of American poetry.

OH, HOW GREAT IS THY GOODNESS.

PSALM XXXI. 19.

When I look round, and see the love, the care,  
Of boundless goodness fill the smiling land,  
*Existence* spread through ocean, earth, and air,  
And beauty lavished with exhaustless hand,

Can I pass on, "with brute unconscious gaze,"  
Nor with one faltering accent whisper praise?

From those bright orbs, which, through the realms of space,  
Pursue majestic their unvarying way,  
Down through creation, far as we may trace  
Of powers almighty the sublime display;  
All that I see and feel combine to prove  
That power is governed by unbounded love.

What vivid hues the floral tribes adorn!  
What fragrance floats upon the gales of even!  
What floods of radiance gild the unfolding morn!  
And dazzling splendor gems the midnight heaven!  
What glorious scenes on every hand impart  
A glow of transport to the untainted heart!

How sweet, though transient, man! thy terriance here!  
If peace around thee spread her cheering rays,  
If conscience whispers in thy trembling ear  
No tale unpleasing of departed days,  
Then smile exulting at the lapse of time  
Which wafts thee gently to a happier clime.

Saw'st thou the worm his humble path pursue,  
To varied dangers, doubts and fears, a prey?  
Joy in his cup some sweet ingredients threw,  
Yet darkness snatched him from the treat away;  
The poor chrysalis, in his lonely grave,  
Seemed sinking hopeless in oblivion's wave.

But lo! what magic bursts the dreary tomb!  
What voice angelic bids the sleeper rise!  
He wakes, arrayed in beauty's living bloom,  
His new-born plumage tinged with rainbow dyes;  
In air gay floating, while the sunbeam flings  
A blaze of splendor o'er his glossy wings.

Thy emblem this! for death must quickly hide  
This fair creation from thy raptured eye;  
Thy fragile form, to the poor worm allied,  
Cold and unconscious in the grave must lie;  
But can the shackles of the tomb control  
This active spirit, this aspiring soul?

No! there are worlds in bloom immortal drest,  
Where love divine in full effulgence glows,  
Where, safely centered in eternal rest,  
Departed spirits of the good repose;  
With powers enlarged their Maker's works explore,  
And find, through endless years, new cause to wonder and adore.

**"PEACE—BE STILL."<sup>1</sup>**

When on his mission from his home in heaven,  
 In the frail bark the Saviour deigned to sleep ;  
 The tempest rose—with headlong fury driven,  
 The wave-tossed vessel whirled along the deep :  
 Wild shrieked the storm amid the parting shrouds,  
 And the vex'd billows dashed the darkening clouds.

Ah ! then, how futile human skill and power—  
 "Save us ! we perish in the o'erwhelming wave,"  
 They cried, and found, in that tremendous hour,  
 "An eye to pity, and a hand to save."  
 He spoke, and lo ! obedient to his will,  
 The raging waters and the winds were still.

And thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea !  
 Where dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,  
 To Him for refuge from the tempest flee—  
 To Him, confiding, trust the sinking soul :  
 For oh ! He came to calm the tempest toss'd,  
 To seek the wandering and to save the lost.

For thee, and such as thee, impelled by love,  
 He left the mansions of the blest on high ;  
 Mid sin, and pain, and grief, and fear, to move—  
 With lingering anguish and with shame, to die.  
 The debt to justice, boundless mercy paid,  
 For hopeless guilt complete atonement made.

Oh ! in return for such surpassing grace,  
 Poor, blind, and naked, what canst thou impart ?  
 Canst thou no offering on His altar place ?  
 Yes, lowly mourner ! give him all thy heart :  
 That simple offering he will not disown—  
 That living incense may approach his throne.

He asks not herds, and flocks, and seas of oil—  
 No vain oblations please the all-knowing Mind ;  
 But the poor, weary, sin-sick, spent with toil,  
 Who humbly seek it shall deliverance find :  
 Like her, the sufferer, who in secret stole  
 To touch his garment, and at once was whole.

Oh, for a voice of thunder ! which might wake  
 The slumbering sinner, ere he sink in death ;  
 Oh, for a tempest, into dust to shake  
 His sand-built dwelling, while he yet has breath !

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<sup>1</sup> Lines occasioned by reading Matt. viii. 24—26.

A viewless hand, to picture on the wall  
His fearful sentence, ere the curtain fall.

Child of the dust! from torpid ruin rise—  
Be earth's delusions from thy bosom hurled;  
And strive to measure with enlightened eyes  
The dread importance of the eternal world.  
The shades of night are gathering round thee fast—  
Arise to labor ere thy day be past!

In darkness tottering on the slippery verge  
Of frail existence, soon to be no more;  
Death's rude, tempestuous, ever-nearing surge  
Shall quickly dash thee from the sinking shore.  
But ah! the secrets of the following day  
What tongue shall utter, or what eye survey!

Oh! think in time, then, what the meek inherit—  
What the peace-maker's, what the mourner's part;  
The allotted portion of the poor in spirit—  
The promised vision of the pure in heart.  
For yet in Gilead there is balm to spare,  
And prompt to succor a Physician there.

#### A MORNING HYMN.

Arise, my soul! with rapture rise,  
And, filled with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power!  
Nor idly pass, nor fruitless be;  
But may each swiftly flying hour  
Advance my soul more nigh to Thee.

But can it be that Power divine,  
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,  
While countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise,

Will deign to lend a favoring ear  
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?  
Yes, boundless Goodness! he will hear,  
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

Then let me serve thee all my days,  
And may my zeal with years increase;  
For pleasant, Lord! are all thy ways,  
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

## JAMES MADISON, 1751-1836.

JAMES MADISON, the fourth President of the United States, was born in Orange County, Virginia, on the 5th of March (O. S.), 1751. After the usual preparatory studies, he entered Princeton College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. While at college, he studied so intensely as to impair his health, which it took some years to recover after his return home, during which he devoted a portion of his time to reading law and to miscellaneous literature. In 1776, he was elected a member of the General Assembly of his native State. The next year, he was appointed by the Assembly a member of the Council of State, which place he held till 1779, when he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, of which he continued a member till 1784. In 1787, he was elected a member of Congress, and in the same year a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia, which formed the present Constitution of the United States. Of the debates of this remarkable body, he is the only one that preserved the records, which were published after his death, and are among the most valuable materials of our country's history.<sup>1</sup> In the interval between the close of the Convention and the meeting of the State Conventions to sanction the Federal Constitution, Mr. Madison, in conjunction with Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, wrote a series of articles in the public prints, in favor of the Constitution, which were afterwards collected in a volume, entitled "The Federalist,"<sup>2</sup> and which, for half a century, was a textbook in our best colleges. On the adoption of the Constitution, he was elected a representative to Congress, and continued a member till 1797, the end of Washington's administration.

On the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency in 1801, Mr. Madison was appointed Secretary of State, which office he held during the eight years of Mr. Jefferson's administration; and in 1809, he succeeded his friend and coadjutor as President of the United States.

<sup>1</sup> Many of the views advocated by Mr. Madison in the Convention for framing the Constitution will ever be an honor to his character. He thought the clause allowing the "importation of such persons as any State might think proper," till 1808, "dishonorable to the American character." And again: "Mr. Madison thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea that there could be property in men."

<sup>2</sup> Of the eighty-five numbers of this work, Hamilton wrote Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 21 to 36 inclusive, 59, 60, 61, and 65 to 85 inclusive, thus writing the first and last number; Madison wrote Nos. 10, 14, 18, 19, 20, 37 to 58 inclusive, and 62 and 63; and Jay, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 64.

After having filled the office for two terms, he retired to his seat, Montpelier, where he passed his remaining years, chiefly as a private citizen, declining political office, except that he acted as visitor and rector of the University of Virginia, and as a member of the State Convention to amend the Constitution of Virginia. He died on the 20th of June, 1836, distinguished for his talents and acquirements, for the important offices which he filled, and for his virtues in private life.

#### OUR COUNTRY'S RESPONSIBILITIES TO THE WORLD.

Let it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the Author of those rights on the means exerted for their defence, they have prevailed over all opposition. \* \* \* No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected hereafter to occur, in which the unadulterated forms of republican government can pretend to so fair an opportunity of justifying themselves by their fruits. In this view, the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude, and all the other qualities which enoble the character of a nation, and fulfil the ends of government, be the traits of our establishments, the cause of Liberty will acquire a dignity and lustre which it has never yet enjoyed; and an example will be set which cannot but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind. If, on the other side, our governments should be unfortunately blotted with the reverse of those cardinal and essential virtues, the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate will be dishonored and betrayed; the best and safest experiment in favor of the rights of human nature will be turned against them; and their patrons and advocates exposed to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of ~~power and usurpation.~~

#### AN APPEAL FOR THE UNION.

Whom or whom, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in a language that the good sense which has so often marked our country will allow them their due weight and effect; and who or whom will suffer difficulties, however formidable in themselves, to deprive fashionable the error on which they

may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys; the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered; had no government been established, of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided counsels; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel



## LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,  
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,  
Reflect each bending tree so light  
Upon thy bounding bosom bright—  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

The little isles that deck thy breast,  
And calmly on thy bosom rest,  
How often in my childish glee  
I've sported round them bright and free !  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

How oft I've watched the fresh'ning shower  
Bending the summer tree and flower,  
And felt my little heart beat high  
As the bright rainbow graced the sky !  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

And shall I never see thee more,  
My native lake, my much-loved shore ?  
And must I bid a long adieu,  
My dear, my infant home, to you ?  
Shall I not see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain ?

In 1834, she was again seized by illness—a liver complaint, which by sympathy affected her lungs, and confined her to her room for four months. On her recovery, her genius, which had seemed to lie dormant in sickness, broke forth with a brilliancy that astonished her friends ; and she poured out, in rapid succession, some of her best pieces. But her health was evidently declining. The death of a beloved brother, in 1835, affected her deeply ; and with short and transient gleams of health amid dark and dismal prospects, this amiable and gifted child slept, as she herself trusted, in the arms of her Redeemer, on the 25th of November, 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months.<sup>1</sup>

In 1833, while on a visit to New York, she expressed, in the following beautiful lines, her

<sup>1</sup> Read an article in the "London Quarterly Review," by the poet Southey, vol. lxix. p. 91.



## YEARNINGS FOR HOME.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,  
To my own native plants and my flow'rets so fair!  
To the cool grassy shade, and the rivulet bright  
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light,  
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,  
Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or fear.  
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,  
For a peep at my *home* on this pure summer-day.  
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,  
But the love of my home, oh 'tis tenderer yet!  
There a sister reposes, unconscious, in death—  
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded her breath;  
A father I love is away from me now—  
Oh could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,  
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,  
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!  
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call;  
But my own darling *Home*, it is dearer than all.

## TO HER SISTER.

Oh thou, so early lost, so long deplored!  
Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!  
And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,  
Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear.

For thee I pour this unaffected lay;  
To thee these simple numbers all belong:  
For, though thine earthly form has passed away,  
Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take, then, this feeble tribute—'tis thine own—  
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,  
Arouse to harmony each buried tone,  
And bid its wakened music sleep no more!

Long has thy voice been silent; and thy lyre  
Hung o'er thy grave, in death's unbroken rest;  
But, when its last sweet tones were borne away,  
The answering echo lingered in my breast.

O thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,  
Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,  
Painted where from thy fount of song divine,  
By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee!

TO HER MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, mother! would the power were mine  
To wake the strain thou lovest to hear,  
And breathe each trembling new-born thought  
Within thy fondly listening ear,  
As when, in days of health and glee,  
My hopes and fancies wandered free.

But, mother! now a shade hath passed  
Athwart my brightest visions here;  
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapped  
The remnant of my brief career:  
No song, no echo can I win;  
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,  
And fancy spreads her wings no more;  
And oh, how vain and trivial seem  
The pleasures that I prized before;  
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,  
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;  
Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,  
The pathway to eternal life!  
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,  
I'll sing thee as in "days of yore."

I said that Hope had passed from earth—  
'Twas but to fold her wings in heaven,  
To whisper of the soul's new birth,  
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven:  
When mine are washed in tears away,  
Then shall my spirit swell the lay.

When God shall guide my soul above  
By the soft chords of heavenly love—  
When the vain cares of earth depart,  
And tuneful voices swell my heart,  
Then shall each word, each note I raise,  
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise:  
And all not offered at his shrine,  
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

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<sup>1</sup> This was the last poem she ever wrote.

## TIMOTHY FLINT, 1780-1840.

THIS early historian and scene-painter of our Western country was born in Reading, Massachusetts, in 1780, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1800. After devoting two years to the study of theology, he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Lunenburg, Massachusetts, where he continued till 1814. His health having by this time become impaired by too sedentary pursuits, he deemed it best to seek a milder climate, and in 1815 became a missionary in the Valley of the Mississippi. After passing a winter at Cincinnati, he journeyed through portions of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and then took up his abode at St. Charles, Missouri, where he remained nearly three years. In 1822, he removed to New Orleans, and the year after, he went to Alexandria, on the Red River, where he took charge of a literary institution. Here he began to write his "Recollections of Ten Years passed in the Valley of the Mississippi," which was published in Boston in 1826; and which at that time was the most important contribution to American geography that had been made. In the following year, he published a novel, entitled "Francis Berrian; or the Mexican Patriot," a story of romantic adventure with the Camanches, connected with the Mexican struggle for independence. This was followed, in 1828, by "Arthur Clenning"—a very hazardous attempt to write one more Robinson Crusoe. "George Mason, the Young Backwoodsman," followed, but without increasing the author's reputation. The last of his novels was "The Shoshonee Valley," published in Cincinnati in 1830, the scene of which was laid among the Indians of Oregon.

In 1832, Mr. Flint published, in Boston, "Lectures upon Natural History, Geology, Chemistry, the Application of Steam, and Interesting Discoveries in the Arts." In 1834, he removed to Cincinnati, and became the editor of the "Western Monthly Magazine," which he conducted with much ability; writing more or less for every number, for three years. He then removed to Louisiana, being in quite feeble health, and hoping to be benefited by that climate. But he was disappointed, and in May, 1840, he resolved to return to his own New England, to see what his native air would do for him. But all was of no avail, and he expired at Reading, Massachusetts, August 18th, 1840.

Mr. Flint will always be known as one of the earliest geographers of our country, whose works, from their clear and beautiful descrip-

tions of scenery, and from their pictures of our western wilds and prairies before trodden by the feet of civilization, will always maintain a position in our early literature, and be read with interest.

#### INDIAN MOUNDS.

At first the eye mistakes these mounds for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breast-works and ditches, it discovers, at once, that they are the labors of art and of men. When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses; when you dig about them, and bring to light domestic utensils, and are compelled to believe that the busy tide of life once flowed here; when you see, at once, that these races were of a very different character from the present generation, you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any, the faintest records, can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age. Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagination and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us that they did to those generations that have passed away.

These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time. From the ages of the trees on them, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend further into the depths of time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, a hundred. Though diverse in position and form, they all have an uniform character. They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and are generally near beaches, which indicate the former courses of the rivers, in the finest situations for present culture; and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions where the most dense future population will be.

FASHION AND RUIN *versus* INDUSTRY AND INDEPENDENCE.

We have not the elements on which to base the calculation ; but we may assume that there are in the United States a hundred thousand young ladies, at least, brought up to do nothing except dress and pursue amusement. Another hundred thousand learn music, dancing, and what are called the fashionable accomplishments. It has been said that "revolutions never move backwards." It is equally true of emulation of the fashion. The few opulent, who can afford to be good for nothing, precede. Another class presses as closely as they can upon their steps; and the contagious mischief spreads downward, till the fond father, who lays everything under contribution to furnish the means for purchasing a piano and hiring a music master for his daughters, instead of being served, when he comes in from the plough, by the ruined favorites for whom he has sacrificed so much, finds that a servant must be hired for the young ladies.

Here is not the end of the mischief. Every one knows that mothers and daughters give the tone and laws—more unalterable than those of the Medes and Persians—to society. Here is the root of the matter, the spring of bitter waters. Here is the origin of the complaint of hard times, bankruptcies, greediness, avarice, and the horse-leech cry "Give, give!" Here is the reason why every man lives up to his income, and so many beyond it. Here is the reason why the young trader, starting on credit, and calling himself a merchant, hires and furnishes such a house as if he really was one, fails, and gives to his creditors a beggarly account of empty boxes and misapplied sales. He has married a wife whose vanity and extravagance are fathomless, and his ruin is explained. Hence the general and prevalent evil of the present times, extravagance—conscious shame of the thought of being industrious and useful. Hence the concealment of these, their good deeds, with as much care as if they were crimes, by so many thousand young ladies, who have not yet been touched by the extreme of modern degeneracy, and who still occasionally apply their hands to domestic employment. Every body is ashamed not to be expensive and fashionable ; and every one seems equally ashamed of honest industry.

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot conceive that mere idlers, male or female, can have respect enough for themselves to be comfortable. I have no

conception of a beautiful woman, or a fine man, in whose eye, in whose port, in whose whole expression, this sentiment does not stand embodied: "I am called by my Creator to duties; I have employment on the earth; my sterner, but more enduring pleasures are in discharging my duties."

Compare the sedate expression of this sentiment in the countenance of man or woman, when it is known to stand, as the index of character and the fact, with the superficial gaudiness of a simple, good-for-nothing belle, who despairs usefulness and employment, whose empire is a ball-room, and whose subjects dandies, as silly and as useless as herself. Who, of the two, has most attractions for a man of sense? The one a helpmate, a fortune in herself, who can aid to procure one, if the husband has it not; who can soothe him under the loss of it, and, what is more, aid him to regain it; and the other a painted butterfly, for ornament only during the vernal and sunny months of prosperity, and then not becoming a chrysalis, an inert moth in adversity, but a croaking, repining, ill-tempered termagant, who can only recur to the days of her short-lived triumph, to embitter the misery, and poverty, and hopelessness of a husband, who, like herself, knows not to dig, and is ashamed to beg.

We are obliged to avail ourselves of severe language in application to a deep-rooted malady. We want words of power. We need energetic and stern applications. No country ever verged more rapidly towards extravagance and expense. In a young republic, like ours, it is ominous of anything but good. Men of thought, and virtue, and example, are called upon to look to this evil. Ye patrician families, that croak, and complain, and forebode the downfall of the republic, here is the origin of your evils. Instead of training your son to waste his time, as an idle young gentleman at large; instead of inculcating on your daughter, that the incessant tinkling of a harpsichord, or a scornful and lady-like toss of the head, or dexterity in waltzing, are the chief requisites to make her way in life; if you can find no better employment for them, teach him the use of the grubbing hoe, and her to make up garments for your servants. Train your son and daughter to an employment, to frugality, to hold the high front, and to walk the fearless step of independence. When your children have these possessions, you may go down to the grave in peace, as regards their temporal fortunes.

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## THE SHORES OF THE OHIO.

It was now the middle of November. The weather up to this time had been, with the exception of a couple of days of fog and rain, delightful. The sky has a milder and lighter azure than that of the Northern States. The wide, clean sand-bars stretching for miles together, and now and then a flock of wild geese, swans, or sand-hill cranes, and pelicans, stalking along on them; the infinite varieties of form of the towering bluffs; the new tribes of shrubs and plants on the shores; the exuberant fertility of the soil, evidencing itself in the natural as well as cultivated vegetation; in the height and size of the corn, of itself alone a matter of astonishment to an inhabitant of the Northern States; in the thrifty aspect of the young orchards, literally bending under their fruit; the surprising size and rankness of the weeds, and, in the inclosures where cultivation had been for a while suspended, the matted abundance of every kind of vegetation that ensued—all these circumstances united to give a novelty and freshness to the scenery. The bottom forests everywhere display the huge sycamore, the king of the western forest, in all places an interesting tree, but particularly so here, and in autumn, when you see its white and long branches among its red and yellow fading leaves. You may add, that in all the trees that have been stripped of their leaves, you see them crowned with verdant tufts of the viscum or mistletoe, with its beautiful white berries, and their trunks entwined with grape-vines, some of them in size not much short of the human body. To add to this union of pleasant circumstances, there is a delightful temperature of the air, more easily felt than described. In New England, when the sky was partially covered with fleecy clouds, and the wind blew very gently from the southwest, I have sometimes had the same sensations from the temperature there. A slight degree of languor ensues; and the irritability that is caused by the rougher and more bracing air of the north, and which is more favorable to physical strength and activity than enjoyment, gives place to a tranquillity highly propitious to meditation. There is something, too, in the gentle and almost imperceptible motion, as you sit on the deck of the boat, and see the trees apparently moving by you, and new groups of scenery still opening upon your eye, together with the view of these ancient and magnificent forests, which

the axe has not yet despoiled, the broad and beautiful river, the earth and the sky, which render such a trip at this season the very element of poetry.

#### CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN.

An Indian seldom jests. He usually speaks low, and under his breath. Loquacity is with him an indication of being a trifling character, and of deeds inversely less as his words are more. The young men, and even the boys, have a sullen, moody, and unjoyous countenance; and seem to have little of that elastic gayety with which the benevolence of Providence has endowed the first days of the existence of most other beings. In this general remark, we ought not, perhaps, to include the squaw, who shows some analogy of feeling to the white female.

The males evidently have not the quick sensibilities, the acute perceptions, of most other races. They do not easily sympathize with what is enjoyment or suffering about them. Nothing but an overwhelming excitement can arouse them. They seem callous to all the passions, but rage. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. True, it is partially their pride that induces them to affect this indifference—for, that it is affected, we have had numberless opportunities to discover. It is, with them, not only pride, but calculation; to hold in seeming contempt things which they are aware they cannot obtain and possess. But they seem to be born with an instinctive determination to be independent, if possible, of nature and society, and to concentrate within themselves an existence, which, at any moment, they seem willing to lay down.

Their impassible fortitude and endurance of suffering, their contempt of pain and death, invest their character with a kind of moral grandeur. Some part of this may be the result of their training, discipline, and exercise of self-control; but it is to be doubted whether some part be not the result of a more than ordinary degree of physical insensibility. It has been said, but with how much truth we do not pretend to say, that, in undergoing amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, or show the same tendency to spasms, with those of the whites. When the savage—to explain his insensibility to cold—called upon the white man to recollect how little his own *face* was affected by it, in consequence of its constant exposure, the savage added, "*My body is all face.*"

As regards their vanity, we have not often had the fortune to contemplate a young squaw at her toilet; but, from the studied arrangement of her calico jacket; from the glaring circles of vermillion on her plump and circular face; from the artificial manner in which her hair, of intense black, is clubbed in a coil of the thickness of a man's wrist; from the long time it takes her to complete these arrangements, from the manner in which she minces and ambles, and plays off her prettiest airs, after she has put on all her charms, we should clearly infer that dress and personal ornament occupy the same portion of her thoughts that they do of the fashionable woman of civilized society. In regions contiguous to the whites, the squaws have generally a calico shirt of the finest colors.

A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough-going beau in the world. Bond Street and Broadway furnish no subjects that will undergo as much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress. We are confident that we have observed such a character, constantly occupied with his paints and his pocket-glass, three full hours, laying on his colors, and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is in his eye. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears, and often in their noses; and nothing is more common than to see a thin, circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from the nose, a little below the upper lip.

Nothing shows more clearly the influence of fashion: this ornament, so painfully inconvenient, as it evidently is to them, and so horribly ugly and disfiguring, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Painted porcupine-quills are twisted in their hair. Tails of animals hang from their hair behind. A necklace of bear's or alligator's teeth, or of claws of the bald eagle, hangs loosely down, with an interior and smaller circle of large red beads; or, in default of them, a rosary of red hawthorns surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated, cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that emit a simultaneous tinkle as the person walks. If to all this he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt of the gaudiest colors that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers an uniform and full sound, and apparently

considers his appearance with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau; but every reader competent to judge will admit its fidelity, as far as it goes, to the description of a young Indian warrior, when prepared to take part in a public dance.

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JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, 1789—1841.

THE Hillhouse family held a high social position in Derry, Ireland. One of the members emigrated to America, and settled in Connecticut in 1720. The grandfather of our poet, Hon. William Hillhouse, was engaged for more than fifty years in the public service, as a representative, a member of the council, and an efficient officer in other places of trust and dignity. The father of the poet, Hon. James Hillhouse, who died in 1833, filled various offices in his native State, and was for many years a leading member of Congress.

The subject of the present sketch was born in New Haven, on the 26th of September, 1789. At the age of fifteen, he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1808, with a high reputation for scholarship. At the Commencement of 1812, he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society a descriptive poem, entitled "The Judgment," which gained him high reputation. It is in the form of a "vision," and is designed to represent the fearful events of the great day of final retribution. In our opinion, all such attempts must be as signal failures, as Martin's to "illustrate" the sublime conceptions of Milton. The moment you describe or localize, the boundless play of the imagination is gone.

In 1819, he visited Europe upon business engagements, and while in London revised what had long been written and published, "Percy's Masque, a Drama in Five Acts," which was republished in this country in 1820. It is founded upon the ballad of "The Hermit of Wash-worth," by Bishop Percy. In 1822, Mr. Hillhouse married Cornelia Lawrence, daughter of Isaac Lawrence, Esq., of New York, and soon after returned to New Haven, where he resided at "Sachem's Wood," the name of his beautiful seat, occupied with the pursuits of a man of taste and fortune.

During the year 1824, "Hadad, a Dramatic Poem," was written, and

the next year was committed to the press. It is based upon the belief in a former intercourse between mankind and the good and evil beings of the spiritual world, and the scene is laid in Judea, in the time of King David. Hadad, a Syrian prince, is in Jerusalem, and falls in love with Tamar, the sister of Absalom; but she will give no encouragement to him, unless he shall renounce his heathenism, and conform to the Jewish worship, &c. This is generally considered the best of his productions. In 1839, he published in Boston, in two volumes, all the above-mentioned poems, with "Demetria, a Tragedy in Five Acts," founded on an Italian tale of love, jealousy, and revenge; and "Sachem's Wood," together with several orations which he had delivered on public occasions. For some time previous to this his health had been failing, and in the autumn of 1840 he left home, for the last time, to visit his friends in Boston. He returned somewhat benefited; but, on the second day of the following January, his disorder assumed an alarming form, which terminated fatally on the evening of the fourth of that month.

## SCENE FROM HADAD.

The garden of ABSALOM's house on Mount Zion, near the palace, overlooking the city.  
TAMAR sitting by a fountain. [Enter Hadad.]

*Had.* Delicious to behold the world at rest.  
Meek Labor wipes his brow, and intermits  
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;  
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and, hark!  
What merry strains they send from Olivet!  
The jar of life is still; the city speaks  
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes  
Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs  
Eye the red west, in one another's arms;  
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields  
A glimpse of happiness, which he, who formed  
Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

*Tam.* Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend  
Who gave so much, because he gave not all?

*Had.* Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed  
Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;  
Filled the whole universe of human hearts  
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

*Tam.* Our Prophet teaches so, till man rebelled.

*Had.* Mighty rebellion! Had he leagured heaven  
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,  
Strong as the enginery that rocks the world  
When all its pillars tremble; mixed the fires  
Of onset with annihilating bolts  
Defensive volleyed from the throne; this, this

Had been rebellion worthy of the name,  
Worthy of punishment. But what did man?  
Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,  
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,  
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,  
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,  
Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death  
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.

*Tam.* Ah! talk not thus.

*Had.* Is this benevolence?—  
Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;  
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.  
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,  
Forest, and mountain, glade, and bosky dell,  
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends  
Of man, a spiritual race, allied  
To him by many sympathies, who seek  
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,  
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.  
O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,  
Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all  
With mild, benevolent, and sun-like radiance;  
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,  
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,  
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars, rise;  
And shooting stellar influence through her caves;  
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

*Tam.* Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.

*Had.* These deities  
They invoke with cheerful, gentle rites,  
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines  
With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.  
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks—

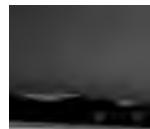
*Tam.* Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

*Had.* Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all pleasures here  
That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,  
At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems  
Her immaterial fies into the fields,  
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,  
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped,  
Till time or fate return her in its course  
To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.

*Tam.* But thou believ'st not this. •

*Had.* I almost wish  
Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,  
Thy spirit is too tender for a law  
Announced in terror, coupled with the threats  
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being.

*Tam.* (*In tears, clasping her hands.*)  
Witness, ye heavens! Eternal Father, witness!  
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend, Preserver!  
That, with my heart, my undivided soul,



I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,  
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy laws  
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.  
O Hadad, Hadad ! you misconstrue much  
The sadness that usurps me : 'tis for thee  
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,  
And my lost happiness.

*Had.* O say not so,  
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith ?  
*Tam.* Thou know'st, alas ! my weakness ; but remember,  
I never, never will be thine, although  
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,  
Though Absalom and David called me bride,  
Till sure thou own'st, with truth and love sincere,  
The Lord Jehovah.

#### HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF DAVID.

'Tis so ;—the hoary harper sings aright ;  
How beautiful is Zion !—Like a queen,  
Armed with a helm in virgin loveliness,  
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,  
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements  
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard  
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,  
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods,  
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,  
Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David.  
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,  
The embrasures of alabaster shine ;  
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound  
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.  
But not, for thou art fair and turret-crowned,  
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed  
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,  
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,  
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law  
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,  
And where the Glory hovers, here I war.

#### EVENING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,  
Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned  
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft  
To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,  
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,  
Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose

Full as the harmony of winds to heaven ;  
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies  
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,  
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds  
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,  
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,  
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,  
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,  
Come, like the echo of his early joys.  
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,  
Responsive still were golden viols heard,  
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

## HOW PATERNAL WEALTH SHOULD BE EMPLOYED.

The mischievous, and truly American notion, that, to enjoy a respectable position, every man must *traffic*, or *preach*, or *practise*, or hold an *office*, brings to beggary and infamy many who might have lived, under a juster estimate of things, usefully and happily; and cuts us off from a needful, as well as ornamental, portion of society. The necessity of laboring for sustenance is, indeed, the great safeguard of the world, the *ballast*, without which the wild passions of men would bring communities to speedy wreck. But man will not labor without a *motive*; and successful accumulation, on the part of the parent, deprives the son of this impulse. Instead, then, of vainly contending against laws as insurmountable as those of physics, and attempting to *drive* their children into lucrative industry, why do not men, who have made themselves opulent, open their eyes, at once, to the glaring fact, that the *cause*—the cause itself—which braced their own nerves to the struggle for fortune, does not *exist* for their offspring? *The father has taken from his son his motive!*—a motive confessedly important to happiness and virtue, in the present state of things. He is bound, therefore, by every consideration of prudence and humanity, neither to attempt to drag him forward without a cheering, animating principle of action—nor recklessly to abandon him to his own guidance—nor to poison him with the love of lucre for itself; but, under new circumstances, with new prospects, at a totally different starting-place from his own, to supply *other motives*—drawn from our sensibility to reputation, from our natural desire to know, from an enlarged view of our capacities and enjoyments, and a more high and liberal estimate of our relations to society. Fearful,

indeed, is the responsibility of leaving youth, without mental resources, to the temptations of splendid idleness? Men who have not considered this subject, while the objects of their affection yet surround their table, drop no seeds of generous sentiments, animate them with no discourse on the beauty of disinterestedness, the paramount value of the mind, and the dignity of that renown which is the echo of illustrious actions. Absorbed in one pursuit, their morning precept, their mid-day example, and their evening moral, too often conspire to teach a single maxim, and that in direct contradiction of the inculcation, so often and so variously repeated: "It is better to get wisdom than gold." Right views, a careful choice of agents, and the delegation, *betimes*, of strict authority, would insure the object. Only let the parent feel, and the son be early taught, that, with the command of money and leisure, to enter on manhood without having mastered every attainable accomplishment, is more disgraceful than threadbare garments, and we might have the happiness to see in the inheritors of paternal wealth, less frequently, idle, ignorant prodigals and heart-breakers, and more frequently, high-minded, highly educated young men, embellishing, if not called to public trusts, a private station.

With such a class ornamenting the circles of our chief cities, we should soon see a modification of claims. The arrogance of simple wealth would stand rebuked before the double title of those who superadded intellectual distinction. Accomplished minds, finding the air of fashionable assemblies more respirable, would more frequently venture into them. Society might be lively, various, and intelligent—an alliance of wit, learning, genius, and fortune, on terms of just appreciation. Meanwhile, the higher standard of public sentiment in relation to intellectual pursuits would thrill along the nerves of literature and the arts, to thousands, who now act in the belief that money is the true and only Kalon. With the juster recognition of mental claims, and the increasing honors paid to letters by the *few*, would follow an increase of respect in the *many*. Thence would ensue rectified perceptions as to man's true aims; a calmer and righter mind; and a less blind subserviency to our too-besetting passions.

## WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, 1810—1841.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK was born in Otisco, Onondaga County, New York, in the year 1810. His father was an intelligent farmer, and early saw the indications of that poetic talent which manifested itself in many beautiful effusions while he was yet a youth. After completing his scholastic course, when about twenty years of age, he repaired to Philadelphia, where his reputation as a poet had already preceded him, and under the auspices of his friend, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D., he commenced a weekly miscellany, similar in its design and character to the "Mirror" of New York. He soon found, however, that the profits were disproportioned to the labor, and was induced to abandon it. He then assumed, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Brantley, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical of a high character. While connected with this, he published numerous fugitive pieces of very decided merit.

After being associated a few years with the editor of the "Columbian Star," he was solicited to take charge of the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable daily papers of the city. He ultimately became its proprietor, and conducted it with great ability to the time of his death. In 1836, he was married to Anne Poyntell Caldcleugh, a lady of great personal attractions and rare accomplishments. But of a naturally delicate constitution, consumption soon marked her for his prey, and after a period of protracted suffering she was taken away in the very prime of her youth and happiness. The blow fell with a crushing weight upon her husband, and from this time his health gradually declined. He continued, however, to write for his paper until the last day of his life, the 12th of June, 1841.

"Mr. Clark's distinguishing traits are tenderness, pathos, and melody. In style and sentiment he is wholly original; but, if he resemble any writer, it is Mr. Bryant. The same lofty tone of sentiment, the same touches of melting pathos, the same refined sympathies with the beauties and harmonies of nature, and the same melody of style, characterize, in an almost equal degree, these delightful poets. The ordinary tone of Mr. Clark's poetry is gentle, solemn, and tender. His effusions flow in melody from a heart full of the sweetest affections, and upon their surface is mirrored all that is gentle and beautiful in nature, rendered more beautiful by the light of a lofty and religious imagination. He is one of the few writers who have succeeded in making the *poetry of religion* attractive. Young is sad, and

austere, Cowper is at times constrained, and Wordsworth is much too dreamy for the mass; but with Clark religion is unaffectedly blended with the simplest and sweetest affections of the heart. His poetry glitters with the dew, not of Castalia, but of heaven. No man, however cold, can resist the winning and natural sweetness and melody of the tone of piety that pervades his poems."<sup>11</sup>

## A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are swelling,  
 There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;  
 A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,  
     As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;  
 The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken,  
     The verdure is fresh upon every tree;  
 Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token  
     Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,  
     And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;  
 He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning  
     To rest on the promise and hope of the year.  
 He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,  
     He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;  
 He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,  
     And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—  
     He timidly sails in the infinite sky;  
 A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,  
     He pours, on the west-wind's fragrant sigh:  
 Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,  
     The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;  
 The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,  
     And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!  
     The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;  
 The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,  
     The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!  
 When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,  
     They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,  
 That I call up the throngs of my long vanished hours,  
     And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,  
     There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;  
 To my veil'd mind no more is the influence given,  
     Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:

The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—  
 I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave :  
 But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,  
 Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.  
 Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,  
 'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow ;  
 But the *newness* and sweetness of Being are ended,  
 I feel not their love-kindling witchery now ;  
 The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping ;  
 There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day ;  
 The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,  
 And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.  
 It is shut to the glow of this present existence,  
 It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain ;  
 And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance  
 Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again ;  
 Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall nourish,  
 Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting ;  
 Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,  
 Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.  
 It is thus that the hopes which to others are given  
 Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May ;  
 I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven,  
 I drink the bland airs that enliven the day ;  
 And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,  
 Delights not my bosom, ah ! do not condemn ;  
 O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,  
 For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

## THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

"Weep not for the Youthful Dead,  
 Sleeping in their lowly bed ;  
 They are happier than we,  
 Howsoever blest we be!"

## I.

Can the sigh be poured for the Early Dead,  
 On their pillows of dust reposing ?  
 Should the tear of Pain, in that hour be shed,  
 When the earth o'er their slumber is closing ?  
 Should the winds of heaven in Evening's hour  
 Bear the sighs of the laden bosom ;  
 When the Young are borne from Affliction's power  
 Like the Spring's unsullied blossom ?  
 Ere the blight of crime on the spirit came—  
 Ere passion awakened its inward flame ;  
 While the heart was pure, while the brow was fair,  
 Ere the records of Evil had gathered there ?

## II.

They have passed from the shadows that haunt us round,  
 From the clouds that enthrall existence,  
 When we look at Youth in the backward ground,  
 And at Death in the forward distance!  
 No more will the sombre pall of Fate  
 Like a mantle around them gather;  
 They have gone, ere Affection grew desolate,  
 Or Hope's garland began to wither:  
 And they sleep like stars in the upper air,  
 When the skies of evening are deep and fair;  
 There's a halo of peace where their ashes lie,  
 As the ambient night-winds are hurrying by.

## III.

They are blest in death!—for no bitter care  
 Will the fevered brow be flushing:  
 They departed while Being was bright and fair,  
 While the Fountains of Feeling were gushing;  
 Then let them sleep "in their lowly bed;"  
 Let Hope be amidst our sorrow;  
 There is peace in the Night of the Early Dead—  
 It will yield to a glorious morrow!  
 They will rise like buds from the glebe of spring,  
 When the young birds play on the changeful wing;  
 They faded ere sin could beguile the breast;  
 They will wake in the regions of Endless Rest!

## DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Young mother, he is gone!  
 His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;  
 No more the music-tone  
 Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd;  
 His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee:  
 Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,  
 And he had pass'd in beauty from the day,  
 A bud, not yet a flower,  
 Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;  
 The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,  
 As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again  
 Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,  
 Like some Æolian strain,  
 Breathing at eventide serene and clear;  
 His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes  
 The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,  
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,  
A gladness must depart,  
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim ;  
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,  
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day  
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,  
And hope forbids one ray  
To stream athwart the grief-discolor'd sky,  
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom  
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

"Tis from the better land !  
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,  
Thy loved one's wings expand ;  
As with the choiring cherubim he sings,  
And all the glory of that God can see,  
Who said, on earth, to children, "Come to me."

Mother, thy child is bless'd ;  
And though his presence may be lost to thee,  
And vacant leave thy breast,  
And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent knee ;  
Though tones familiar from thine ear have pass'd,  
Thou'l meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

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GRENVILLE MELLEN, 1799—1841.

GRENVILLE MELLEN, the son of the late Chief Justice Prentiss Mellen, LL. D., of Maine, was born in the town of Biddeford, in that State, on the 19th of June, 1799, and graduated at Harvard University in 1818. He entered the profession of the law, but, finding it not suited to his feelings, abandoned it, as others before and since have done, for the more congenial attractions of poetry and general literature. He resided five or six years in Boston, and afterwards in New York. His health had always been rather delicate, and in 1840, in hopes of deriving advantage from a milder climate, he made a voyage to Cuba. But he was not benefited materially by the change, and learning, the next spring, of the death of his father, he returned home, and died in New York on the 5th September, 1841.

Mr. Mellen wrote for various magazines and periodicals. In 1827, he published "Our Chronicle of Twenty-Six," a satire; and in 1829,

"Glad Tales and Sad Tales," a volume in prose, from his contributions to the periodicals. "The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems," appeared in 1834. The first named poem is founded on the history of Saint Alban, the first Christian martyr in England. In the "Buried Valley," he describes the terrible avalanche at the Notch in the White Mountains, in 1826, by which the Willey family was destroyed.

Of the merits of Grenville Mellen's poetry, a living critic<sup>1</sup> thus speaks: "There is in these poems no unusual sublimity to awaken surprise—no extreme pathos to communicate the luxury of grief—no chivalrous narrative to stir the blood to adventure—no high-painted ardor in love to make us enraptured with beauty. Yet we were charmed; for we love purity of sentiment, and we found it; we love amiability of heart, and here we could perceive it in every stanza. The muse of Mellen delights in the beauties, not in the deformities of nature; she is more inclined to celebrate the virtues than denounce the vices of man."

#### THE MARTYR.

Not yet, not yet the martyr dies. He sees  
 His triumph on its way. He hears the crash  
 Of the loud thunder round his enemies,  
 And dim through tears of blood he sees it dash  
 His dwelling and its idols. Joy to him!  
 The Lord—the Lord hath spoken from the sky!  
 The loftier glories on his eyeballs swim!  
 He hears the trumpet of Eternity!  
 Calling his spirit home—a clarion voice on high!

Yet, yet one moment lingers! Who are they  
 That sweep far off along the quivering air?  
 It is God's bright, immortal company—  
 The martyr pilgrim and his band are there!  
 Shadows with golden crowns and sounding lyres,  
 And the white royal robes are issuing out,  
 And beckon upwards through the wreathing fires,  
 The blazing pathway compassing about,  
 With radiant heads unveiled, and anthems joyful shout!

He sees, he hears! upon his dying gaze,  
 Forth from the throng one bright-haired angel near,  
 Stoops his red pinion through the mantling blaze—  
 It is the Heaven-triumphing wanderer!

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<sup>1</sup> American Quarterly Review, xxii. 195.

"I come—*we meet again!*"—the martyr cries,  
 And smiles of deathless glory round him play :  
 Then on that flaming cross he bows—and dies !  
 His ashes eddy on the sinking day,  
 While through the roaring oak his spirit wings its way !

## FROM "THE BRIDAL."

Young beauty at the altar ! Ye may go  
 And rifle earth of all its loveliness,  
 And of all things created hither bring  
 The rosiest and the richest—but, alas !  
 The world is all too poor to rival this !  
 Ye summon nothing from the place of dreams,  
 The orient realm of fancy, that can cope,  
 In all its passionate devotedness,  
 With this chaste, silent picture of the heart !  
 Youth, bud-encircling youth, and purity,  
 Yielding their bloom and fragrance up in tears.

## MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Mount of the clouds, on whose Olympian height  
 The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,  
 And spirits from the skies come down at night,  
 To chant immortal songs to freedom there !  
 Thine is the rock of other regions ; where  
 The world of life, which blooms so far below,  
 Sweeps a wide waste : no gladdening scenes appear,  
 Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow  
 Beneath the far-off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,  
 Or eddying wildly round thy cliffs are borne ;  
 When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws  
 His billowy mist amid the thunder's home !  
 Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,  
 And bow the forests as they sweep along ;  
 While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb,  
 The storms come forth, and, hurrying darkly on,  
 Amid the echoing peaks the revelry prolong !

And when the tumult of the air is fled,  
 And quench'd in silence all the tempest flame,  
 There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,  
 Around the steep which bears the hero's name ;

The stars look down upon them ; and the same  
 Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave  
 Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,  
 And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave,  
 The richest, purest tear that memory ever gave !

Mount of the clouds ! when winter round thee throws  
 The hoary mantle of the dying year,  
 Sublime amid thy canopy of snows,  
 Thy towers in bright magnificence appear !  
 'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear,  
 Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue ;  
 When, lo ! in soften'd grandeur far, yet clear,  
 Thy battlements stand clothed in Heaven's own hue,  
 To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded view !

## CONSCIENCE.

Voice of the viewless spirit ! that hast rung  
 Through the still chambers of the human heart,  
 Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung  
 Their low lament in tears—thou voice, that art  
 Around us and above us, sounding on  
 With a perpetual echo, 'tis on thee,  
 The ministry sublime to wake and warn !—  
 Full of that high and wondrous Deity,  
 That call'd existence out from Chaos' lonely sea !

Voice that art heard through every age and clime,  
 Commanding like a trumpet every ear  
 That lends no heeding to the sounds of Time,  
 Seal'd up, for aye, from cradle to the bier !  
 That fallest, like a watchman's through the night,  
 Round those who sit in joy and those who weep,  
 Yet startling all men with thy tones of might—  
 O voice, that dwellest in the hallowed deep  
 Of our own bosom's silence—eloquent in sleep !

That comest in the clearness of thy power,  
 Amid the crashing battle's wild uproar,  
 Stern as at peaceful midnight's leaden hour ;  
 That talkest by the ocean's bellowing shore,  
 When surge meets surge in revelry, and lifts  
 Its booming voice above the weltering sea ;  
 That risest loudly mid the roaring cliffs,  
 And o'er the deep-mouth'd thunder goest free,  
 E'en as the silver tones of quiet infancy !

Spirit of God ! what sovereignty is thine !  
 Thine is no homage of the bended knee ;  
 Thou hast of vassalage no human sign ;  
 Yet monarchs hold no royal rule like thee !

Unlike the crowned idols of our race,  
Thou dost no earthly pomp about thee cast,  
Thou tireless sentinel of elder days!—  
Who, who to CONSCIENCE doth not bow at last,  
Old arbiter of Time—the present and the past!

Thou wast from God when the green earth was young,  
And man enchanted rov'd amid its flowers,  
When faultless woman to his bosom clung,  
Or led him through her paradise of bowers;  
Where love's low whispers from the Garden rose,  
And both amid its bloom and beauty bent,  
In the long luxury of their first repose!  
When the whole earth was incense, and there went  
Perpetual praise from altars to the firmament.

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JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1771—1842.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON was the son of Francis Hopkinson, who was one of the patriots of the Revolution, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and distinguished for his legal learning, wit, and general attainments!<sup>1</sup> He was born in Philadelphia, in 1770, studied law, and became distinguished for his profound and varied attainments, and as an advocate of peculiar eloquence and ability. He served for some time as a representative in Congress, and was a member of the Convention which remodelled the Constitution of Pennsylvania. In 1828, he was appointed judge of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, which office he filled with great integrity and ability, united to singular urbanity and kindness of manners; and retained it till his death, which occurred on the 15th of January, 1842. At the time of his death, he was Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, and President of the Academy of Fine Arts.

As a writer, Judge Hopkinson is chiefly known as the author of the popular song of

HAIL, COLUMBIA.<sup>2</sup>

Hail, Columbia! happy land!  
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

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<sup>1</sup> See page 56, for Life and Extracts from his works.

<sup>2</sup> The following account of the circumstances attending the composition of

And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.  
Firm—united—let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.  
While offering peace sincere and just,  
In Heaven we place a manly trust,

This song were communicated, a few months before his death, to the late Rev. Dr. Griswold. "It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon; and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents: and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them: or to the question, which was most in fault in their treatment of us: of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans; at least neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

That truth and justice will prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.  
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame !  
Let WASHINGTON's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause,  
Ring through the world with loud applause :  
Let every clime to Freedom dear  
Listen with a joyful ear.  
With equal skill and godlike power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war ; or guides, with ease,  
The happier times of honest peace.  
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country stands—  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat :  
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,  
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.  
When Hope was sinking in dismay,  
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.  
Firm—united, &c.

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WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, 1780—1842.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born at Newport, R. I., April 7th, 1780. His father was William Channing, Esq., an eminent lawyer, who died in the midst of professional success, when his son William was in his fourteenth year. His mother was the daughter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. After completing the usual preparatory studies, he entered Harvard University, where he graduated in 1798, having attained the highest honors of the institution, and distinguished himself by industrious habits, a blameless deportment, and indications of great natural endowments. Soon after leaving college, his mind was directed to the ministry, and he pursued his professional studies, partly with his uncle, Rev. Henry Channing, of New London, and partly at Cambridge. He soon became distinguished as a preacher, and at nearly the same time received an invitation from two religious societies in Boston to

settle with them as their pastor. He accepted the call from the church in Federal Street, which was then the smaller and weaker of the two; and his ordination took place on the first of June, 1803.

The society rapidly increased under his charge; his reputation and influence in the community became marked and extensive; and his assistance was soon eagerly sought in a broader sphere of exertion and usefulness. In 1812, he was appointed "Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Criticism," in Harvard University; but the state of his health did not allow him to enter on the duties of the office, and he resigned it the following year. He was then chosen a member of the Corporation of the college, and held a seat in this board till 1826. In 1820, the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on him. In 1822, he visited Europe for his health, which was somewhat improved by the voyage; but a feeble constitution, and liability to disease, proved great impediments to his labors through his life, and it is astonishing how much, with such drawbacks, he really accomplished.

In 1830, when the anti-slavery feeling began to take more outward form in Boston, Dr. Channing's sympathies were warmly with it, though he did not then join the ranks of the "abolitionists," technically so called. His interest in the subject, however, increased from year to year, and in 1831 he published his work on slavery, which showed that his whole heart was in the great cause of humanity. In October, 1834, he preached a sermon to his people upon the mob violence exerted in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities in the country against the friends of liberty, in which he showed that he had made great advances in anti-slavery sentiment upon his previous work. In 1837, he addressed his celebrated letter to Henry Clay against that nefarious plot to extend the area of slavery—the annexation of Texas. In 1840, he reviewed, with a heart evidently still deeper enlisted in the great cause, "Joseph John Gurney's Letters on West India Emancipation;"<sup>1</sup> and in 1842, he delivered an address at the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the West In-

<sup>1</sup> May I be pardoned for here saying that, when these "Letters" appeared, feeling how admirably calculated they were, by their fine Christian spirit, and indomitable array of facts, for general circulation, I had, with the aid of a few benevolent friends, twenty-five thousand printed beautifully on a quarto sheet of sixteen pages, newspaper form, and scattered broadcast over the land; and that when Dr. Channing's Review of the same "Letters" appeared, I had seven thousand of this, also, printed in the same form, for general distribution? Though many were sent back from the slave States (some with no very complimentary language written thereon), yet I had many letters from the same quarter of a very encouraging character, ordering more copies, and speaking with great confidence of the good influence they must doubtless exert. One of these letters, from Tennessee, called the effort "seed wheat."

dies, held August 1st, at Lenox, Massachusetts. This was his last public address. His health had been very feeble for a long time, and being attacked, about the first of September, with typhus fever, his exhausted frame sunk under it, and he died October 2, 1842. His end was calm and peaceful. Sustained by the consolations of religion, he met, undismayed, his summons into the future world, assured of a happy immortality.

Of the moral purity of Dr. Channing's character, it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. In every relation of life, he deserved unqualified praise. His conduct was a daily exhibition of the characteristic evangelical virtues, purity of heart, ardent love to God, habitual obedience to his will, benevolence to man, and those amiable qualities which shed a constant sunshine through the breast of their possessor, and strongly endeared him to all within the circle of his friendship and acquaintance. But the crowning glory of his character was the deep and earnest interest he early took in the cause of Freedom, at a time when such a position was uniformly attended, to a greater or less degree, by a coldness or loss of friends, by obloquy, reproach, misrepresentation, ostracism from accustomed social circles, and, in some parts of the country, by mobs and personal violence. Though of a frame so attenuated and feeble that one might fear that the very wind would blow him away, he had a high and dauntless soul—a moral courage that shone most illustrious when such qualities were most needed; and when, in November, 1837, the news of the murder of Owen P. Lovejoy, in Alton, Illinois, for defending his free press, reached Boston, he headed a petition to the civil authorities for the use of Faneuil Hall for a meeting of citizens to express their disapprobation of such deeds of lawless violence. It is commentary enough upon the character of soul required *at that time* to head such a petition, to say that, even with the name of Channing in the most conspicuous position, it was refused. Men who thus stand out boldly for the right, regardless of consequences, deserve to be held up as an example for imitation to all coming generations, and to be held in everlasting remembrance.

#### THE PURIFYING INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what

is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views, and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life—we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and

its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser pleasures and labors of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost super-human energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which, being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.

## BOOKS.

In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and

the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

#### THE MORAL DIGNITY OF THE EDUCATIONAL PROFESSION.

One of the surest signs of the regeneration of society will be, the elevation of the art of teaching to the highest rank in the community. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes—to the work of raising to life its buried intellect—it will have opened to itself the path of true glory.

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth; for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed.

Here they should be lavish, whilst they straighten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart.

## THE GREAT END OF SOCIETY.

Property continually tends to become a more vivid idea than right. In the struggle for private accumulation, the worth of every human being is overlooked. The importance of every man's progress is forgotten. We must contend for this great idea. They who hold it, must spread it around them. The truth must be sounded in the ears of men, that the grand end of society is to place within reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man. There is a higher duty than to build alms-houses for the poor, and that is, to save men from being degraded to the blighting influence of an alms-house. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids, and encouragements, and culture, by which he may fulfil the destiny of a man; and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries.

## BONAPARTE.

We close our view of Bonaparte's character, by saying, that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honor, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and dead. But, if the Moloch

of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects which had infested his march. To him all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing, and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe; and, when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.

## MILTON AND JOHNSON.

We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the *manes* of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names, to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendor on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not, and could not, appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively "of the earth," whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary, in the day of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly

to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep, yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought, not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature.—In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either, never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. "Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was the solace of his declining years. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced, not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton!

## MILTON'S PARADISE.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes, whilst it delights, the imagination. Adam and Eve, just mould-

ed by the hand and quickened by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benignity, and happiness of their Author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which spreads and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep, for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth their fulness of affection; and still it is serene, for it is the love of happy beings, who know not suffering even by name, whose innocence excludes not only the tumults but the thought of jealousy and shame, who "imparadised in one another's arms," scarce dream of futurity, so blessed is their present being. We will not say that we envy our first parents; for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs, a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and wide-spread love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of "thoughts which wander through eternity." Still there are times when the spirit, oppressed with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for the "wings of a dove, that it might fly away" and take refuge amidst the "shady bowers," the "vernal airs," the "roses without thorns," the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which gives to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books, with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said that the English language has no good pastoral poetry. We would ask, in what age or country has the pastoral reed breathed such sweet strains as are borne to us on "the odoriferous wings of gentle gales" from Milton's Paradise?

#### CHRISTIANITY THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

I pass to another topic suggested by Mr. Gurney's book. What is it, let me ask, which has freed the West India slave, and is now raising him to the dignity of a man? The answer is most cheering. The great Emancipator has been Christianity. Policy, interest, state-craft, church-craft, the low motives which

have originated other revolutions, have not worked here. From the times of Clarkson and Wilberforce down to the present day, the friends of the slave, who have pleaded his cause and broken his chains, have been Christians; and it is from Christ, the divine philanthropist, from the inspiration of his cross, that they have gathered faith, hope, and love for the conflict. This illustration of the spirit and power of Christianity is a bright addition to the evidences of its truth. We have here the miracle of a great nation, rising in its strength, not for conquest, not to assert its own rights, but to free and elevate the most despised and injured race on earth; and as this stands alone in human history, so it recalls to us those wonderful works of mercy and power by which the divinity of our religion was at first confirmed.

It is with deep sorrow that I am compelled to turn to the contrast between religion in England and religion in America. There it vindicates the cause of the oppressed; here it rivets the chain and hardens the heart of the oppressor. At the South, what is the Christian ministry doing for the slave? Teaching the rightfulness of his yoke, joining in the cry against the men who plead for his freedom, giving the sanction of God's name to the greatest offence against his children. This is the saddest view presented by the conflict with slavery. The very men whose office it is to plead against all wrong, to enforce the obligation of impartial, inflexible justice, to breathe the spirit of universal brotherly love, to resist at all hazards the spirit and evil customs of the world, to live and to die under the banner of Christian truth, have enlisted under the standard of slavery.

*Review of Gurney's Letters.*

#### CHARACTER OF THE NEGRO RACE.

I pass to another topic suggested by Mr. Gurney's book. According to this, and all the books written on the subject, Emancipation has borne a singular testimony to the noble elements of the negro character. It may be doubted whether any other race would have borne this trial as well as they. Before the day of freedom came, the West Indies and this country foreboded fearful consequences from the sudden transition of such a multitude from bondage to liberty. Revenge, massacre, unbridled lust, were to usher in the grand festival of Emancipation, which was to end in the breaking out of a new

Pandemonium on earth. Instead of this, the holy day of liberty was welcomed by shouts and tears of gratitude. The liberated negroes did not hasten, as Saxon serfs in like circumstances might have done, to haunts of intoxication, but to the house of God. Their rude churches were thronged. Their joy found utterance in prayers and hymns. History contains no record more touching than the account of the religious, tender thankfulness which this vast boon awakened in the negro breast. And what followed? Was this beautiful emotion an evanescent transport, soon to give way to ferocity and vengeance? It was natural for masters, who had inflicted causeless stripes, and filled the cup of the slaves with bitterness, to fear their rage after liberation. But the overwhelming joy of freedom having subsided, they returned to labor. Not even a blow was struck in the excitement of that vast change. No violation of the peace required the interposition of the magistrate. The new relation was assumed easily, quietly, without an act of violence; and, since that time, in the short space of two years, how much have they accomplished? Beautiful villages have grown up; little freeholds have been purchased; the marriage tie has become sacred; the child is educated; crime has diminished; there are islands, where a greater proportion of the young are trained in schools than among the whites of the slave States. I ask whether any other people on the face of the earth would have received and used the infinite blessing of liberty so well.

The history of West Indian emancipation teaches us that we are holding in bondage one of the best races of the human family. The negro is among the mildest, gentlest of men. He is singularly susceptible of improvement from abroad. His children, it is said, receive more rapidly than ours the elements of knowledge. How far he can originate improvements time only can teach. His nature is affectionate, easily touched; and hence he is more open to religious impression than the white man. The African carries within him much more than we, the germs of a meek, long-suffering, loving virtue. A short residence among the negroes in the West Indies impressed me with their capacity of improvement. On all sides I heard of their religious tendencies, the noblest in human nature. I saw, too, on the plantation where I resided, a gracefulness and dignity of form and motion, rare in my own native New England. And this is the race which has been selected to be trodden down and confounded with the brutes!

*Ibid.*

## SAMUEL WOODWORTH, 1786-1842.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH was a native of Scituate, Massachusetts, and was born in 1786. Having learned the art of printing in his native place, he removed to New York, and was for some years editor of a newspaper there. Afterwards, he published a weekly miscellany, called "The Ladies' Literary Gazette;" and in 1823, in conjunction with Mr. George P. Morris, he established "The New York Mirror," long the most popular journal of literature and art in this country. He died in New York, December 9, 1842, much respected for his moral worth and poetic talent.

Mr. Woodworth published, in 1813, an "Account of the War with Great Britain," and in 1818, a volume of "Poems, Odes, and Songs, and other Metrical Effusions." From the latter, we select the well-known song of

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

## HENRY WARE, JR., 1793-1843.

HENRY WARE, Jr., the son of Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., the Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1793, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1812. Immediately on leaving college, he became an assistant teacher in Phillips' Exeter Academy; but all his leisure time he devoted to a preparation for the Christian ministry, the profession which had been his choice from his very youth. He completed his theological studies in 1816, and on the first day of the following year was ordained as pastor of the "Second Church," in Boston. After twelve years of labor in that situation, he was dismissed at his own request, and went to travel in Europe for a year, for the improvement of his health, which had been impaired by long-continued mental application. On his return, he was elected "Parkman Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Theology," in Harvard University, which chair he continued to fill with great acceptance and ability till the summer of 1842, when his declining health obliged him to resign it, and retire into the country. He did not long survive his resignation, for he died on the 22d of September of the next year.

Dr. Ware's works, edited by Rev. Chandler Robins, have been published in Boston, in four volumes. They consist of essays, sermons, controversial tracts and memoirs, all showing a mind of chaste, Christian scholarship, and a heart full of love to God and love to man, and alive to every thing that pertains to the best good of the great human family. They also contain selections from his poetry; for Dr. Ware had the true poetic spirit, and fully appreciated the poet's elevated and elevating mission, as is beautifully shown in the following few lines on the connection between

## SCIENCE AND POETRY.

Science and Poetry, recognizing, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from her altar, but in their natural characters they are co-operators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating power; poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining love. Science adores as a subject; poetry worships as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise.

## CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

In answering the question, "What is to be considered a *living*?" men immediately separate a thousand different ways, according to their previous habits of life, the society in which they have lived, their notions of worldly prosperity, their love of self-gratification, their ambition, and the numberless other things which go to make a man's idea of happiness. If men would cease to take counsel of these—if they could calmly look with the eye of sober reason on life and its purposes, on the earth and its means of gratification—it would be less difficult to decide this matter, and there would be less clashing than there is between this first obligation to make a worldly provision, and the subsequent obligations of a higher nature.

He who accounts it necessary, or most desirable, to become rich, who connects his ideas of happiness and honor with large possessions and the artificial consideration which is attached to wealth, errs in his first purpose, goes astray in the very first step, and multiplies the hazards of disappointment and chagrin. Yet perhaps there is no error more common—not the extravagant error of aiming at *great wealth*, as the object for which to live—but the error of so setting one's desires on a *more than competence*; of so looking with contempt on the prospect of a merely comfortable existence, that the taste for simple and natural pleasure is lost, and the higher motives of virtue, usefulness, and truth lose their comparative estimation. Hence uneasy desires, restless discontent, dissatisfaction, repining and

envy at the more successful; hence, in a word, *wretchedness*, in a condition where a well-ordered mind could be full of gratitude. In a commercial community, like that in which we live, which is rushing onward in a tide of prosperity that astonishes while we gaze, and infatuates the mind of those who are engaged in the commotion—in such a community, especially, there is danger that the judgment be perverted, that the humbler but useful callings become distasteful, and multitudes of young men, to the peril of their innocence, at the risk of corruption and wretchedness, press into the crowded ranks of Mammon, and suffer themselves to forget there is any good but gold. It has been said by one who has long watched the commercial world in this country, that only one in seven of those who enter this walk succeed in it; that six in every seven fail—a dreadful proportion of blanks, considering the quantity of blasted hopes and blighted integrity, of broken hearts and ruined characters, which it involves. And yet, into this desperate struggle how eagerly are our young men rushing? With six chances of ruin to one of success, how many are leaving the less crowded, the more certain, the more quiet avocations of professional life, for which their higher education had fitted them—and in which competence, with cultivated minds and useful occupations, would be far happier in the long run, and far more honorable, than this ambition to grow rich in business—whilst letters are forgotten, philosophy is deserted, the acquisitions of intellect are thrown away, and the mind, that might have illumined society by its genius, confines its noble powers to the pitiful drudgery of barter, and the miserable cares of gain.

## SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer! to prayer!—for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
His light is on all, below and above—  
The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
Oh! then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of creation's early bloom,  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born infant beside her lies.  
Oh! hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows  
With rapture a mother only knows:  
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;  
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

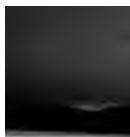
Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul, through him who died.  
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow:  
Oh! what are earth and its pleasures now?  
And what shall assuage his dark despair  
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the believer saith.  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;  
There is peace in his eye, that upward bends;  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;  
For his last thoughts are God's—his last words, prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!  
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.  
It commands the spirit to God who gave;  
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;  
It points to the glory where he shall reign,  
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!  
But gladder, purer than rose from this.  
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,  
And their voice of prayef is eternal praise.

Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength,  
To join that holy band at length.  
To Him, who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;  
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.



## JOSEPH STORY, 1782-1845.

This distinguished jurist and scholar was born in Marblehead, Mass., Sept. 18, 1782, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1798. He studied law under Judge Putnam, and established himself in the practice of it at Salem. He soon entered into political life, and was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1805. In 1809, he was chosen by the Democratic party a representative to Congress from Essex, South District. In 1811, he was appointed by President Madison a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and then severed himself entirely from all political connections. In 1830, he was appointed Dane Professor in the Law School of Harvard University, on the munificent foundation of his friend, Hon. Nathan Dane, of Beverly; and he continued to discharge the duties of this office with great ability and success till the day of his death, which took place on the 10th of September, 1845.

For profound legal learning, acuteness of intellect, soundness of judgment, and general knowledge, Judge Story has had few, if any, superiors, in our country. As a teacher of Jurisprudence, he brought to the important duties of the Professor's chair, besides his exuberant learning, great patience, a natural delight in the great subjects which he expounded, a copious and persuasive eloquence, and a contagious enthusiasm, which filled his pupils with love for the law, and for the master who taught it so well.

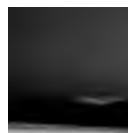
As an author, Judge Story began his career early in life, by publishing an excellent edition of Abbott on the "Law of Shipping." Soon after his appointment to the Dane Professorship, he published his "Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States," in three volumes, octavo. These were followed by a succession of treatises on different branches of the law, the extent and excellence of which, with the vast amount of legal learning displayed in them, leave it a matter of astonishment that they could be prepared, within the short space of twelve years, by a man who was all the while discharging, with great assiduity—the onerous duties of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a Professor in the Law School of the University. But in his devotion to the science of the law, he did not forget the claims of literature and general scholarship; and his addresses on public occasions, his contributions to the "North American Review," and other miscellaneous writings, show a mind imbued with sound and varied learning.

As a man, and a member of society, he was remarkable for his domestic virtues, his warm affections and generous temper, and the purity, elevation, and simplicity of his life. The members of the Suffolk Bar, in their resolutions upon the occasion of his death, declare "that the death of one so great as a judge, as an author, as a teacher, and so good as a man, is a loss which is irreparable to the bar, to the country, and to mankind."

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

The importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious, that the surprise is that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments, but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman codes? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the Latinity of continental Europe? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect, with unbroken force, the beautiful spirit of the text?

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay! as



one remembers the face of a dead friend, by gathering up the broken fragments of his image—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

#### FREE SCHOOLS.

I know not what more munificent donation any government can bestow than by providing instruction at the public expense, not as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of public benefactors who, by the side of every church in every village, plant a school of letters! Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish, but these, from their very nature, seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely immortal. The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust; the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion to which the dead they cover have long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our public schools, and a living example of their excellence. Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed, by the weakness of its friends, or the power of its adversaries. It can scarcely be abandoned or betrayed while New England remains free, and her representatives are true to their trust. It must forever count in its defence a majority of all those who ought to influence public affairs by their virtues or their talents; for it must be that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them. What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder, than the thought that in weal and in woe our children are under the public guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity!

#### FEMALE EDUCATION AND LEARNING.

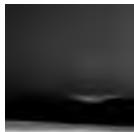
If Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its "muse." It was the

fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Their whole lives were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and concealment of intellectual power was often resorted to, to escape the dangerous imputation of masculine strength. In the higher walks of life, the satirist was not without color for the suggestion that it was

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards;"

and that, elsewhere, "most women had no character at all," beyond that of purity and devotion to their families. Admirable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies which elevate the soul and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

These things have, in a great measure, passed away. The prejudices which dishonored the sex have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread lest the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness or restless independence which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as everywhere else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity. There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush even at the suspicion of that ignorance which, a half century ago, was neither uncommon nor discreditable. There is not a parent whose pride may not glow at the



thought that his daughter's happiness is, in a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion.

A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals or allies in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those whose elegance of manners and blamelessness of life command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration. Who is there that does not contemplate with enthusiasm the precious fragments of Elizabeth Smith, the venerable learning of Elizabeth Carter, the elevated piety of Hannah More, the persuasive sense of Mrs. Barbauld, the elegant memoirs of her accomplished niece, the bewitching fiction of Madame D'Arblay, the vivid, picturesque and terrific imagery of Mrs. Radcliffe, the glowing poetry of Mrs. Hemans, the matchless wit, the inexhaustible conversations, the fine character painting, the practical instructions of Miss Edgeworth, the great Known, standing in her own department by the side of the great Unknown.<sup>1</sup>

#### INDIAN SUMMER.

What can be more beautiful or more attractive than this season in New England? The sultry heat of summer has passed away; and a delicious coolness at evening succeeds the genial warmth of the day. The labors of the husbandman approach their natural termination; and he gladdens with the near prospect of his promised reward. The earth swells with the increase of vegetation. The fields wave with their yellow and luxuriant harvests. The trees put forth their darkest foliage, half shading and half revealing their ripened fruits, to tempt the appetite of man and proclaim the goodness of his Creator. Even in scenes of another sort, where nature reigns alone in her own majesty, there is much to awaken religious enthusiasm. As yet, the forests stand clothed in their dress of undecayed magnificence. The winds, that rustle through their tops, scarcely disturb the silence of the shades below. The mountains and the valleys glow in warm green, or lively russet. The rivulets flow on with a noiseless current, reflect-

<sup>1</sup> As Sir Walter Scott was called before he acknowledged the authorship of the "Waverley Novels."

ing back the images of many a glossy insect, that dips his wings in their cooling waters. The mornings and evenings are still vocal with the notes of a thousand warblers, which plume their wings for a later flight. Above all, the clear blue sky, the long and sunny calms, the scarcely whispering breezes, the brilliant sunsets, lit up with all the wondrous magnificence of light and shade and color, and slowly settling down into a pure and transparent twilight. These, these are the days and scenes which even the cold cannot behold without emotion; but on which the meditative and pious gaze with profound admiration; for they breathe of holier and happier regions beyond the grave.

#### THE BURIAL-PLACE.

What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene! How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches, rises before us with all its persuasive realities! Take but one little narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise will be gathered here! How many, in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands, and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch, surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes or blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and, returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love!

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ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, 1791—1847.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT, son of Rev. Oliver Everett, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, was born at that place, in 1791, and graduated with very distinguished reputation, at Harvard University, in 1806. After leaving college, he was an usher in Phillips Exeter Academy,



and then engaged in the study of the law. In 1809, he accompanied John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of Legation, to St. Petersburg; and after that his life was more devoted to diplomatic pursuits than to the legal profession.

In 1815, he again went to Europe, as Secretary of Legation at the Court of the King of Netherlands, and returned home in 1817. In 1818, he embarked again for Holland, having been appointed chargé d'affaires; and in 1825, he accepted the position of Ambassador at the Court of Madrid, where he remained till 1829. A few months after his return to the United States from Madrid, Mr. Everett became the editor and principal proprietor of the "North American Review." He had long been a leading contributor to this journal, and, under his charge it was materially improved. About the year 1832, he engaged actively in politics; and soon after connected himself with the Democratic party. On the accession of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, in 1845, Mr. Everett was appointed Commissioner to China; but, in consequence of ill health, he proceeded no further than Rio Janeiro, whence he returned to the United States. After an interval of several months, he again sailed for Canton; but had hardly become settled in his new residence, when his mortal career was terminated, on the 28th of June, 1847.

Mr. Everett was one of the most eminent literary men our country has produced. He was proficient in the languages and literature of modern Europe, in philosophy, in diplomacy, the law of nations, and all the learning requisite for a statesman; and in his death our country incurred the loss of one who had served her ably and faithfully abroad, and had contributed essentially to elevate, among European scholars, the character of American literature.

Besides his numerous contributions to periodicals, Mr. Everett's principal published works are, "Europe," a treatise on the political condition of Europe, in 1821, published in 1822; "America," a similar treatise on our country, published in 1825; and "New Ideas on Population," suggested by, and a reply to, Malthus and his school, published in 1827. Two volumes of his Essays had been published before his death, and he was, at the time of that event, preparing for a continuation of the series.

#### EDMUND BURKE.

A sagacious critic has advanced the opinion that the merit of Burke was almost wholly literary; but I confess I see little ground for this assertion, if literary excellence is here understood in any other sense than as an immediate result of the

highest intellectual and moral endowments. Such compositions as the writings of Burke suppose, no doubt, the fine taste, the command of language, and the finished education, which are all supposed by every description of literary success. But, in the present state of society, these qualities are far from being uncommon; and are possessed by thousands, who make no pretension to the eminence of Burke, in the same degree in which they were by him. Such a writer as Cumberland, for example, who stands infinitely below Burke on the scale of intellect, may yet be regarded as his equal or superior in purely literary accomplishments, taken in this exclusive sense. The style of Burke is undoubtedly one of the most splendid forms in which the English language has ever been exhibited. It displays the happy and difficult union of all the richness and magnificence that good taste admits, with a perfectly easy construction. In Burke, we see the manly movement of a well-bred gentleman; in Johnson, an equally profound and vigorous thinker, the measured march of a grenadier. We forgive the great moralist his stiff and cumbrous phrases, in return for the rich stores of thought and poetry which they conceal; but we admire in Burke, as in a fine antique statue, the grace with which the large flowing robe adapts itself to the majestic dignity of the person. But, with all his literary excellence, the peculiar merits of this great man were, perhaps, the faculty of profound and philosophical thought, and the moral courage which led him to disregard personal inconvenience in the expression of his sentiments. Deep thought is the informing soul, that everywhere sustains and inspires the imposing grandeur of his eloquence. Even in the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, the only work of pure literature which he attempted, that is, the only one which was not an immediate expression of his views on public affairs, there is still the same richness of thought, the same basis of "divine philosophy," to support the harmonious superstructure of the language. And the moral courage which formed so remarkable a feature in his character contributed not less essentially to his literary success. It seems to be a law of nature, that the highest degree of eloquence demands the union of the noblest qualities of character as well as intellect. To think is the highest exercise of the mind; to say what you think, the boldest effort of moral courage; and both these things are required for a really powerful writer. Eloquence without thoughts is a mere parade of words; and no man can express with spirit and vigor any thoughts but his own. This was the secret of the eloquence of Rousseau, which

is not without a certain analogy in its forms to that of Burke. The principal of the Jesuits' college one day inquired of him by what art he had been able to write so well. "*I said what I thought,*" replied the unceremonious Genevan; conveying, in these few words, the bitterest satire on the system of the Jesuits, and the best explanation of his own.

## ENGLAND.

Whatever may be the extent of the distress in England, or the difficulty of finding any remedies for it, which shall be at once practicable and sufficient, it is certain that the symptoms of decline have not yet displayed themselves on the surface; and no country in Europe, at the present day, probably none that ever flourished at any preceding period of ancient or of modern times, ever exhibited so strongly the outward marks of general industry, wealth, and prosperity. The misery that exists, whatever it may be, retires from public view; and the traveller sees no traces of it except in the beggars—which are not more numerous than they are on the continent—in the courts of justice, and in the newspapers. On the contrary, the impressions he receives from the objects that meet his view are almost uniformly agreeable. He is pleased with the great attention paid to his personal accommodation as a traveller, with the excellent roads, and the conveniences of the public carriages and inns. The country everywhere exhibits the appearance of high cultivation, or else of wild and picturesque beauty; and even the unimproved lands are disposed with taste and skill, so as to embellish the landscape very highly, if they do not contribute, as they might, to the substantial comfort of the people. From every eminence, extensive parks and grounds, spreading far and wide over hill and vale, interspersed with dark woods, and variegated with bright waters, unroll themselves before the eye, like enchanted gardens. And while the elegant constructions of the modern proprietors fill the mind with images of ease and luxury, the mouldering ruins that remain of former ages, of the castles and churches of their feudal ancestors, increase the interest of the picture by contrast, and associate with it poetical and affecting recollections of other times and manners. Every village seems to be the chosen residence of Industry, and her handmaids, Neatness and Comfort; and, in the various parts of the island, her operations present themselves under the most amusing and agreeable

variety of forms. Sometimes her votaries are mounting to the skies in manufactories of innumerable stories in height, and sometimes diving in mines into the bowels of the earth, or dragging up drowned treasures from the bottom of the sea. At one time the ornamented grounds of a wealthy proprietor seem to realize the fabled Elysium; and again, as you pass in the evening through some village engaged in the iron manufacture, where a thousand forges are feeding at once their dark-red fires, and clouding the air with their volumes of smoke, you might think yourself, for a moment, a little too near some drearier residence.

The aspect of the cities is as various as that of the country. Oxford, in the silent, solemn grandeur of its numerous collegiate palaces, with their massy stone walls, and vast interior quadrangles, seems like the deserted capital of some departed race of giants. This is the splendid sepulchre, where Science, like the Roman Tarpeia, lies buried under the weight of gold that rewarded her ancient services, and where copious libations of the richest Port and Madeira are daily poured out to her memory. At Liverpool, on the contrary, all is bustle, brick, and business. Everything breathes of modern times, everybody is occupied with the concerns of the present moment, excepting one elegant scholar, who unites a singular resemblance to the Roman face and dignified person of our Washington, with the magnificent spirit and intellectual accomplishments of his own Italian hero.<sup>1</sup>

At every change of the landscape, you fall upon monuments of some new race of men, among the number that have in their turn inhabited these islands. The mysterious monument of Stonehenge, standing remote and alone upon a bare and boundless heath, as much unconnected with the events of past ages as it is with the uses of the present, carries you back, beyond all historical records, into the obscurity of a wholly unknown period. Perhaps the Druids raised it; but by what machinery could these half barbarians have wrought and moved such immense masses of rock? By what fatality is it, that, in every part of the globe, the most durable impressions that have been made upon its surface were the work of races now entirely extinct? Who were the builders of the pyramids and the massive monuments of Egypt and India? Who constructed the Cyclopean walls of Italy and Greece, or elevated the innumerable and inexplicable mounds which are seen in every

<sup>1</sup> William Roscoe, author of "Life of Lorenzo de Medici."

part of Europe, Asia, and America; or the ancient forts upon the Ohio, on whose ruins the third growth of trees is now more than four hundred years old? All these constructions have existed through the whole period within the memory of man, and will continue, when all the architecture of the present generation, with its high civilization and improved machinery, shall have crumbled into dust. Stonehenge will remain unchanged, when the banks of the Thames shall be as bare as Salisbury heath.

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RICHARD HENRY WILDE, 1789-1847.

THIS accomplished scholar and poet was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 24th of September, 1789. When he was seven years old, his father, who had been a hardware merchant, came to Baltimore to better his fortunes. By the mismanagement of a partner in Dublin, he lost nearly all the property he left behind, and he died poor, in 1802. The following year his mother removed to Augusta, Georgia, and there opened a small store to gain her living, her son Richard aiding her during the day, and pursuing his studies at night. He early directed his attention to the law, and, in 1809, was admitted to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession, and was soon elected Attorney-General of the State.

In 1815, when just past the legal age, he was chosen representative to Congress, and served but one term. He was again a member of that body from 1828 to 1835. He then went to Europe, passing most of his time, when abroad, in Italy, in the pursuit of his favorite study, Italian literature. On his return home, he published, in 1842, "Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso," in two volumes. In 1844 he removed to New Orleans, and, after practising his profession a few months, was appointed Professor of Law in the University of Louisiana. He filled that chair with great ability, and was rising higher and higher as a civilian, when his useful career was cut short by death, on the 10th of September, 1847.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Among the legislators of that day, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman

from Virginia, whom it was superfluous to designate. Whose speeches were universally read? Whose satire was universally feared? Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening house hang, so frequently, with rapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dexterous debater, a riper scholar, better versed in the politics of our own country, or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language—more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy, or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic and tones of silver?

Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction by the superior fame he has attained as a senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, sepulchral, unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasms was indeed peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful; it was frozen mercury becoming as caustic as red hot iron.

#### MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But, ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
But on that rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if heaven wept such waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail—its state is brief—  
Restless, and soon to pass away:  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade.

The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print of feet  
Left upon Tampa's desert strand ;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
The tracks will vanish from the sand :  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none shall e'er lament for me.

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods ! thou motley fool !  
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe ?  
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule  
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.  
Wit, sophist, songster, York & of thy tribe,  
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school ;  
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule !  
For such thou art by day ; but all night long  
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive solemn strain  
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song  
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,  
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,  
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 1767-1848.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, son of the second President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Mass., on the 11th of July, 1767. In his eleventh year he accompanied his father, who was sent by Congress as joint commissioner to the Court of Versailles, and frequently after had the advantages of European schools, being with his father in his other missions. At the age of eighteen, he entered Harvard University at an advanced standing, and graduated with distinguished honor, in 1787. After studying law three years with Judge Parsons, at Newburyport, he established himself in Boston, and took part in the public affairs of the day. In 1794, he was appointed by Washington, Minister to the United Netherlands, and remained in Europe till 1801,

employed in the several offices of minister to Holland, England, and Prussia, and in other diplomatic business. At the close of his father's administration he was recalled, and, in 1802, was elected, from the Boston district, a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and soon after was elected a United States Senator for six years from March 4th, 1803. While Senator, he was, in 1806, elected Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University, an office which he filled with much reputation till 1809, when he was appointed by President Monroe Minister to the Court of Russia. In 1813, he was named at the head of five commissioners, appointed by President Madison to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, which was signed at Ghent, in December, 1814; and, soon after, he was appointed, by the same President, Minister to the Court of St. James.

It is a remarkable coincidence that, as the father took the leading part in negotiating the treaty that terminated the Revolutionary War with Great Britain, and first discharged the office of American ambassador to London, so the son was at the head of the commission that negotiated the treaty which brought the second war with that nation to a close, and sustained the first mission to that country upon the return of peace. After having occupied that post until the close of President Madison's administration, he was at length called home, in 1817, to the head of the Department of State, at the formation of the Cabinet of President Monroe. Mr. Adams' career as a foreign minister terminated at this point—a career that has never been paralleled, nor even approached, either in the length of time it covered, the number of courts at which he represented his country, or the variety and importance of the services rendered.

In 1824, Mr. Adams was a candidate for the Presidency. As there was no choice by the people, the election devolved on the House of Representatives. The whole number of States then was twenty-four, and thirteen were necessary for a choice. Mr. Adams received that number, and was elected. His administration was distinguished for its ability and economy; and the presidential chair has been occupied by no man of more learning, thorough acquaintance with all our foreign and domestic relations, pure patriotism, and unsullied integrity of character.

At the close of his presidential term, in 1829, he retired to his family mansion in Quincy, but he was soon after elected member of the United States House of Representatives, and took his seat in 1831. Many of his friends doubted the wisdom of this step, and feared it would detract from, rather than add to, his former fame. But their doubts were soon put at rest, for signal as had been his services to his coun-

try for a very long life, he was yet to put the crowning glory upon them all, by standing forth in the House of Representatives, amid abuse, reproach, and threats of expulsion, as the firm, able, undaunted champion of the right of petition.

"During the years 1836 and 1837, the public mind in the Northern States became fully aroused to the enormities of American slavery—its encroachments on the rights and interests of the free States—the undue influence it was exercising in our national councils—and the evident determination to enlarge its borders and its evils, by the addition of new and large territories. Petitions for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia and the Territories, began to pour into Congress, from every section of the East and North. These were generally presented by Mr. Adams. His age and experience—his well-known influence in the House of Representatives—his patriotism, and his intrepid advocacy of human freedom—inspired the confidence of the people of the free States, and led them to intrust to him their petitions. With scrupulous fidelity he performed the duty thus imposed upon him. Whomsoever petitions might come from—whatever the nature of their prayer, whether for such objects as he could sanction or not—if they were clothed in respectful language, Mr. Adams felt himself under an imperative obligation to present them to Congress. For several sessions, at this period, few days passed without his presenting more or less petitions having some relation to the subject of slavery.

"The Southern members of Congress became alarmed at these demonstrations, and determined to arrest them, even at the sacrifice, if need be, of the right of petition—the most sacred privilege of freemen. On the 8th of February, 1836, a committee was raised by the House of Representatives, to take into consideration what disposition should be made of petitions and memorials for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, in the District of Columbia, and report thereon. On the 18th of May, the committee made a lengthy and unanimous report, through Mr. Pinckney, recommending the adoption of the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That Congress possesses no constitutional authority to interfere in any way with the institution of slavery in any of the States of this Confederacy.

"Resolved, That Congress ought not to interfere in any way with slavery in the District of Columbia.

"And whereas, it is extremely important and desirable that the agitation of this subject should be finally arrested, for the purpose of restoring tranquillity to the public mind, your committee respectfully recommend the adoption of the following additional resolution, viz.—

"Resolved, That all petitions, memorials, resolutions, propositions, or pa-

pers, relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to the subject of slavery, or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon.'

"When the first of these resolutions was taken up, Mr. Adams said, if the House would allow him five minutes' time, he would prove the resolution to be untrue. His request was denied.

"On the third resolution, Mr. Adams refused to vote, and sent to the Speaker's chair the following declaration, demanding that it should be placed on the journal of the House, there to stand to the latest posterity:—

"I hold the resolution to be a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, of the rules of this House, and of the rights of my constituents."

"Notwithstanding the rule embodied in this resolution virtually trampled the right of petition into the dust, yet it was adopted by the House by a large majority. But Mr. Adams was not to be deterred, by this arbitrary restriction, from a faithful discharge of his duty as a representative of the people. Petitions on the subject of slavery continued to be transmitted to him in increased numbers. With unwavering firmness—against a bitter and unscrupulous opposition, exasperated to the highest pitch by his pertinacity—amidst a perfect tempest of vituperation and abuse—he persevered in presenting these petitions, one by one, to the amount sometimes of two hundred in a day—demanding the action of the House on each separate petition.

"His position amid these scenes was in the highest degree illustrious and sublime. An old man, with the weight of years upon him, forgetful of the elevated stations he had occupied, and the distinguished honors received for past services, turning away from the repose which age so greatly needs, and laboring, amidst scorn and derision, and threats of expulsion and assassination, to maintain the sacred right of petition for the poorest and humblest in the land—insisting that the voice of a free people should be heard by their representatives, when they would speak in condemnation of human slavery, and call upon them to maintain the principles of liberty embodied in the immortal Declaration of Independence—was a spectacle unwitnessed before in the history of legislation."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I regret that my limited space will not allow me to give, in full, some scenes in the House of Representatives in which "the old man eloquent" proved more than a match for all the slaveholding members, and their "allies" from the North, together. Those who are interested in the matter (and who is not?) may consult that admirable book, "Life and Public Services of John Quincy Adams, by Wm. H. Seward," from which the above extracts are taken. It is praise enough of the statesman-biographer to say, that he

It is impossible, in the limits prescribed to these pages, to detail the numerous scenes and occurrences of a momentous nature, in which Mr. Adams took a prominent part in the House of Representatives, and elsewhere. The brave and eloquent old man lived to see his labors for the right of petition crowned with complete success. One after another the cohorts of slavery gave way before the incessant assaults, the unwearied perseverance of Mr. Adams, and his faithful compeers<sup>1</sup> who were sent by the people to his support. At length, in 1845, the obnoxious "gag rule" was rescinded, and Congress consented to receive and treat respectfully all petitions on the subject of slavery. In his voluntary and eloquent defence of the Amistad negroes, too, before the Supreme Court of the United States, at the advanced age of seventy-four, he was completely successful, and had the pleasure of hearing the decision of the court pronouncing their liberty.

But his eventful and useful life was now drawing to a close. On Monday the 21st of February, 1848, while at his post in the House of Representatives, and rising to address the Speaker, he was struck with paralysis, fainted, and fell in the arms of the member, Mr. Fisher of Ohio, who was next to him. Everything was immediately done for him that could be by anxious friends, kindred, and skilful physicians; but of no avail. He lingered till the evening of the 23d, when he expired—leaving behind the enviable reputation of being one of the ablest Presidents of the United States, and the most learned and eloquent champion of freedom in the House of Representatives.<sup>2</sup>

is a worthy representative of him whose life he has written. Rev. Joshua Leavitt, editor of the "Emancipator," was at that time in Washington, and wrote for his paper full accounts of the memorable scenes of those days. It is to be hoped he may yet give them to the public in a convenient form, as materials for our country's history.

<sup>1</sup> One of the *earliest* champions of freedom in the House of Representatives was the courageous and eloquent Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, who will leave behind him a fame as enviable as it will be imperishable.

<sup>2</sup> "In the history of American statesmen, none lived a life so long in the public service—none had trusts so numerous confided to their care—none died a death so glorious. Beneath the dome of the nation's capitol: in the midst of the field of his highest usefulness, where he had won fadeless laurels of renown: equipped with the armor in which he had fought so many battles for truth and freedom, he fell beneath the shaft of the king of terrors. And how bright, how enviable the reputation he left behind! As a man, pure, upright, benevolent, religious—his hand unstained by a drop of human blood, uncharged, unsuspected of crime, of pre-meditated wrong, of an immoral act, of an unchaste word—as a statesman, lofty and patriotic in all his purposes; devoted to the interests of the people, sacredly exercising all power intrusted to his keeping for the good of the public alone, unmindful of personal interest and aggrandizement: an enthusiastic lover of liberty: a faithful, fearless defender of the rights of man! The sun of his life, in its lengthened course through the political heavens, was unobscured by a spot, unlimmed by a

## THE GOSPEL, A GOSPEL OF LIBERTY AND PEACE.

Friends and fellow-citizens! I speak to you with the voice as of one risen from the dead. Were I now, as I shortly must be, cold in my grave, and could the sepulchre unbar its gates, and open to me a passage to this desk, devoted to the worship of Almighty God, I would repeat the question with which this discourse was introduced: "Why are you assembled in this place?" And one of you would answer me for all: Because the Declaration of Independence, with the voice of an angel from heaven, "put to his mouth the sounding alchemy," and proclaimed universal emancipation upon earth! It is not the separation of your forefathers from their kindred race beyond the Atlantic tide. It is not the union of thirteen British Colonies into one people, and the entrance of that people upon the theatre where kingdoms, and empires, and nations are the persons of the drama. It is not that this is the birthday of the North American Union, the last and noblest offspring of time. It is that the first words uttered by the genius of our country, in announcing his existence to the world of mankind, was—Freedom to the slave! Liberty to the captives! Redemption! redemption forever to the race of man from the yoke of oppression! It is not the work of a day; it is not the labor of an age; it is not the consummation of a century, that we are assembled to commemorate. It is the emancipation of our race. It is the emancipation of man from the thralldom of man!

And is this the language of enthusiasm? The dream of a distempered fancy? Is it not rather the voice of inspiration? The language of Holy Writ? Why is it that the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Covenant, teach you upon every page to look forward to the time when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid? Why is it

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cloud; and when, at the close of the long day, it sank beneath the horizon, the whole firmament glowed with the brilliancy of its reflected glories! Rulers, statesmen, legislators' study and emulate such a life—seek after a character so beloved, a death so honorable, a fame so immortal."—*Seward's Life*, page 337.

While this work is going through the press, Phillips, Sampson & Co. announce the following: "Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams, by Josiah Quincy, LL.D." 1 vol. 8vo. It is hard to say whether the public will look for this with deeper interest on account of the venerated and learned living writer or the honored dead.

that, six hundred years before the birth of the Redeemer, the sublimest of prophets, with lips touched by the hallowed fire from the hand of God, spake and said: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath *sent* me to bind up the broken-hearted, to *proclaim liberty to the captives*, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound?"<sup>1</sup> And why is it that, at the first dawn of the fulfilment of this prophecy—at the birthday of the Saviour in the lowest condition of human existence—the angel of the Lord came in a flood of supernatural light upon the shepherds, witnesses of the scene, and said: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all people!*"<sup>2</sup> Why is it that there was suddenly with that angel a multitude of heavenly hosts, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men?"<sup>3</sup>

What are the good tidings of great joy which *shall be* to all people? The prophet had told you, six hundred years before: "*Liberty to the captives*, the opening of the prison to them that are bound." The multitude of the heavenly host pronounced the conclusion, to be shouted hereafter by the universal choir of all intelligent created beings: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Fellow-citizens! fellow-Christians! fellow-men! Am I speaking to believers in the gospel of peace? To others, I am aware that the capacities of man for self or social improvement are subjects of distrust, or of derision. The sincere believer receives the rapturous promises of the future improvement of his kind, with humble hope and cheering confidence of their final fulfilment. He receives them, too, with the admonition of God to his conscience, to contribute himself, by all the aspirations of his heart, and all the faculties of his soul, to their accomplishment. Tell not him of impossibilities, when human improvement is the theme. Nothing can be impossible which may be effected by human will. See what *has* been effected! An attentive reader of the history of mankind, whether in the words of inspiration, or in the records of antiquity, or in the memory of his own experience, must perceive that the gradual improvement of his own condition upon earth is the inextinguishable mark of distinction between the animal *man* and every other animated being, with the innumerable multitudes of which every element of this sublunary globe is peopled. And

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah lxi. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Luke ii. 9, 10, 13, 14.

yet, from the earliest records of time, this animal is the only one in the visible creation who preys upon his kind. The savage man destroys and devours his captive foe. The partially civilized man spares his life, but makes him his slave. In the progress of civilization, both the life and liberty of the enemy vanquished or disarmed are spared; ransoms for prisoners are given and received. Progressing still in the paths to perpetual peace, exchanges are established, and restore the prisoner of war to his country and to the enjoyment of all his rights of property and of person. A custom, first introduced by mutual special convention, grows into a settled rule of the laws of nations, that persons occupied exclusively upon the arts of peace shall, with their property, remain wholly unmolested in the conflicts of nations by arms. We ourselves have been bound by solemn engagements with one of the most warlike nations of Europe, to observe this rule, even in the utmost extremes of war; and in one of the most merciless periods of modern times, I have seen, towards the close of the last century, three members of the Society of Friends, with Barclay's *Apology* and Penn's *Maxims* in their hands, pass, peaceful travellers, through the embattled hosts of France and Britain, unharmed and unmolested, as the three children of Israel in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.

War, then, by the common consent and mere will of civilized man, has not only been divested of its most atrocious cruelties, but for multitudes, growing multitudes of individuals, has already been and is abolished. Why should it not be abolished for all? Let it be impressed upon the heart of every one of you—impress it upon the minds of your children, that this total abolition of war upon earth is an improvement in the condition of man, entirely dependent on his own will. He cannot repeal or change the laws of physical nature. He cannot redeem himself from the ills that flesh is heir to; but the ills of war and slavery are all of his own creation. He has but to will, and he effects the cessation of them altogether.

*Oration at Newburyport, July 4, 1837.*

The following is the chief portion of a letter addressed by this illustrious, God-fearing statesman to a literary society of young men in Baltimore, who had written to him for advice as to a course of general reading. It is dated Washington, June 22, 1838, and it thus bears its eloquent testimony to

## THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

**GENTLEMEN:** Could I feel myself qualified to give you the advice which you desire, it would afford me the most heartfelt pleasure to give it; but, situated in life as you represent yourselves to be, I could scarcely name any list of books, or of authors, which I could recommend as equally worthy of attention to you all. The first, and almost the only book, deserving such universal recommendation, is the BIBLE; and, in recommending that, I fear that some of you will think I am performing a superfluous, and others a very unnecessary, office; yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is the book, of all others, to be read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then to be laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

This attentive and repeated reading of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the commandments delivered from Sinai, in the imitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth; and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good will towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God and an ever-blessed existence hereafter.

I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you, *Search the Scriptures!* If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith and a standard of morals, search them as records of *history*. General and compendious history

is one of the fountains of human knowledge to which you should all resort with steady and persevering pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world; and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from geography and chronology. These assistances you may find in many of the Bibles published with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the chronology and geography of the Bible; that will lead you to a *general* knowledge of chronology and of geography, ancient and modern, and these will open to you an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge respecting the globe which you inhabit, and respecting the race of men (its inhabitants) to which you yourselves belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application (for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose), give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology, and one to the geography, of the Bible, and, if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there. Even for those two hours you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit, more intelligence, more satisfaction. But, if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day for a year or years, to study thoroughly the chronology and geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate into the knowledge of the book, but it will spread floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been divided.

There are many other subsidiary studies to which you may devote more or less of time, for the express purpose of making your Bible reading more intelligible to yourselves. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent mind can read without improvement.

## EDGAR ALLEN POE, 1811-1849.

EDGAR ALLEN Poe was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811. His father was David Poe, who in early life was a lawyer, and afterwards, having married an English actress, went upon the stage. His parents both died when he was quite young, leaving three children, Henry, Edgar, and Rosalie, with no means of support. Mr. John Allen, a wealthy merchant, of Richmond, adopted Edgar. This gentleman indulged his *protege* injudiciously, and thus increased his naturally proud and petulant disposition. In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Allen visited England, taking Edgar with them. He remained there five years at school. In 1822 he returned, and some time afterwards entered the University of Virginia. Here he began his downward course. Being abundantly supplied with money, he plunged into the deepest dissipation. He contracted heavy debts by gaming, indulged excessively in drinking, and all its attendant vices, and was at last expelled, though he had uniformly maintained a high rank in scholarship. After this, he led a wandering and dissipated life—first in Europe for a year; then, returning to this country, at West Point; then as a common soldier in the army; then in Charleston, S. C., as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," till, in 1838, he settled in Philadelphia, having married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, and became the chief editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and "Graham's Magazine." Here he endeavored to reform; but his thirst for drink was too strong, and he indulged it to such a degree that "for weeks he was regardless of everything but a morbid and insatiable appetite for the means of intoxication."

In 1844, Poe went to New York, and found employment in editing the "Broadway Journal," and in contributing to various other magazines. But he could not, or would not, break through his habits of vile dissipation, and he was reduced to the greatest poverty. Here, in the winter of 1848, his wife died.

In August of 1849, he left New York to deliver some lectures in Virginia. On his return, he stopped for a few hours in Baltimore. Here he met with acquaintances who invited him to drink; all his resolutions and duties were soon forgotten; in a few hours, he was in such a state as is commonly induced only by long continued intoxication; after a night of insanity and exposure, he was carried to a hospital; and there, on the evening of Sunday, the 7th of October, 1849, he died, at the age of thirty-eight years."

Mr. Poe is known chiefly for his criticisms, poems, and tales. In his criticisms he has displayed a keen analysis, a clear discrimination; they are sharp and well-defined, but unfair. Influenced greatly by fear or favor, they are often absurdly contradictory; and through many of them there run a petty spirit of fault-finding, a burning jealousy, a self-complacent egotism. Thus he was led to make absurd charges of plagiarism, while, in his tales, he himself has been guilty of the most shameful species of it. He was a master in the criticism of words and their collocation, but had not sufficient breadth of mind fully to appreciate thought, nor sufficient candor to acknowledge excellence.

In his poems, Mr. Poe has evinced the same subtlety of analysis, the same distinctness, the same deep knowledge of the power of words. Their elaboration is minute, their metre exquisite, both in its adaptation and polish. In this, indeed, lies their principal power; and perhaps a great part of the charm which they have, is a kind of ear-juggery. They do not move the heart, for of *feeling* there is an essential want. His poetry, as he himself tells us, is the result of cold, mathematical calculation.

But it is through his tales that Mr. Poe is best known, and in them is displayed the real bent of his genius. Their chief characteristic is a grim horror—sometimes tangible, but usually shadowy and dim. He revelled in faintly sketching scenes of ghastly gloom, in imagining the most impossible plots, and in making them seem real by minute detail. His wild and weird conceptions have great power; but they affect the fears only, rarely the *heart*; while sometimes his morbid creations are repulsive and shocking; yet, in the path which he has chosen, he is *unrivalled*.

And now, what shall we say of this man who led such a checkered and wretched life, who hated mankind, and who sought to drown his misery in the intoxicating bowl? What can we say in extenuation of his dissolute character, his entire want of moral principle, his pernicious example? Nothing. He was a victim of his unrestrained appetites and passions. Let us hope that his life will be a warning.

As scarcely any extract could be made from his fictitious writings that would give any just appreciation of them, or be in any way profitable, we confine ourselves to his poetry, and from this take the following, though they have often been given to the public before. He deplores the death of his wife in the beautiful lyric of

## ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen<sup>1</sup> came,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes! —that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea —  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

<sup>1</sup> The angels.

## THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door ;  
“ ‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “ tapping at my chamber-door—  
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah ! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating :  
“ ‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door :  
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
“ Sir,” said I, “ or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “ Lenore !”  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “ Lenore !”—  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
“ Surely,” said I—“ surely that is something at my window lattice ;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.  
‘Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—  
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no  
     craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore !'  
     Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,  
     With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did pour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered : "Other friends have flown be-  
     fore—  
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
     Then the bird said : "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
     Of 'Never—never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and  
     door ;  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of *yore*,  
 What this grim, ungainly, gaunt, and ominous bird of *yore*  
     Meant in croaking "Never more."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
     She shall press, ah, never more !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
     censer  
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath  
     sent thee  
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !  
 Quaff, O quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !'  
     Quoth the Raven : "Never more!"

" Prophet!" said I, " thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
 Quoth the Raven: " Never more."

" Prophet!" said I, " thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,  
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"  
 Quoth the Raven: " Never more."

" Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstart-  
 ing—  
 " Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
 door!"

Quoth the Raven: " Never more."

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the  
 floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,  
 Shall be lifted—never more!

#### FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, 1812—1850.

THIS distinguished female poet was the daughter of Joseph Locke, a merchant of Boston, and was born in that city about the year 1812.<sup>1</sup> Her early life was passed principally in Hingham, a beautiful village on the shores of Massachusetts Bay; and here she early displayed that poetical genius which has given her a place among our first poets for delicate fancy, and ease and naturalness of versification. Her first printed productions appeared in Mrs. L. M. Child's "Juvenile Miscellany," when she was about seventeen years of age. Soon after this,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Anna Maria Wells, her half-sister, on her mother's side, was no mean poetess; and Mr. A. A. Locke, her brother, was a fine writer, both in prose and verse, and a contributor for many years to some of the Boston journals.

she wrote for the "Ladies' Magazine," edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, under the signature of Florence. In 1835, she was married to Mr. S. S. Osgood, a distinguished portrait-painter, and a man of a highly cultivated literary taste, who fully appreciated the genius of his wife. Soon after their marriage, they went to London, where Mr. Osgood received great encouragement in the line of his art, while his wife published a small volume called "The Casket of Fate," and also a collection of her poems, under the title of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," both of which were much admired, and favorably noticed in some of the leading literary journals.

In 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood returned to the United States, and after being some time in Boston, took up their residence in New York. Here she wrote continually for the magazines, and edited "The Poetry of Flowers and the Flowers of Poetry," and "The Floral Offering," two richly illustrated souvenirs. But her health began gradually to decline, and in the winter of 1847-8, she was so much of an invalid as to be confined to the house. Her husband's health, also, was feeble, and he was advised to seek a change of climate. The next year, as her health improved, Mr. Osgood sailed for California, with fine prospects there in the line of his profession. He returned in 1850, with his fortunes as well as health improved, but just in time to be with his wife in the last few weeks of her life. A few days before she died, "she<sup>1</sup> wrote for a young girl at her side, who was making and teaching her to make paper flowers, the following lines:—

You're woven roses round my way,  
And gladdened all my being,  
How much I thank you, none can say,  
Save only the All-seeing.  
I'm going through the eternal gates,  
Ere June's sweet roses blow;  
Death's lovely angel leads me there,  
And it is sweet to go.

The touching prophecy was fulfilled by her calm death, five days after, on Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1850. Her remains were removed to Boston, and laid beside those of her mother and daughter, at Mount Auburn, on Wednesday of the same week."

Of the character of her poetry one of our own poets thus speaks:—

"Mrs. Osgood has a rich fancy—even a rich imagination—a scrupulous taste, a faultless style, and an ear finely attuned to the delicacies of melody. In that vague and anomalous something which we call *grace*, for want of a more definite term, and which, perhaps, in its

supreme development, may be found to comprehend nearly *all* that is genuine in poetry—in this magical quality—magical, because at once so shadowy and so irresistible, Mrs. Osgood has assuredly no superior in America, if, indeed, she has any equal under the sun."<sup>1</sup>

## MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Can this be May? Can this be May?  
 We have not found a flower to-day!  
 We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—  
 We rested by the rushing rill—  
 And lest they had forgot the day,  
 We told them it was May, dear May!  
 We called the sweet wild blooms by name—  
 We shouted, and no answer came!  
 From smiling field, or solemn hill—  
 From rugged rock, or rushing rill—  
 We only bade the petty pets  
 Just breathe from out their hiding-places;  
 We told the little, light coquettes  
 They needn't show their bashful faces—  
 "One sigh," we said, "one fragrant sigh,  
 We'll soon discover where you lie!"  
 The roguish things were still as death—  
 They wouldn't even breathe a breath.  
 Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,  
 As those who do not choose to hear!

\* \* \* \* \*

You have not found a flower to-day!  
 What's that upon your cheek, I pray?  
 A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,  
 And worth all Nature's blooming wealth;  
 Not all in vain your search, my child!—  
 You've found at least the rose of health!  
 The golden buttercup, you say,  
 That like a smile illumines the way,      }  
 Is nowhere to be seen to-day.  
 Fair child! upon that beaming face  
 A softer, lovelier smile I trace;  
 A treasure, as the sunshine bright!  
 A glow of love and wild delight!  
 Then pine no more for Nature's toy—  
 You've found at least the flower of joy.  
 Yes! in a heart so young and gay,  
 And kind as yours, 't is always May!  
 For gentle feelings, love, are flowers  
 That bloom thro' life's most clouded hours!

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<sup>1</sup> Edgar A. Poe.

Ah! cherish them, my happy child,  
 And check the weeds that wander wild !  
 And while their stainless wealth is given,  
 In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,  
 No longer will you need to say—  
 “Can this be May? Can this be May!”

## THE MORNING WALK, OR THE STOLEN BLUSH.

Never tell me that cheek is not painted, false maid!  
 'Tis a fib, though your pretty lip parts while I say it;  
 And if the cheat were not already betray'd,  
 Those exquisite blushes themselves would betray it.

But listen! This morning you rose ere the dawn,  
 To keep an appointment, perhaps—with Apollo;  
 And, finding a fairy footprint on the lawn  
 Which I could not mistake, I determined to follow.

To the hillside I track'd it, and, tripping above me,  
 Her sun-ringlets flying and jewell'd with dew,  
 A maiden I saw! Now the truth, if you love me—  
 But why should I question—I'm sure it was you.

And you cannot deny you were met in ascending—  
 I, meanwhile, pursuing my truant by stealth—  
 By a blooming young seraph, who turn'd, and, attending  
 Your steps, said her name was the Spirit of Health.

Meantime, through the mist of transparent vermillion  
 That suddenly flooded the brow of the hill,  
 All fretted with gold rose Aurora's pavilion,  
 Illumining meadow, and mountain, and rill.

And Health, floating up through the luminous air,  
 Dipped her fingers of snow in those clouds growing bright;  
 Then turn'd, and dash'd down o'er her votary fair  
 A handful of rose-beams that bathed her in light.

Even yet they're at play here and there in your form,  
 Through your fingers they steal to your white taper tips,  
 Now rush to that cheek its soft dimples to warm,  
 Now deepen the crimson that lives in your lips.

Will you tell me again, with that scorn-lighted eye,  
 That you do not use paint, while such tinting is there?  
 While the glow still affirms what the glance would deny?  
 No, in future disclaim the sweet theft, if you dare!

## THE CHILD PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

Art thou playing with Time in thy sweet baby-glee?  
 Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?

Oh, show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,  
That smile of bewildered and beaming surprise ;  
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,  
Where dimples are playing "boppeep" with the roses :  
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,  
And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wreathing arm.  
Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetness  
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetness—  
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,  
A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light :  
Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful child,  
With thy blue eyes unshadowed, thy blush undefiled—  
With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,  
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still !  
Laugh on, my own Ellen ! that voice, which to me  
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee ;  
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,  
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy ;  
Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the churl—  
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby-girl.  
And oh, may his step, as he wanders with thee,  
Light and soft as thine own little fairy tread be !  
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair weather,  
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

Yes, take them first, my Father ! Let my doves  
Fold their white wings in heaven, safe on thy breast,  
Ere I am called away : I dare not leave  
Their young hearts here, their innocent, thoughtless hearts !  
Ah, how the shadowy train of future ills  
Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze !  
My May ! my careless, ardent-tempered May—  
My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes  
Wild joy and passionate wo alternate rise :  
Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumines ;  
Whose little, loving heart a word, a glance,  
Can sway to grief or glee ; who leaves her play,  
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms  
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,  
With her clear, flutelike voice, "Do you love me ?"  
Ah, let me stay ! ah, let me still be by,  
To answer her and meet her warm caress !  
For I away, how oft in this rough world  
That earnest question will be asked in vain !  
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart  
Will shrink abashed and chilled, to learn at length  
The hateful, withering lesson of distrust !  
Ah ! let her nestle still upon this breast,  
In which each shade that dims her darling face

Is felt and answered, as the lake reflects  
 The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven ! And thou,  
 My modest Ellen—tender, thoughtful, true ;  
 Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies :  
 My pure, proud, noble Ellen ! with thy gifts  
 Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden  
 'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,  
 How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart  
 To startle and appal ! Thy generous scorn  
 Of all things base and mean—thy quick, keen taste,  
 Dainty and delicate—thy instinctive fear  
 Of those unworthy of a soul so pure—  
 Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien,  
 All—they will all bring pain to thee, my child !  
 And oh, if even their grace and goodness meet  
 Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all  
 The latent evil yet undisciplined  
 In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find ?  
 Forgiveness, and forbearance, and soft chidings,  
 Which I, their mother, learned of Love to give !  
 Ah, let me stay ! —albeit my heart is weary,  
 Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat,  
 That finds no echo in this busy world  
 Which cannot pause to answer—tired alike  
 Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night :  
 Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me !  
 And for their sakes, for their sweet sakes, my Father,  
 Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet !

## LABOR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;  
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;  
 Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,  
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven !  
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;  
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;  
 More and more richly the Roseheart keeps glowing,  
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.  
 "Labor is worship"—the robin is singing;  
 "Labor is worship"—the wild bee is ringing:  
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,  
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.  
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;  
 From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;  
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;  
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.  
 Labor is life"—T is the still water faileth;  
 Illness ever depareth, bewaileth;  
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:  
Play the sweet keys, wouldest thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;  
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow!  
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health—Lo! the husbandman reaping,  
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!  
How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping,  
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;  
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;  
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;  
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!  
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:  
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!

Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:  
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy:  
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

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JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789—1851.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the distinguished American novelist, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in the year 1789. His father, William Cooper, an English emigrant, who had settled there many years before, had purchased a large quantity of land on the borders of Lake Otsego, New York, and thither Cooper was removed in his infancy, and there he passed his childhood—in a region that was then an almost unbroken wilderness. At the age of thirteen, he entered Yale College, but left it in three years, and became a midshipman in the United States Navy, in which he continued for six years, making himself, unconsciously, master of that knowledge and imagery which

he afterwards employed to so much advantage in his romances of the sea—the best ever written. In 1811, having resigned his post as midshipman, he married Miss Delancey, sister of the Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese of Western New York, with whom, after a brief residence in Westchester County, the scene of one of his finest fictions, he removed to Cooperstown, where, with the exception of his occasional absences in Europe, he passed the greater part of his life, and where he died on the 14th of September, 1851.

Before his removal to Cooperstown, he had written and published a novel of English life, called "Precaution," which met with but little favor. But the "Spy," which followed, in 1821, at once established his fame. It had its faults, indeed—defects in plot, and occasional blemishes in the composition; but it was a work of original genius, and was widely read and admired. "The Pioneers," which appeared in 1823, not only sustained but advanced his reputation, and each succeeding volume of the "Leather-Stocking Tales," "The Prairie," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer," was read with increasing interest. Shortly after the success of "The Pioneers" had made Mr. Cooper the first novelist of the country, he achieved a triumph on the sea as signal as that he had first won in the forests. His romance of "The Pilot," followed at intervals by "The Red Rover," "The Water-Witch," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," &c., placed him at the head of nautical novelists, where he still stands, without, probably, a peer or a rival.

In the year 1826, Mr. Cooper went to Europe, where his fame had preceded him, and where, while advancing his own reputation by new fictions, he defended that of his country by pamphlets and letters. These again brought upon him a shower of rejoinders, and much of the time when he was abroad was spent in controversial writings. In 1833, he returned home, and was not welcomed with that enthusiasm which he had a right to expect. Shortly after his arrival, he published "A Letter to his Countrymen," in which he complained of the censures cast upon him in the American newspapers, on account of the part which he had taken in exposing the misstatements of the French writers as regards our institutions. This made matters still worse; the newspapers here came out against him, and he sued two or three editors for libel. This, of course, caused a great deal of irritated feeling on both sides; but it has all now passed, and Cooper will ever be known as one of our most successful and popular novelists.

Besides his novels, Mr. Cooper was the author of a "History of the United States Navy," "Gleanings in Europe," "Sketches of Switzer-

land," and several smaller works, which have run through many editions. His mind was always fertile and active, and his mode of treating his subjects full of animation and freshness. He was one of those frank and decided characters who make strong enemies and warm friends—who repel by the positiveness of their convictions, while they attract by the richness of their culture, and the amiability of their lives. He was nicely exact in all his business relations, but generous and noble in the management of his means. His beautiful residence on the Otsego was ever the home of a large and liberal hospitality; and those who knew him best were those who loved him most, and who deplored his loss with the keenest feelings.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

"Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-but, that fellow!"

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<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Cooper's character was peculiar and decided; creating strong attachments and equally strong dislikes. There was no neutral ground in his nature. He had fixed opinions, and was bold and uncompromising in expressing them. He was exact in his dealings and generous in his disposition. His integrity and uprightness no one ever called in question. He had less fear of public opinion, and more self-reliance, than are common in our country; and his courage and truthfulness were worthy of all praise. He was an ardent patriot, and as ready to defend his country when in the right, as to rebuke her when he deemed her in the wrong. He was affectionate in his domestic relations, and his home was the seat of a cordial and generous hospitality."—*G. S. Hillard.*

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old coxswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was un-shipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tale violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The coxswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming this formidable attitude, he waived his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs, like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the coxswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true,

for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted with singular earnestness—

“Stern all!”

“Stern all!” echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

“Snub him!” shouted Barnstable; “hold on, Tom; he rises already.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead, that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut

through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—

“Ay, I’ve touched the fellow’s life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean.”

“I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance,” said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; “feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner.”

“Tis the creater’s way, sir,” said the coxswain; “you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him.”

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

“Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?” cried Barnstable; “a few sets from your bayonet would do it.”

The coxswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

“No, sir, no; he’s going into his flurry; there’s no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier’s weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater’s in his flurry.”

The warning of the prudent coxswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed,

the enormous black mass rolled to one side ; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

#### THE EXECUTION.

On the brow of the eminence stood a deserted and dilapidated building, that had been a barn. Many of the boards that had formed its covering were torn from their places, and its wide doors were lying the one in front of the building, and the other half way down the precipice, whither the wind had cast it. Entering this desolate spot, the refugee officer very coolly took from his pocket a short pipe whose color might once have been white, but which now, from long use, had acquired not only the hue but the gloss of ebony, a tobacco-box, and a small roll of leather that contained steel, flint, and tinder. With this apparatus, he soon furnished his mouth with a companion that habit had long rendered necessary to extraordinary reflection in its owner. So soon as a large column of smoke arose from this arrangement, the captain significantly held forth his hand towards his assistant. A small cord was produced from the pocket of the sergeant, and handed to the other. Now, indeed, appeared a moment of deep care in the refugee, who threw out vast puffs of smoke until nearly all of his head was obscured, and looked around the building with an anxious and inquisitive eye. At length he removed the pipe, and inhaling a draught of pure air, returned it to its *domicile*, and proceeded to business at once. There was a heavy piece of timber laid across the girths of the barn, but a little way from the southern door, which opened directly upon a full view of the river, as it stretched far away towards the bay of New York. Over this timber the refugee threw one end of the rope, and, regaining it, joined the two parts in his hand. A small and weak barrel that wanted a head, the staves of which were loose, and at one end standing apart, was left on the floor, probably as useless to the owner. This was brought by the sergeant in obedience to a look from his officer, and placed beneath the beam. All of these arrangements were made with immovable composure, and now seemed completed to the officer's perfect satisfaction.

"Come," he said coolly to the skinner, who, amazed with the preparations, had stood both a close and silent spectator of their progress. "He obeyed ; and it was not until he found

his neckcloth removed, and hat thrown aside, that he took the alarm. But he had so often resorted to a similar expedient to extort information or plunder, that he by no means felt the terror an unpractised man would have suffered at these ominous movements. The rope was adjusted to his neck with the same coolness that formed the characteristic of the whole movement, and a fragment of board being laid upon the barrel, he was ordered to mount it.

"But it may fall," said the skinner, for the first time beginning to tremble. "I will tell you anything, even how to surprise our party at the Pond, without this trouble; and that is commanded by my own brother."

"I want no information," returned his executioner (for such he now seemed really to be), as he threw the rope repeatedly over the beam, first drawing it tight, so as to annoy the skinner a little, and then casting the end from him, far beyond the reach of any one.

"This is joking too far," cried the skinner, in a tone of remonstrance, and raising himself on his toes, with the vain hope of releasing himself from the cord by slipping his head through the noose. But the caution and experience of the refugee had guarded against this escape.

"What did you with the horse you stole from me, rascal?" he cried, throwing out extraordinary columns of smoke as he waited for a reply.

"He broke down in the chase," replied the skinner quickly; "but I can tell you where one is to be found, that is worth him and his sire."

"Liar! I will help myself when I want one; but you had better call upon God for aid, as your hour is short." On concluding this consoling advice, he struck the barrel a violent blow with his heavy foot, and the slender staves flew in every direction, leaving the skinner whirling in the air. As his hands were unconfined, he threw them upwards, and held himself suspended by main strength.

"Come, captain," he said, coaxingly, a little huskiness creeping into his voice, and his knees beginning to shake with a slight tremor, "just end the joke; 'tis enough to make a laugh, and my arms begin to tire. Indeed, I can't hold on much longer."

"Hurkee, Mr. Pedler," said the refugee, in a voice that would not be denied, "I want not your company. Through that door lies your road. March! Offer to touch that dog, and you'll swing in his place, if twenty Sir Henrys wanted

your services." So saying, he retired to the road with the sergeant, as the pedler precipitately retreated down the bank.

Birch went no further than a bush that opportunely offered itself as a screen to conceal his person, while he yielded to an unconquerable desire to witness what would be the termination of this extraordinary scene.

Left thus alone, the Skinner began to throw fearful glances around, to espy the hiding-places of his tormentors. For the first time, the horrid idea seemed to shoot through his brain, that something serious was intended by the Cow-Boy. He called entreatingly to be released, and made rapid and incoherent promises of important information, mingled with affected pleasantry at their conceit, which he could hardly admit to himself could mean anything so dreadful as it seemed; but as he heard the tread of the horses moving on their course, and in vain looked around for human aid, violent tremblings seized his limbs, and his eyes began to start from his head with terror. He made a desperate effort to reach the beam, but, too much exhausted with his previous exertions, he caught the rope in his teeth, in a vain effort to sever the cord, and fell to the whole length of his arms. Here his cries were turned into shrieks.

"Help!—cut the rope!—Captain!—Birch!—good pedler!—down with the Congress!—Sergeant!—for God's sake, help!—hurrah for the king!—O God! O God! mercy!—mercy!—mercy!"

As his voice became suppressed, one of his hands endeavored to make its way between the rope and his neck, and partially succeeded, but the other fell quivering by his side. A convulsive shuddering passed over his whole frame, and he hung a hideous, livid corse.

Birch continued gazing on this scene with a kind of infatuation, and at its close he placed his hands to his ears, rushing towards the highway; but still the cries for mercy rung through his brain, and it was many weeks before his memory ceased to dwell on the horrid event. The Cow-Boys rode steadily on their route as if nothing had occurred, and the body was left swinging in the wind, until chance directed the footsteps of some straggler to the place.

## THE WRECK OF THE ARIEL.

"Go, my boys, go," said Barnstable, as the moment of dreadful uncertainty passed; "you have still the whale-boat, and she, at least, will take you nigh the shore; go into her, my boys; God bless you, God bless you all; you have been faithful and honest fellows, and I believe he will not yet desert you; go, my friends, while there is a hull."

The seamen threw themselves, in a mass of human bodies, into the light vessel, which nearly sunk under the unusual burden; but when they looked around them, Barnstable, and Merry, Dillon, and the coxswain, were yet to be seen on the decks of the Ariel. The former was pacing, in deep and perhaps bitter melancholy, the wet planks of the schooner, while the boy hung, unheeded, on his arm, uttering disregarded petitions to his commander to desert the wreck. Dillon approached the side where the boat lay, again and again, but the threatening countenances of the seamen as often drove him back in despair. Tom had seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, where he continued, in an attitude of quiet resignation, returning no other answers to the loud and repeated calls of his shipmates, than by waving his hand toward the shore.

"Now hear me," said the boy, urging his request to tears; "if not for my sake, or for your own sake, Mr. Barnstable, or for the hopes of God's mercy, go into the boat, for the love of my cousin Katherine."

The young lieutenant paused in his troubled walk, and, for a moment, he cast a glance of hesitation at the cliffs; but, at the next instant, his eyes fell on the ruin of his vessel, and he answered—

"Never, boy, never; if my hour has come, I will not shrink from my fate."

"Listen to the men, dear sir; the boat will be swamped alongside the wreck, and their cry is, that without you they will not let her go."

Barnstable motioned to the boat, to bid the boy enter it, and turned away in silence.

"Well," said Merry, with firmness, "if it be right that a lieutenant shall stay by the wreck, it must also be right for a midshipman; shove off; neither Mr. Barnstable nor myself will quit the vessel."

"Boy, your life has been intrusted to my keeping, and at

my hands will it be required," said his commander, lifting the struggling youth, and tossing him into the arms of the seamen. "A way with ye, and God be with you; there is more weight in you now than can go safe to land."

Still, the seamen hesitated, for they perceived the coxswain moving, with a steady tread, along the deck, and they hoped he had relented, and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter, suddenly, in his powerful grasp, and threw him over the bulwarks with an irresistible force. At the same moment, he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it, and, lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest.

"God's will be done with me!" he cried; "I saw the first timber of the Ariel laid, and shall live just long enough to see it torn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer."

But his shipmates were swept far beyond the sounds of his voice before half these words were uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and, as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time; it fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjacent rocks. The coxswain still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves; some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy, as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried, in a similar manner, to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks, with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the coxswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood, in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene we have related; but, as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that

makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said, in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the coxswain; "and none but such as have his power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused, and, turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added, with reverence: "Had you thought more of him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest!"

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind, driving by the vessel."

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected coxswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and, in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing!"

"Why, then, did you remain here?" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom; "these waves to me are what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I—I," shrieked Dillon, "I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion; "you must go, like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing, with frantic eagerness, to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None: everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God!"

"God?" echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; "I know no God! there is no God that knows me!"

"Peace?" said the deep tones of the coxswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning, produced by the water, in the timbers

of the Ariel, at that moment, added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places, favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had, unknowingly, thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who, at first, had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance; and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim, to the ears of his shipmates on the sands—

"Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! sheer to the southward!"

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction, until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. The current swept him diagonally by the rocks, and he was forced into an eddy, where he had nothing to contend against but the waves, whose violence was much broken by the wreck. In this state he continued still to struggle, but with a force that was too much weakened to overcome the resistance he met. Tom looked around him for a rope, but not one presented itself to his hands; all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm, and inured to horrors, as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow, as if to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim, as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

"He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows

him!" murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the Ariel yielded to an overwhelming sea, and, after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

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WILLIAM WARE, 1797-1852.

WILLIAM WARE, the son of Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., the Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard University, was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 3d of August, 1797, and graduated at Cambridge, in 1816. When he had finished his theological studies there, and had preached a short time at Northboro', Massachusetts, and Brooklyn, Connecticut, he was settled over the Unitarian congregation in Chambers Street, New York, in December, 1821, where he remained about sixteen years. Near the close of this period, he commenced, in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," the publication of those brilliant papers which, in 1836, were published under the title of "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra, an Historical Romance," which gave him at once very high rank as a classical scholar and a classic author. In 1838, he published another volume of a similar character, entitled "Pyobus, or Rome in the Third Century," a sort of sequel to "Zenobia," and now known under the title of "Aurelian." In 1841, he published "Julien, or Scenes in Judea," in which he has described the most striking incidents in our Saviour's life—the work closing with an account of the crucifixion.

While these works were in the course of publication, he became the editor of the "Christian Examiner," having removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts. But, in consequence of ill health, he was obliged to give up all literary occupation, and he sailed for Europe in 1848. On his return, he gave a series of lectures in Boston, New York, and other places, upon the scenes he had visited, and, in 1851, published "Sketches of European Capitals." But his health had long been gradually failing, and he died on the 19th of February, 1852.

PALMYRA IN ITS GLORY.

I was still buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the

summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and toward the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be—that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrated each other, and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm-trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and, on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay, it is impossible, at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upwards its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty, casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld anything that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upwards slender pyramids—pointed obelisks—domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm-trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of

beauty, and made me feel for the moment as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days.

PALMYRA AFTER ITS CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION.

On the third day after the capture of the city and the massacre of the inhabitants, the army of the "conqueror and destroyer" withdrew from the scene of its glory, and again disappeared beyond the desert. I sought not the presence of Aurelian while before the city, for I cared not to meet him drenched in the blood of women and children. But as soon as he and his legions were departed, we turned towards the city, as children to visit the dead body of a parent.

No language which I can use, my Curtius, can give you any just conception of the horrors which met our view on the way to the walls and in the city itself. For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all—and without resistance, apparently—fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls, and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates, and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met nought but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better-built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less—that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But everywhere—in the streets—upon the porticos of private and public dwellings—upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith—in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads—little children and infants—women, the young, the beautiful, the good—all were there slaughtered

in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands a part of what they suffered, when, the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and, resisting or unresisting, they all fell together, beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air—what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders'—what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared. The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there, where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their door-stones—their own halls have become their tombs. \* \* \* O, miserable condition of humanity! Why is it that to man have been given passions which he cannot tame, and which sink him below the brute! Why is it that a few ambitious are permitted by the Great Ruler, in the selfish pursuit of their own aggrandizement, to scatter in ruin, desolation, and death, whole kingdoms—making misery and destruction the steps by which they mount up to their seats of pride! O, gentle doctrine of Christ!—doctrine of love and of peace, when shall it be that I and all mankind shall know thy truth, and the world smile with a new happiness under thy life-giving reign!

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DANIEL WEBSTER, 1782—1852.

THIS most distinguished of all American statesmen and orators, the son of Ebenezer and Abigail Webster, was born in Salisbury, N. H., on the 18th of January, 1782. It was early remarked that he had

uncommon endowments for his age, and in his fourteenth year he was placed in Phillips' Exeter Academy, then under the care of Dr. Benjamin Abbott, to prepare for college. He stayed there but a few months, as the means of his father were very limited, and then was placed with Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen, which is next to his native town. He entered Dartmouth College in 1797; and when he graduated in 1801, a high future was predicted for him by the more sagacious of his classmates. He immediately entered upon his legal studies, in his native place, in the office of Mr. Thompson, and completed them in the office of Governor Gore, of Boston. In 1805, he began practice in the village of Boscawen, whence he removed to Portsmouth, N. H., in September, 1807. Here he resided nine years, enjoying the friendship and profiting by the rivalry of such men as Samuel Dexter, Joseph Story, Jeremiah Smith, and Jeremiah Mason.

It was in the extra session of the Thirteenth Congress, that met in May, 1813, that Mr. Webster commenced his political career, having been chosen, in the previous November, a Representative from New Hampshire. He was placed on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, an evidence of the high estimation in which he was held, as our country was then at war with Great Britain. He delivered his maiden speech on the 10th of June, 1813, and almost immediately assumed a front rank amongst debaters. His speeches, chiefly on topics connected with the war, were even then characterized by masterly vigor, and by an uncommon acquaintance with constitutional learning, and the history and traditions of the government.

Having now found the arena of Portsmouth too limited, Mr. Webster removed to Boston, in August, 1816, and took the place which belonged to his commanding talent and legal eminence. In 1818, he made his brilliant and logical speech in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, which placed him among the very first jurists of the country.<sup>1</sup> In 1820, he was elected a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. In December of the same year, he delivered his eloquent "Discourse" in commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims. Two years afterwards, he was re-elected to Congress from Boston; and but little more than a month after he took his seat, on the 19th of January, 1823, he made his celebrated speech on the Greek Revolution, which established his reputation as one of the first statesmen of his age. In this, as in his Plymouth oration, he showed his warm sympathies on the side of freedom. In 1825, he

<sup>1</sup> So touching was the peroration of this speech, that it was said to draw tears from the eyes of a court little accustomed to allow human sympathies to affect the sternness and severity of the law.

delivered an oration on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and the next year a Eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson, both of which are among his very happiest efforts.

In 1828, Mr. Webster took his seat in the Senate of the United States, in which he remained twelve years. During this time, the most important questions were discussed, and measures of the highest moment were brought forward, in the discussion of which he always took a leading part. In 1830, he made what is justly considered the greatest of his parliamentary efforts, his reply to Col. Hayne, of South Carolina. This gentleman, in a speech on a resolution moved by Mr. Foote, of Connecticut, relative to the survey of the public lands, had indulged in some personalities against Mr. Webster, had commented with severity on the political course of the New England States, and had laid down, in an authoritative manner, his views of the doctrine of "nullification." Mr. Webster felt it his duty to defend himself, to vindicate New England, and to point out the fallacies of "nullification." This he did in a speech, which, for beauty, perspicuity, and strength of style, historical research, logic, sarcasm, pure patriotism, and lofty eloquence combined, has not, on the whole, its equal in the English language.

In 1839, Mr. Webster visited Europe. His time was principally spent in England, though he gave a few weeks to the Continent. His fame had, of course, preceded him, and he was everywhere received with the attention due to his character, talents, and eloquence. On the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency, in 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. While in this office, he was the means of settling the Northeastern boundary question with Great Britain, which, on the whole, met the approbation of the public.<sup>1</sup> About this time his fame as a public man received its first stain in his "Creole Letter" of instructions to Mr. Everett, then our minister to England, demanding of them some slaves which had escaped to her shores.<sup>2</sup> It

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<sup>1</sup> I must say, though it may be deemed presumptuous, that in my humble judgment he here made a great mistake, and gave to England what, according to the terms of an early treaty with her, she had no right to—a large slice of the State of Maine (about five thousand square miles), which never, I believe, would have been given, had the disputed territory lain on our Southern confines.

<sup>2</sup> The brig "Creole" sailed from Richmond in October, 1841, with one hundred and thirty-five slaves, bound for New Orleans. When a few days from port, the slaves rose, murdered a passenger who claimed the ownership of most of them, took possession of the vessel, and steered her for the port of Nassau, in the British island of New Providence. It is deeply to be regretted for Mr. Webster's fame that he should have penned such a letter to our minister as he did, demanding of England a surrender of these slaves—

need hardly be said that the demand was never complied with. Mr. Garrison's cabinet was broken up in 1842; but Mr. Webster remained in office till the spring of 1843, during which time, steps were taken which led to the recognition of the independence of the Sandwich Islands by the principal maritime powers. With the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration, in 1845, Mr. Webster returned to the Senate of the United States, in which he continued through 1850. In 1846, he opposed our infamous Mexican war; but, with an inconsistency unworthy of his great powers, voted for supplies to carry it on.

On the 7th of March, 1850, he made his celebrated speech on the "Compromise Measures," including the world-wide infamous Fugitive Slave Bill. When the news first came that Mr. Webster had given his support to that bill, the people of the North could hardly believe it. But when the news was confirmed, the scorn, the mortification, the indignation that were felt, can only be realized by those who were conversant at the time with public affairs.<sup>1</sup> The speech itself, in point of style and argument, is altogether the weakest of all his efforts. How could it be otherwise? How could Daniel Webster, with his great heart, true humanity, and giant intellect, be eloquent in supporting such a measure! But this was not the worst, even; he went about from place to place, to Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, &c., endeavoring to show the people the rightfulness, and the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Alas! That such a mind should have labored in such a work!<sup>2</sup>

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a letter so weak in argument, and so unfeeling in sentiment. Suppose a number of Englishmen, slaves in Algiers, should find such means to escape as did the slaves of the "Creole," what would our government say to a demand from Algiers for their surrender?

"It was when he had delivered this speech that Whittier wrote his poem entitled "Ichabod,"\* which, for deep feeling, regretful tenderness, and sublime pathos, has hardly its superior in the English language.

"He wanted to be President. That was all of it. This time he must storm the North, and conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas: four new slave States; slavery in Utah and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of color to Africa."—*Parker's Discourse*.

"Think of him"—the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock advocating the Compromise Measures' the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honoring the holy dead with his praise'—think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish!"—*Parker's Discourse*.

\* See the piece in the extracts from Whittier.

In June, 1852, the Whig Convention met at Baltimore to nominate a candidate for the presidency. That he was immeasurably superior to any of the names before the Convention, in every great quality requisite for a president, no one ever doubted. But of the two hundred and ninety-three votes, he got but thirty-three, and that only once. Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot; but the South, for whom he had made such sacrifices, never gave him a single vote, and General Scott proved the "available" man.<sup>1</sup> On Mr. Webster's return to Boston, on July 9th, from Washington, the citizens gave him a grand public reception. It was kind in them thus to administer a balm to his wounded spirit, and to ease his fall. He then returned to his farm at Marshfield, where he died Sunday, October 6th, 1852. The news of his death excited profound sorrow throughout the country, and on no similar occasion has there been so complete and universal an outpouring of grief. Demonstrations of mourning appeared in all quarters of the country, evincing how complete a hold he had upon the affections of his countrymen, who were willing, for a time at least, to forget his errors and lapses, in the recollection of his transcendent abilities, exerted so many years for good.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> No one now doubts that, had Mr. Webster, with his great heart and giant intellect, exerted his talents and eloquence to defeat, as he did to carry through, the "Compromise Bill," he would have succeeded; would thus have reversed the whole current of public affairs; would have carried with him the sound judgment and enthusiastic feeling of the whole North; and thus would have been borne onward, on the mighty wave of popular sentiment, into the Presidential chair. What an opportunity for good forever lost! Let his fate be a warning to all aspirants for political distinction, and impress upon them the truth that it is better to be right out of office, even, than wrong in it.

<sup>2</sup> The following is a list of the Eulogies pronounced on Daniel Webster:—

AUTHOR.	WHERE DELIVERED.	AUTHOR.	WHERE DELIVERED.
Adams, N.,	Boston.	Lawrence, E. A.,	Marblehead, Mass.
Allen, W. H.,	Philadelphia.	Lothrop, S. K.,	Boston.
Bartol, C. A.,	Boston.	Lunt, W. P.,	Quincy, Mass.
Boardman, H. A.,	Philadelphia.	Mason, Charles,	Boston.
Butler, C. M.,	Washington.	Mayo, A. D.,	Gloucester, Mass.
Choules, Dr.,	Newport, R. I.	McCoy, A.,	Ballston Spa.
Cleaveland, E. L.,	New Haven.	Parker, Theo.,	Boston.
Davis, Thos. T.,	Syracuse, N. Y.	Perley, Ira,	Concord.
Drake, Chas. D.,	St. Louis, Mo.	Pope, Leroy, jr.,	Memphis, Tenn.
Eastman, Bishop,	Boston.	Richards, Geo.,	Boston.
Eells, W. W.,	Newburyport.	Rogers, E. P.,	Augusta, Ga.
Haven, Joseph,	Amherst, Mass.	Samson, G. W.,	Jamaica Plains.
Heyward, J. H.,	Louisville, Ky.	Sanborn, E. D.,	Andover, Mass.
Hitchcock, R. D.,	Brunswick, Me.	Sanborn, R. S.,	Northfield, Vt.
Ketchum, Hiram,	New Haven.	Skinner, Otis A.,	Boston.
King, T. S.,	Boston.	Stearns, J. F.,	Newark, N. J.
Kirk, E. N.,	Boston.	Stearns, W. A.,	Cambridge.

Of the character of Mr. Webster as a jurist, a statesman, a scholar, an orator, there can be but one opinion with all candid minds—that he was head and shoulders above all his contemporaries—“*Facile primus inter pares.*” As a jurist, if exceeded by some in depth of professional reading, he was still master of all the learning required for the discussion of every question, however abstruse, while, for a memory that grasped every detail, for a clearness that could almost make opaque subjects transparent, for a skill that nothing could elude, for a compactness of statement that made his statements arguments, for rare condensation and surpassing logic, he must always rank as the first of his age.

As a statesman, none have surpassed, and few have equalled him. He could study and judge subjects in all their relations and details, and with a large and liberal comprehensiveness, with a wide range of political knowledge, and sound views of constitutional interpretation, and had he always followed the instincts of his own heart, and the promptings of his own enlightened conscience, and not looked at what he thought would be most conducive to his interests in his presidential aspirings, he would have left a fame surpassed by no man living or dead.

As an orator, Mr. Webster had none of the graces of the finished rhetorician, but he had what is infinitely better—a vigor, precision, and perspicuity of style, and a rich imagination, united to a manliness of person and grandeur of mien, that perfectly riveted the attention of his audience, and produced an overwhelming effect on a given question within the walls of a deliberative assembly—an effect which no other man, on either side of the Atlantic, could produce. Witness his Discourse at Plymouth, his address at Bunker Hill, his remarkable speech at Salem on the trial of Knapp for murder, his Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, and his reply to Hayne.

As a writer, Mr. Webster's style unites, in a remarkable degree, the four highest qualities—perspicuity, beauty, precision, and strength. Witness most of his speeches and addresses, and his several state papers, especially his letter to the Austrian minister, Hulsemann. It is to this letter that Kossuth has applied the epithet “immortal.”

AUTHOR.	WHERE DELIVERED.	AUTHOR.	WHERE DELIVERED.
Stone, A. L.,	Boston.	Weiss, John,	New Bedford.
Taft, A.,	Cincinnati.	Wiley, Charles,	Utica, N. Y.
Tefft, B. F.,	Lima, N. Y.	Woods, Leonard,	Portland.
Van Rensselaer, C.,	Burlington, N. J.	Woods, H. W.,	Newton L. Falls.
Walker, T.,	Cincinnati.	Webster Memorial,	published by the
Whipple, John,	Providence.	City of Boston.	

## THE PROSPECTS OF THE PURITANS.

"If we conquer," said the Athenian commander on the morning of that decisive day—"If we conquer, we shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece." A prophecy, how well fulfilled!—"If God prosper us," might have been the more appropriate language of our Fathers, when they landed upon this Rock—"If God prosper us, we shall here begin a work which shall last for ages; we shall plant here a new society, in the principles of the fullest liberty and the purest religion; we shall subdue this wilderness which is before us; we shall fill this region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, and the waving and golden harvest of autumn, shall extend over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man. We shall whiten this coast with the canvas of a prosperous commerce; we shall stud the long and winding shore with an hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength. From our sincere but houseless worship there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness; from the simplicity of our social union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and, in time, paying back where they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot, and to this hour, with unabated affection and regard."

## OUR COUNTRY IN 1920.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity; they exist only in the all-creating power of God who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed,

the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of one hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

#### ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVING SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now

where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

#### THE MORNING.

The air is tranquil, and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the "morning of life." But, the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning.

Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day," this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise, "with healing in his wings," a rising sun which shall scatter life, health, and joy, throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning; but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

#### THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

#### THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous questions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-

running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

#### PURPOSE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that, if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate, where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the

magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

#### CRIME REVEALED BY CONSCIENCE.

The deed<sup>1</sup> was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's

<sup>1</sup> The murder of Joseph White, Esq., of Salem, Mass., April 6, 1830.

purpose to make sure work ; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard ! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse ! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer ! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe !

Ah ! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence bath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place ; a thousand ears catch every whisper ; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him ; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to em-

barrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

Let me here observe, that the eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpsters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings; than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State, or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge

in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

#### LIBERTY AND UNION.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep

conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no

such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

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## ANDREWS NORTON, 1786—1853.

REV. ANDREWS NORTON, D. D., was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 31st of December, 1786, and graduated at Harvard College in 1804. He studied theology, but never became a settled clergyman; and in 1809 he was elected tutor in Bowdoin College, which situation he held for two years. In 1811, he was appointed tutor and librarian in Harvard; and, in 1813, he succeeded Rev. Dr. Channing as biblical lecturer. Upon the organization of the theological department, in 1819, he was appointed "Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature," which situation he held till 1830, when he was compelled to resign it from ill health. He continued to reside in Cambridge till his death, which took place on the 18th of September, 1853. Dr. Norton was married, in 1821, to Miss Catharine Eliot, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., of Boston.

Dr. Norton was a profound and accurate scholar, an eminent theologian, and for talent, acquirements, and influence, one of the first men in New England. He wrote occasionally for the literary and theological journals published in his vicinity, and is the author of several theological works. His greatest and most matured work is on the "Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," the first volume of which appeared in 1837, and the second and third in 1844. He also published "A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrine of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ," and some other religious tracts of a controversial nature. His contributions to the literary and religious journals of his time, though not numerous, were of a very able character. He was the editor of the "General Repository and Review," which was published in Cambridge, and was continued for three years, from 1812. To the new

series of the "Christian Disciple," which began in 1819, he contributed many valuable papers; in the early volumes of the "Christian Examiner," the articles on the "Poetry of Mrs. Hemans," on "Pollok's Course of Time," on the "Future Life of the Good," and on the "Punishment of Sin;" and in the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes, a series of articles on the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the "North American Review," his most noticeable articles are those on "Franklin," in September, 1818; on "Byron," in October, 1825; on Rev. William Ware's "Letters from Palmyra," in October, 1837; and a Memoir of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in January, 1845. He has also written some verses of a devotional cast, of great beauty and sweetness.

"Mr. Norton's writings are all impressed with the same strongly-marked qualities, bearing the image of the man; the same calm but deep tone of religious feeling; the same exalted seriousness of view, as that of man in sight of God and on the borders of eternity; the same high moral standard, the same transparent clearness of statement; the same logical closeness of reasoning; the same quiet earnestness of conviction; the same sustained confidence in his conclusions, resting as they did, or as he meant they should, on solid grounds and fully examined premises; the same minute accuracy and finish; the same strict truthfulness and sincerity, saying nothing for mere effect. And the style is in harmony with the thought—pure, chaste, lucid, aptly expressive, unaffected, uninvolved, English undefiled; scholarly, yet never pedantic, strong, yet not hard or dry; and, when the subject naturally called for it, clothing itself in the rich hues and the beautiful forms of poetic fancy, that illumined, while it adorned, his thought."<sup>1</sup>

#### POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand de-

<sup>1</sup> *Christian Examiner*, November, 1853.

pendencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities in the view of men, it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian *liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself*; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.

#### REFORMERS.

It is delightful to remember that there have been men who, in the cause of truth and virtue, have made no compromises for their own advantage or safety; who have recognized "the hardest duty as the highest;" who, conscious of the possession of great talents, have relinquished all the praise that was within their grasp, all the applause which they might have so liberally

received, if they had not thrown themselves in opposition to the errors and vices of their fellow men, and have been content to take obloquy and insult instead ; who have approached to lay on the altar of God "their last infirmity." They, without doubt, have felt that deep conviction of having acted right which supported the martyred philosopher of Athens, when he asked, "What disgrace is it to me if others are unable to judge of me, or to treat me as they ought?" There is something very solemn and sublime in the feeling produced by considering how differently these men have been estimated by their contemporaries, from the manner in which they are regarded by God. We perceive the appeal which lies from the ignorance, the folly, and the iniquity of man, to the throne of Eternal Justice. A storm of calumny and reviling has too often pursued them through life, and continued, when they could no longer feel it, to beat upon their graves. But it is no matter. They had gone where all who have suffered, and all who have triumphed in the same noble cause, receive their reward ; and where the wreath of the martyr is more glorious than that of the conqueror.

#### THE FUTURE LIFE OF THE GOOD.

Rich and glorious as is the prospect of the happiness of the future life, it is still a prospect of such happiness as cannot be felt, unless we have prepared ourselves for its enjoyment. This preparation is the business of life ; it is the purpose for which we are placed in this world. It consists in the faithful discharge of all our duties ; in the improvement of our intellectual faculties, and our moral sensibility ; in enlightening our minds by the study of our religion ; in repressing our sensual appetites ; in subduing our bad passions ; in virtuous self-denial ; in purity and temperance ; in honesty and justice ; in cultivating our social affections ; in forming habits of benevolence ; in regarding the happiness of others in all our conduct ; in habitually considering how we may best employ our faculties, and our means of usefulness, for the good of our friends and our fellow-men ; in viewing the common interest as our own ; in constantly regarding ourselves as the children and the creatures of God ; in looking up to him with resignation, gratitude, love, and reverence ; and in making his will the rule of all conduct. Superstition and fanaticism may fancy that they have discovered some easier path to heaven, than that of a good life. It is a wretched, and most pitiable

delusion. There is no other, and there can be none easier. We may entertain, likewise, very false notions of the nature of repentance. Repentance is something much more than mere sorrow for past sins. Mere sorrow for past sins, considered by itself, is without value or efficacy. True repentance is a change of character from bad to good. The sensualist must become pure and temperate; the selfish man must become generous and disinterested; the angry and malignant must become gentle and benevolent; the profane must become serious and devout. But changes of this sort are not, in the common course of events, to be effected in a day, or a month, or a year; far less in the few last days of a misspent life. No, it is impossible to form an unnatural union between vice and happiness. If we would attain the blessedness of heaven, we must pay the price of the purchase; we must become the servants of that master whose service is perfect freedom. It is by *patient perseverance in well doing*, that we may *attain to glory, honor, and immortality*.

## HYMN.

My God, I thank thee! may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfil;  
And, mid the wreck of human joy,  
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

## FORTITUDE.

Faint not, poor traveller, though thy way  
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;  
Though cold and stormy lower the day,  
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not ; though from every limb  
 Are starting drops of toil and pain ;  
 Thou dost but share the lot of Him  
 With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,  
 Must bear the sorrows that assail ;  
 Look upward to the eternal throne,  
 And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly ; yet a few more days,  
 And thy hard trial will be past ;  
 Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,  
 Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.

Christian ! thy Friend, thy Master pray'd,  
 When dread And anguish shook his frame ;  
 Then met his sufferings undismay'd ;  
 Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

O ! think'st thou that his Father's love  
 Shone round him then with fainter rays  
 Than now, when, throned all height above,  
 Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?

Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes  
 Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;  
 Then, rising as thy SAVIOUR rose,  
 Go ! his eternal victory share.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Another year ! another year !  
 The unceasing rush of time sweeps on ;  
 Whelm'd in its surges, disappear  
 Man's hopes and fears, forever gone !

O, no ! forbear that idle tale !  
 The hour demands another strain,  
 Demands high thoughts that cannot quail !  
 And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,  
 The stars, which now look down on earth,  
 Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,  
 And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,  
 And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,  
 The dwellers on this alter'd ball  
 May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on ! shine on ! with you I tread  
 The march of ages, orbs of light !  
 A last eclipse o'er you may spread,  
 To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way'  
Lies upward to the immortal dead!  
That a few hairs are turning gray,  
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,  
To feel and act with strength and skill,  
To reason wisely, nobly dare,  
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,  
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!  
The morning twilight of a sun  
Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain  
To leave, or lose wife, children, friends!  
What then—shall we not meet again  
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,  
The changeless trust which woman gives,  
The smile of childhood—it is there  
That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;  
Let no weak fears thy course delay;  
Immortal being! feel thy power,  
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

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#### HENRY REED, 1808—1854.

PROFESSOR HENRY REED was born in Philadelphia, on the 11th of July, 1808. After the usual preparatory studies, under that accomplished school-master, Mr. James Ross, he entered the sophomore class in the University of Pennsylvania, in September, 1822, and graduated in 1825. He began the study of law under that distinguished jurist, John Sergeant, and was admitted to practice in the courts of the city and county of Philadelphia in 1829. In September, 1831, he relinquished the practice of his profession, on being elected assistant professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In November of the same year, he was chosen Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy, and in 1835 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. He continued in the service of the college

for twenty-three years, discharging his duties with untiring industry, and with such ability and zeal, united to great urbanity of manners, as to secure the warm attachment and profound respect of all who came under his instruction.

It had long been Professor Reed's earnest wish to visit Europe, but his professional duties and other claims had always prevented it. Early in 1854, however, he asked leave of absence, which was granted by the trustees; and early in May, accompanied by his sister-in-law, Miss Bronson, he sailed for Europe. His reputation as a scholar had preceded him, and he was received with the kindest welcome by many of England's most distinguished poets and scholars. He visited the continent, and went by the ordinary route through France and Switzerland, as far south as Milan and Venice, and returned to England the latter part of the summer.

On the 20th of September, 1854, Mr. Reed, with his sister, embarked at Liverpool for New York in the steamship Arctic. Seven days afterwards, at noon, a fatal collision occurred, and before sundown every human being left upon the ship—about three hundred in all—had sunk under the waves. When the news of his loss reached Philadelphia, feelings of intense grief pervaded all hearts who had had even but a slight knowledge of him. It was felt that Philadelphia had lost one of her choicest, most gifted spirits, one who was an honor and an ornament to the elevated position which he held in the University, and one who, had his life been spared, would have resumed his responsible duties with increased zeal, efficiency, and usefulness.

Professor Reed was married, in 1834, to Elizabeth White Bronson, a granddaughter of Bishop White.

Shortly after Professor Reed's death, his brother, William B. Reed, Esq., prepared for publication, with his well-known taste and judgment, his manuscript notes and lectures on English Literature and Poetry, which are among the choicest contributions to American Literature. These are "Lectures on English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson," 1 vol. 12mo.; "Lectures on the British Poets," 2 vols. 12mo.; and "Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakespeare," 1 vol. 12mo.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> During his life, Professor Reed prepared editions of the following works:—Alexander Reid's Dictionary of the English Language; Graham's English Synonyms, enriched by poetical citations from Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth; Wordsworth's Poems, with a beautifully appreciative Introduction; Gray's Poems, with a new Memoir; Arnold's Lectures on Modern History; and Lord Mahon's History of England.

## BEST METHOD OF READING.

It is not unfrequently thought that the true guidance for habits of reading is to be looked for in prescribed courses of reading, pointing out the books to be read, and the order of proceeding with them. Now, while this external guidance may to certain extent be useful, I do believe that an elaborately prescribed course of reading would be found neither desirable nor practicable. It does not leave freedom enough to the movements of the reader's own mind; it does not give free enough scope to choice. Our communion with books, to be intelligent, must be more or less spontaneous. It is not possible to anticipate how or when an interest may be awakened in some particular subject or author, and it would be far better to break away from the prescribed list of books, in order to follow out that interest while it is a thoughtful impulse. It would be a sorry tameness of intellect that would not, sooner or later, work its way out of the track of the best of any such prescribed courses. This is the reason, no doubt, why they are so seldom attempted, and why, when attempted, they are apt to fail.

It may be asked, however, whether everything is to be left to chance or caprice, whether one is to read what accident puts in the way—what happens to be reviewed or talked about. No! far from it; there would in this be no more exercise of rational will than in the other process; in truth, the slavery to chance is a worse evil than slavery to authority. So far as the origin of a taste for reading can be traced in the growth of the mind, it will be found, I think, mostly in the mind's own prompting; and the power thus engendered is, like all other powers in our being, to be looked to as something to be cultivated and chastened, and then its disciplined freedom will prove more and more its own safest guide. It will provide itself with more of philosophy than it is aware of in its choice of books, and will the better understand its relative virtues. On the other hand, I apprehend that often a taste for reading is quenched by rigid and injudicious prescription of books in which the mind takes no interest, can assimilate nothing to itself, and recognizes no progress but what the eye takes count of in the reckoning of pages it has travelled over. It lies on the mind, unpalatable, heavy, undigested food. But reverse the process; observe or engender the interest as best you may, in the young

mind, and then work with that—expanding, cultivating, chastening it.

#### POETICAL AND PROSE READING.

The disproportion usually lies in the other direction—prose reading to the exclusion of poetry. This is owing chiefly to the want of proper culture, for although there is certainly a great disparity of imaginative endowment, still the imagination is part of the universal mind of man, and it is a work of education to bring it into action in minds even the least imaginative. It is chiefly to the wilfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book. It sometimes happens, however, that a mind, well gifted with imaginative power, loses the capacity to relish poetry simply by the neglect of reading metrical literature. This is a sad mistake, inasmuch as the mere reader of prose cuts himself off from the very highest literary enjoyments; for if the giving of power to the mind be a characteristic, the most essential literature is to be found in poetry, especially if it be such as English poetry is, the embodiment of the very highest wisdom and the deepest feeling of our English race. I hope to show in my next lecture, in treating the subject of our language, how rich a source of enjoyment the study of English verse, considered simply as an organ of expression and harmony, may be made; but to readers who confine themselves to prose, the metrical form becomes repulsive instead of attractive. It has been well observed by a living writer, who has exercised his powers alike in prose and verse, that there are readers “to whom the poetical form merely and of itself acts as a sort of veil to every meaning, which is not habitually met with under that form, and who are puzzled by a passage occurring in a poem, which would be at once plain to them if divested of its cadence and rhythm; not because it is thereby put into language in any degree more perspicuous, but because prose is the vehicle they are accustomed to for this particular kind of matter; and they will apply their minds to it in prose, and they will refuse their minds to it in verse.”<sup>1</sup>

The neglect of poetical reading is increased by the very mistaken notion that poetry is a mere luxury of the mind, alien from the demands of practical life—a light and effortless amusement. This is the prejudice and error of ignorance. For look

<sup>1</sup> Taylor's Notes from Books, p. 215.

at many of the strong and largely cultivated minds which we know by biography and their own works, and note how large and precious an element of strength is their studious love of poetry. Where could we find a man of more earnest, energetic, practical cast of character than Arnold?—eminent as an historian, and in other the gravest departments of thought and learning, active in the cause of education, zealous in matters of ecclesiastical, political, or social reform; right or wrong, always intensely practical and single-hearted in his honest zeal; a champion for truth, whether in the history of ancient politics or present questions of modern society; and, with all, never suffering the love of poetry to be extinguished in his heart, or to be crowded out of it, but turning it perpetually to wise uses, bringing the poetic truths of Shakspeare and of Wordsworth to the help of the cause of truth; his enthusiasm for the poets breaking forth, when he exclaims: “What a treat it would be to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one’s mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance.”<sup>1</sup>

#### TRAGIC POETRY.

Tragic poetry has been well described as “poetry in its deepest earnest.” The upper air of poetry is the atmosphere of sorrow. This is a truth attested by every department of art, the poetry of words, of music, of the canvas, and of marble. It is so, because poetry is a reflection of life; and when a man weeps, the passions that are stirring within him are mightier than the feelings which prompt to cheerfulness or merriment. The smile plays on the countenance; the laugh is a momentary and noisy impulse; but the tear rises slowly and silently from the deep places of the heart. It is at once the symbol and the relief of an o’ermastering grief, it is the language of emotions to which words cannot give utterance: passions, whose very might and depth give them a sanctity we instinctively recognize by veiling them from the common gaze. In childhood, indeed, when its little griefs and joys are blended with that

<sup>1</sup> Arnold’s Life, p. 284 (American edition), in a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge.

absence of self-anxiousness which is both the bliss and the beauty of its innocence, tears are shed without restraint or disguise : but when the self-consciousness of manhood has taught us that tears are the expression of emotions too sacred for exposure, the heart will often break rather than violate this instinct of our nature. Tragic poetry, in dramatic, or epic, or what form soever, has its original, its archetype in the sorrows which float like clouds over the days of human existence. Afflictions travel across the earth on errands mysterious, but merciful, could we but understand them ; and the poet, fashioning the likeness of them in some sad story, teaches the imaginative lesson of their influences upon the heart.

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JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, 1795—1856.

THIS distinguished scholar, philosopher, and poet was born at Berlin, Connecticut, September 15th, 1795, and graduated at Yale College, in 1815, with high honor. After leaving college, he entered the medical school connected with the same, and received the degree of M. D. He did not, however, engage in practice ; but devoted himself chiefly to the cultivation of his poetical powers, and to the pursuits of science and literature. In 1820, he published his first volume of poems ; and in 1822, another volume, under the name of "Clio." In 1824, he was for a short time in the service of the United States, as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point, and subsequently, as a surgeon connected with the recruiting station at Boston. But his tastes lay in a different direction, and he gave himself to the Muses, and to historical, philological, and scientific pursuits. In 1827 he was employed to revise the manuscript of Dr. Webster's large Dictionary, and not long after this he published a corrected translation of Malte-Brun's Geography. In 1835, he was appointed, in connection with Professor C. A. Shepard, to make a survey of the Geology and Mineralogy of the State of Connecticut. Dr. Percival took charge of the Geological part, and his report thereon was published in 1842. In 1843, appeared, at New Haven, his last published volume of miscellaneous poetry, entitled "The Dream of Day and other Poems." In 1854, he was appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin, and his first Report on that survey was published in January, 1855. The larger part of this

year he spent in the field. While preparing his second report, his health gave way, and after a gentle decline, he expired on the 2d of May, 1856, at Hazel Green, Wisconsin.

However much distinguished Mr. Percival is for his classical learning, and for his varied attainments in philology and general science, he will be chiefly known to posterity as one of the most eminent of our poets, for the richness of his fancy, the copiousness and beauty of his language, his life like descriptions, his sweet and touching pathos, as well as, at times, his spirited and soul-stirring measures. The following selections will give a just idea of his various styles:—

ODE.—LIBERTY TO ATHENS.<sup>1</sup>

The flag of freedom floats once more  
 Around the lofty Parthenon;  
 It waves, as waved the palm of yore,  
 In days departed long and gone;  
 As bright a glory, from the skies,  
 Pours down its light around those towers,  
 And once again the Greeks arise,  
 As in their country's noblest hours;  
 Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,  
 Minerva's sacred hill is free—  
 O! may she keep her equal laws,  
 While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;  
 The Goth, the Frank, the Turk had rest  
 The laurel from her civic crown;  
 Her helm by many a sword was cleft:  
 She lay among her ruins low—  
 Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,  
 And crushed and bruised by many a blow,  
 She cowered beneath her savage foes:  
 But now again she springs from earth,  
 Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks:  
 She rises in a brighter birth,  
 And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—  
 Their servile years have rolled away;  
 The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,  
 They hail the dawn of freedom's day;

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<sup>1</sup> “In this crowded, classical, and animated picture, the occasional resemblance to Lord Byron ought not to be called an imitation so much as a successful attempt at rivalry.” Read articles on his poetry, in the 16th and 22d volumes of North American Review.

From Heaven the golden light descends,  
The times of old are on the wing,  
And glory there her pinion bends,  
And beauty wakes a fairer spring ;  
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,  
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed ;  
A light that points their tyrants' graves  
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,  
Where wisdom held her pure abode :  
The hill of Mars, where light divine  
Proclaimed the true, but unknown God ;  
Where justice held unyielding sway,  
And trampled all corruption down,  
And onward took her lofty way  
To reach at truth's unfading crown :  
The rock, where liberty was full,  
Where eloquence her torrents rolled,  
And loud, against the despot's rule,  
A knell the patriot's fury tolled :  
The stage, whereon the drama spake  
In tones that seemed the words of Heaven,  
Which made the wretch in terror shake,  
As by avenging furies driven :  
The groves and gardens, where the fire  
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,  
And every eye, that dared aspire  
To truth, has long in worship turned :  
The halls and porticos, where trod  
The moral sage, severe, unstained,  
And where the intellectual God  
In all the light of science reigned :  
The schools, where rose in symmetry  
The simple, but majestic pile,  
Where marble threw its roughness by,  
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,  
Where colors made the canvas live,  
Where music rolled her flood along,  
And all the charms, that art can give,  
Were blest with beauty, love, and song :  
The port, from whose capacious womb  
Her navies took their conquering road :  
The heralds of an awful doom  
To all, who would not kiss her rod :—  
On these a dawn of glory springs,  
These trophies of her brightest fame ;  
Away the long-chained city flings  
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame ;  
Again her ancient souls awake,  
Harmodius bears anew his sword ;  
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,  
And freedom is their only lord.

## THE SERENADE.

Softly the moonlight  
Is shed on the lake,  
Cool is the summer night—  
Wake! O awake!  
Faintly the curfew  
Is heard from afar;  
List ye! O list!  
To the lively Guitar.

Trees cast a mellow shade  
Over the vale,  
Sweetly the serenade  
Breathes in the gale;  
Softly and tenderly  
Over the lake,  
Gayly and cheerily—  
Wake! O awake!

See the light pinnace  
Draws nigh to the shore,  
Swiftly it glides  
At the heave of the oar,  
Cheerily plays  
On its buoyant ear,  
Nearer and nearer  
The lively Guitar.

Now the wind rises  
And ruffles the pine,  
Ripples foam-crested  
Like diamonds shine;  
They flash, where the waters  
The white pebbles lave,  
In the wake of the moon,  
As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow  
To billow, the boat  
Like a wild swan is seen  
On the waters to float;  
And the light dipping oars  
Bear it smoothly along  
In time to the air  
Of the Gondolier's song.

And high on the stern  
Stands the young and the brave,  
As love-led he crosses  
The star-spangled wave,  
And blends with the murmur  
Of water and grove  
The tones of the night,  
That are sacred to love.

The maid from her lattice  
Looks down on the lake,  
To see the foam sparkle,  
The bright billow break,  
And to hear in his boat,  
Where he shines like a star,  
Her lover so tenderly  
Touch his Guitar.

She opens her lattice,  
And sits in the glow  
Of the moonlight and starlight,  
A statue of snow;  
And she sings in a voice,  
That is broken with sighs,  
And she darts on her lover  
The light of her eyes.

His love-speaking pantomime  
Tells her his soul—  
How wild in that sunny clime  
Hearts and eyes roll.  
She waves with her white hand  
Her white fazzolet,  
And her burning thoughts flash  
From her eyes' living jet.

The moonlight is hid  
In a vapor of snow;  
Her voice and his rebec  
Alternately flow;  
Re-echoed they swell  
From the rock on the hill;  
They sing their farewell,  
And the music is still.

## CONSUMPTION.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,  
When the light of beauty is fading away,  
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,  
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,  
And darted around its glance of power,  
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,  
That ever in Paestum's<sup>1</sup> garden blew,  
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,  
When all that was bright and fair is fled,  
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,  
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose ;  
For a nameless charm around her plays,  
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,  
And a veil of spotless purity  
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye ;  
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night  
Has poured her softest tint of light ;  
And there is a blending of white and blue,  
Where the purple blood is melting through  
The snow of her pale and tender cheek ;  
And there are tones, that sweetly speak  
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,  
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,  
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing  
Its silent steps through a flowery path,  
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,  
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,  
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,  
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song  
The maiden may trip in the dance along,  
And think of the passing moment, that lies,  
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,  
And yield to the present, that charms around  
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,  
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms fit,  
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,  
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,  
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er  
With a few big drops, that are soon repressed,  
For short is the stay of grief in her breast :  
In this enlivened and gladsome hour  
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;

<sup>1</sup> Biferique rosaria Presti.—*Virg.*

But dearer the calm and quiet day,  
When the Heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,  
And life wears out with no repining,  
And the whisper, that tells of early death,  
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,  
When it comes at the hour of still repose,  
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;  
And the lip, that swelled with a living glow,  
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow;  
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,  
But the hectic spot that flushed there,  
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,  
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,  
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,  
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,  
As richly red, and as transient too,  
As the clouds, in autumn's sky of blue,  
That seem like a host of glory met  
To honor the sun at his golden set:  
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,  
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,  
As if she would blend her soul with his  
In a deep and long imprinted kiss.  
So fondly the panting camel flies,  
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,  
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,  
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.  
And though her dying voice be mute,  
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,  
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,  
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,  
Her eye still beams unwonted fires  
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,  
And her last fond, lingering look is given  
To the love she leaves, and then to Heaven;  
As if she would bear that love away  
To a purer world and a brighter day.

#### TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
 As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,  
 And curl around the dashing oar,  
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
 And see the mist of mantling blue  
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
 A sheet of silver spreads below,  
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !  
 O ! I could ever sweep the oar,  
 When birds at early morning wake,  
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

#### LOVE OF STUDY.<sup>1</sup>

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,  
 And watch his lonely taper, when the stars  
 Are holding their high festival in Heaven,  
 And worshipping around the midnight throne ?  
 And wherefore does he spend so patiently,  
 In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours  
 Of youth and joyance, when the blood is warm,  
 And the heart full of buoyancy and fire ?

He has his pleasures—he has his reward :  
 For there is in the company of books,  
 The living souls of the departed sage,  
 And bard, and hero; there is in the roll  
 Of eloquence and history, which speak  
 The deeds of early and of better days ;  
 In these and in the visions that arise  
 Sublime in midnight musings, and array  
 Conceptions of the mighty and the good,  
 There is an elevating influence,  
 That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts  
 The spirit in its strong aspirations, where  
 Superior beings fill the court of Heaven.  
 And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk  
 With high imaginings, and pictures out  
 Communion with the worthies of old time.

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<sup>1</sup> There are many youths, and some men, who most earnestly devote themselves to solitary studies, from the mere love of the pursuit. I have here attempted to give some of the causes of a devotion which appears so unaccountable to the stirring world.

With eye upturned, watching the many stars,  
 And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,  
 Communing with himself, and with the world,  
 The universe around him, and with all  
 The beings of his memory and his hopes ;  
 Till past becomes reality, and joys,  
 That beckon in the future, nearer draw,  
 And ask fruition—O ! there is a pure,  
 A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams :  
 They have the light of heaven around them, breathe  
 The odor of its sanctity, and are  
 Those moments taken from the sands of life,  
 Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom  
 Like islands flowering on Arabia's wild.  
 And there is pleasure in the utterance  
 Of pleasant images in pleasant words,  
 Melting like melody into the ear,  
 And stealing on in one continual flow,  
 Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy  
 Ineffable to dwell upon the lines  
 That register our feelings, and portray,  
 In colors always fresh and ever new,  
 Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,  
 As something far too tender, and too pure,  
 For forms so frail and fading.

## THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,  
 Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,  
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
 That never are wet with the falling dew,  
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
 Their bows where the tides and billows flow.  
 The water is calm and still below,  
 For the winds and waves are absent there,  
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
 In the motionless fields of upper air.  
 There, with its waving blade of green,  
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
 And the crimson leaf of the dulce<sup>1</sup> is seen  
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.

<sup>1</sup> The dulce is a species of seaweed of a reddish-brown color, found in considerable quantities on the coast of Scotland. It adheres to the rocks, in strips of ten or twelve inches long and about half an inch broad.

There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea :  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own :  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore,  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

## JOSIAH QUINCY.

This distinguished statesman and scholar was born in Boston, on the 4th of February, 1772. After the usual preparatory studies at Phillips Andover Academy, he entered Harvard College, graduated in 1790, and then entered on the practice of law in his native city. In 1797, he married Eliza, daughter of John Morton, a merchant of New York. In 1804, he was elected representative from Boston to the Congress of the United States, and held that station eight successive years, until he declined a re-election in 1813, when he was chosen senator from Suffolk county to the State Senate, which position he held till 1821. In 1822, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and was, at the opening of the session, made speaker of that body. The same year he was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court, but resigned the office on his election as Mayor of Boston in 1823. He held the office of mayor six successive years, until he declined a re-election in December, 1828. In January, 1829, he was called, to use his own words, "from the dust and clamor of the capitol to the Presidency of Harvard University, and was as much surprised at the appointment," he said, "as if he had received a call to the pastoral charge of the Old South Church." He delivered his inaugural address in Latin, and retained his office until his resignation in 1845. Since that time he has held no public office, but is often called upon to preside at assemblages of his fellow-citizens, being always ready to

lend the influence of his great name to aid every cause which he deems connected with the public good or national honor.

Such is the meagre outline of the public life of this great and good man, and true patriot. He has held no office which he did not fill with singular fidelity, wisdom, and zeal. With an ardor of temperament and energy of soul seldom equalled, he has ever enlisted these high characteristics in the cause of truth, justice, liberty, humanity; always pursuing the right rather than the seemingly expedient, convinced that in the long run the right is the expedient. His rare moral courage has more than once been put to the test, when he has stood alone, braving any amount of obloquy for pursuing what he deemed the truth, and what duty demanded of him. When he was in the House of Representatives of the United States, he took a position, sometimes literally alone, against the war of 1812, pronouncing it "an unjust, unnecessary, and iniquitous war;"<sup>1</sup> and when in the Senate of his own State, in reference to a recent naval victory, he presented the following: "Resolved, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that, in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil."

As Mayor of Boston, Mr. Quincy showed uncommon energy, wisdom, and executive power. At the earliest dawn, he might often have been seen on horseback, traversing the various streets and wharves and alleys, personally to inspect their condition, and to see what improvements might be made. Some of his plans for advancing the best interests of the city seemed at the time, to many cautious men, altogether too extended and almost visionary; but time has proved that they were conceived with wisdom, as they were executed with energy; and the "House of Industry," the "House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders," as well as the noble granite structure that bears his name, "Quincy Market," and numerous other improvements, remain monuments of his wise and vigorous administration.<sup>2</sup>

As President of Harvard College, Mr. Quincy exhibited equal fitness for guiding affairs in academic shades. During his presidency, "debts

<sup>1</sup> For myself, I have not the least doubt that the calm and impartial judgment of posterity will fully endorse this sentiment.

<sup>2</sup> His son Josiah was subsequently Mayor of Boston, inheriting all the high and noble and generous characteristics of his father—truly "a chip of the old block."

were paid, endowments secured, buildings renovated, and the general efficiency of this ancient institution largely promoted."

Mr. Quincy is now enjoying a green and vigorous old age, at his ancestral estate in Quincy; and though not taking an active part in public affairs, yet feels a warm interest in them. And, when recently called on by his fellow-citizens, he lifted up his eloquent and courageous voice against the further encroachments of slavery, and urged the free States to exert their proportionate influence in the affairs of the government.

The literary productions of Mr. Quincy, besides his "Speeches in Congress, and Orations on Various Occasions," which have been published, are "Memoir of Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Massachusetts" (his father); "Centennial Address on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston;" "A History of Harvard University," 2 vols. 8vo.; "Memoir of James Grahame, Historian of U. S. A.;" "Memoir of Major Samuel Shaw;" "History of the Boston Athenæum;" and "A Municipal History of the Town and City of Boston, from 1630 to 1830," 1 vol. 8vo. 1852.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE LIMITS TO LAWS.<sup>2</sup>

*Mr. Chairman*—In relation to the subject now before us, other gentlemen must take their responsibilities; I shall take mine. This embargo must be repealed. You cannot enforce it for any important period of time longer. When I speak of your inability to enforce this law, let not gentlemen misunderstand me. I mean not to intimate insurrections or open defiances of them; although it is impossible to foresee in what acts that "oppression" will finally terminate, which, we are told, "makes wise men mad." I speak of an inability resulting from very different causes. The gentleman from North Carolina exclaimed the other day, in a strain of patriotic ardor, "What! shall not our laws be executed? Shall their authority be defied? I am for enforcing them, at every hazard." I honor that

<sup>1</sup> In the Presidential campaign of 1856 he took the deepest interest, and published an "Address illustrative of the Nature and Power of the Slave States, and the Duties of the Free States, delivered at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Quincy, Mass."<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Extract from the Speech of Josiah Quincy, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, November 28, 1808.

\* It would be well if this admirable address of the patriot-sage could be put into the hands of every young man in our land. While this Compendium is going through the press (Feb. 1858), "The Life of John Quincy Adams, by Josiah Quincy," is announced.

gentleman's zeal; and I mean no deviation from that true respect I entertain for him, when I tell him that, in this instance, "his zeal is not according to knowledge."

I ask this House, is there no control to its authority? is there no limit to the power of this national legislature? I hope I shall offend no man, when I intimate that two limits exist—*nature* and the *constitution*. Should this House undertake to declare that this atmosphere should no longer surround us, that water should cease to flow, that gravity should not hereafter operate, that the needle should not vibrate to the pole—sir, I hope I shall not offend—I think I may venture to affirm that, such a law to the contrary notwithstanding, the air would continue to circulate, the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac would roll their floods to the ocean, heavy bodies continue to descend, and the mysterious magnet hold on its course to its celestial cynosure.

Just as utterly absurd and contrary to nature is it to attempt to prohibit the people of New England, for any considerable length of time, from the ocean. Commerce is not only associated with all the feelings, the habits, the interests, and relations of that people, but the nature of our soil, and of our coasts, the state of our population, and its mode of distribution over our territory, render it indispensable. We have five hundred miles of sea-coast, all furnished with harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, basins, with every variety of invitation to the sea, with every species of facility to violate such laws as these. Our people are not scattered over an immense surface, at a solemn distance from each other, in lordly retirement, in the midst of extended plantations and intervening wastes: they are collected on the margin of the ocean, by the sides of rivers, at the heads of bays, looking into the water, or on the surface of it, for the incitement and the reward of their industry. Among a people thus situated, thus educated, thus numerous, laws, prohibiting them from the exercise of their natural rights, will have a binding effect not one moment longer than the public sentiment supports them. Gentlemen talk of twelve revenue cutters, additional, to enforce the embargo laws. Multiply the number by twelve, multiply it by an hundred, join all your ships of war, all your gun-boats, and all your militia, in despite of them all, such laws as these are of no avail when they become odious to public sentiment.

NEW ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

What lessons has New England, in every period of her history, given to the world! What lessons do her condition and example still give! How unprecedented; yet how practical! How simple; yet how powerful! She has proved that all the variety of Christian sects may live together in harmony, under a government which allows equal privileges to all—exclusive pre-eminence to none. She has proved that ignorance among the multitude is not necessary to order, but that the surest basis of perfect order is the information of the people. She has proved the old maxim, that “no government, except a despotism with a standing army, can subsist where the people have arms,” is false. Ever since the first settlement of the country, arms have been required to be in the hands of the whole multitude of New England; yet the use of them in a private quarrel, if it have ever happened, is so rare, that a late writer, of great intelligence, who had passed his whole life in New England, and possessed extensive means of information, declares, “I know not a single instance of it.”<sup>2</sup>

Such are the true glories of the institutions of our fathers! Such the natural fruits of that patience in toil, that frugality of disposition, that temperance of habit, that general diffusion of knowledge, and that sense of religious responsibility, inculcated by the precepts, and exhibited in the example of every generation of our ancestors!

And now, standing at this hour on the dividing line which separates the ages that are past from those which are to come, how solemn is the thought, that not one of this vast assembly—not one of that great multitude who now throng our streets, rejoice in our fields, and make our hills echo with their gratulations, shall live to witness the next return of the era we this day celebrate! The dark veil of futurity conceals from human sight the fate of cities and nations, as well as of individuals. Man passes away; generations are but shadows. There is nothing stable but truth; principles only are immortal.

What, then, in conclusion of this great topic, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety, which the inhabitants of New England at this day enjoy? In what language,

<sup>1</sup> From the “Centennial Address,” delivered in Boston on the 17th of September, 1830, at the close of the second century from the first settlement of the city.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D.

and concerning what comprehensive truths, does the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of the future?

Those elements are simple, obvious, and familiar.

Every civil and religious blessing of New England, all that here gives happiness to human life, or security to human virtue, is alone to be perpetuated in the forms and under the auspices of a free commonwealth.

The commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that compose it.

For the intelligence and virtue of individuals, there is no other human assurance than laws, providing for the education of the whole people.

These laws themselves have no strength, or efficient sanction, except in the moral and accountable nature of man, disclosed in the records of the Christian's faith; the right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning which, belongs to no class or caste of men, but exclusively to the individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages is this: *Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom;—freedom none but virtue;—virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.*

Men of Massachusetts! citizens of Boston! descendants of the early emigrants! consider your blessings; consider your duties. You have an inheritance acquired by the labors and sufferings of six successive generations of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosperity, in a severe and masculine morality; having intelligence for its cement, and religion for its ground-work. Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the same principles; let the extending temple of your country's freedom rise, in the spirit of ancient times, in proportions of intellectual and moral architecture—just, simple, and sublime. As from the first to this day, let New England continue to be an example to the world, of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it! And, in all times to come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and the boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of New England!

## LYMAN BEECHER.

THIS venerable and eloquent clergyman was born at New Haven, on the 12th of September, 1775. After going through the usual course of preparatory studies, he entered Yale College, and after graduating he studied divinity under Dr. Dwight. He entered the ministry in 1798, and in the following year was settled at East Hampton, Long Island. Here, in 1806 (two years after Hamilton was killed by Burr), he preached that admirable sermon, entitled "Remedy for Duelling," which, had he published nothing else, is enough to preserve his name to posterity.<sup>1</sup> In 1810, he took charge of the First Congregational Church in Litchfield, Connecticut, where he remained about sixteen years, and preached with great success, exerting, as such a mind of course must, a commanding influence upon his ministerial brethren, and the church at large.<sup>2</sup> During this period, he assisted in the establishment of the Connecticut Missionary Society, the Connecticut Education Society, the American Bible Society, and other associations of a similar character. In 1826, he accepted the call to the Hanover Street Church, Boston, where his labors for two or three years were most arduous and unremitting in the cause of religion, and the revival of the early Puritan faith in that great literary and commercial city. Among other labors, he assisted in establishing "The Spirit of the Pilgrims" (a monthly religious journal), and preached, and prepared for the press, "Six Sermons on the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance;"<sup>3</sup> of the power and eloquence of which it is enough to say that, notwithstanding all that has been written and published since on this great theme, these sermons yet remain unrivalled.<sup>4</sup> In 1832, he was called to the Presidency of Lane Theo-

<sup>1</sup> While at East Hampton, he published three other discourses—"The History of East Hampton"—"The Government of God Desirable"—and a "Funeral Sermon."

<sup>2</sup> While at Litchfield, he published sermons on the "Reformation of Morals"—"Building up of Waste Places"—"A Funeral Discourse"—"The Bible a Code of Laws"—"The Faith once Delivered to the Saints"—"The Designs, Rights, and Duties of Local Churches"—and "The Means of National Prosperity."

<sup>3</sup> It has been well said: "Had Dr. Beecher no other distinction, his connection with the great moral movement of our age—the Temperance Reform (of which he may be considered one of the founders, if not the founder)—would entitle him to an enviable eminence in the history of his times."

<sup>4</sup> The following racy criticism upon Dr. Beecher's writings appeared in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," 1852: "His mind is thoroughly of the New England stamp; and whatever subject it touches, its constant struggle is for

logical Seminary, Cincinnati; and for ten years, in conjunction with his academic duties, he sustained the pastoral care of the Second Presbyterian Church, in that city. He then resigned his connection with the Seminary, and returned to where he now resides. Such is the brief chronological outline of Dr. Beecher's life.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Beecher's chief publications consist of sermons and addresses, and a work on "Political Atheism." A collection of his writings, in four compact duodecimo volumes, was published in Boston, in 1852.

#### THE SIN OF TRAFFICKING IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

Has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? And can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of wo with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts—and the beam out of the timber should echo them back—who would build such a house?—and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers—babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard day and night! What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls; and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building!—who would rear such a building? What if at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly

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*definiteness, clearness, and utility.* Beautiful traps which adorn nothingness and cover up emptiness, fine language which would express a thought handsomely, if there were any thought there to be expressed by it, for such things as these you will look in vain among Dr. Beecher's works. In his style there is conciseness and pungency, brilliancy and vigor, clearness and sharpness, rhetoric and logic in remarkable combination."

"In the progress of his life, he writes: 'I have had no plan of my own, but simply consecrated myself to Christ and his cause, confiding in his guidance and preservation, and meeting, as I might be able, such exigencies as his providence placed before me, which has always kept my head, hands, and heart full.'—*Brief Memoirs of the Class of 1797, at Yale College.*

seen haunting the distilleries and stores, where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging—and sending up, from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

#### APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

Could I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps: for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way—look at the generation who have just preceded you—the morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own—but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious—with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources. And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she cannot arrest—and there is the broken-hearted wife—and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and wo. And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course—in this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves—is this the poverty and disease which as an armed man shall take hold on you—and are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession—weeping as they go? Yes—bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking—if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.



## THE DUELLIST UNFIT FOR OFFICE OF TRUST.

And now let me ask you solemnly; with these considerations in view, will you persist in your attachment to these guilty men? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, and cast the Bible behind your back? Will you confide in men, void of the fear of God and destitute of moral principle? Will you intrust *life* to MURDERERS, and *liberty* to DESPOTS? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators, who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice? Are you Christians, and, by upholding duellists, will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and with orphans? Will you aid in the prostration of justice—in the escape of criminals—in the extinction of liberty? Will you place in the chair of state—in the senate—or on the bench of justice, men who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth? Shall your elections turn on expert shooting, and your deliberative bodies become an host of armed men? Will you destroy public morality by tolerating, yea, by rewarding the most infamous crimes? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder? Will you instruct them to think lightly of duelling, and train them up to destroy or be destroyed in the bloody field? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that by withholding it you may arrest this deadly evil—when this too is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is perhaps the only period in which resistance can avail—when the remedy is so easy, so entirely in your power; and when God, if you do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you?

If the widows and the orphans, which this wasting evil has created and is yearly multiplying, might all stand before you, could you witness their tears, or listen to their details of anguish? Should they point to the murderers of their fathers, their husbands, and their children, and lift up their voice, and implore your aid to arrest an evil which had made them desolate, could you disregard their cry? Before their eyes could you approach the poll, and patronize by your vote the destroyers of their peace? Had you beheld a dying father conveyed bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family, had you heard their piercing shrieks and witnessed their frantic agony; would

you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbor—had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage—had your son, laid low by his hand, been brought to your door pale in death and weltering in blood—would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbors, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbor of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breathless at the feet of his parents; and every year you are patronizing by your votes the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking, the sorrows of your neighbor. Beware—I admonish you to beware, and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your sons fall by the hand of the very murderer for whom you vote, or by the hand of some one whom his example has trained to the work of blood.

#### THE DUTY OF VOTING.

Multitudes of Christians and patriots have long since abandoned party politics, and, not knowing what to do, have almost abandoned the exercise of suffrage. This is wrong. An enlightened and virtuous suffrage may, by system and concentration, become one of the most powerful means of promoting national purity and morality; as the suffrage from which the influence of conscience is withdrawn cannot fail to be disastrous. While then, as freemen, we remove one temptation to hypocrisy, by dispensing with a profession of religion as a qualification for office, and exclude all occasions of jealousy, by bestowing our votes without reference to Christian denomination, let all Christians and all patriots exercise their rights as electors with an inflexible regard to moral character; and let the duellist, and the Sabbath-breaker, and the drunkard, and the licentious, find the doors of honor barred, and the heights of ambition defended against them by hosts of determined free-men, and the moral effect will be great. The discrimination by suffrage will exert upon the youth of our country a most

salutary restraint, and upon dissolute and ambitious men a powerful reforming influence. Let every freeman, then, who would perpetuate the liberty and happiness of his country, and transmit to his descendants of distant generations the precious legacy which our fathers have sent down to us, inquire concerning the candidate for whom he is solicited to vote: Is he an enemy to the Bible, or to the doctrines and institutions of the Gospel?—is he a duellist, or an intemperate man, or a Sabbath-breaker, or dissolute, or dishonest?—and if, in any of these respects, he be disqualified, let him withhold his vote, and give it to a better man—and it will go far to retrieve the declensions which have taken place, and to render righteousness and peace the stability of our times.

## BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, the son of G. S. Silliman, Esq., a lawyer of distinction in his day, was born in North Stratford, now Trumbull, Connecticut, on the 8th of August, 1779. In 1792, he entered Yale College, with which from that time he has been almost uninterruptedly connected. In 1799, he was appointed a Tutor in the College, and at the suggestion of its distinguished President, Dr. Dwight, he resolved to devote himself to chemistry. After studying the subject for some time, at New Haven, he spent two years in Philadelphia, to qualify himself more thoroughly in it, and, in 1804, delivered his first course of lectures to the students of Yale College. In 1805, he visited Europe, to purchase books and apparatus, and to attend the lectures of the distinguished Professors in Edinburgh and London. On his return home, he published an account of his journey, which was received with very great favor.

In 1818, Professor Silliman founded the "American Journal of Science and Arts," a work which has done more than any other to raise the reputation of our country for science, and to make her known and honored abroad, while it has placed the learned editor in the very front rank of scientific men, and will ever remain a permanent monument to his zeal and perseverance in his favorite study. Besides communicating with the public on scientific subjects through the press, he has frequently addressed popular audiences on the same, and always with great acceptance. His easy and dignified manners

bespeak the gentleman, born and bred, while his happy talent at illustration and tact in communicating knowledge, always render his lectures as pleasing as they are instructive.

In 1853, Prof. Silliman resigned his office as a Professor in Yale College, and was elected an Emeritus Professor. He was succeeded in the department of Geology, by Prof. James D. Dana, and in that of Chemistry, by his son, Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Junior. Notwithstanding his advanced years and laborious life, his vigor of mind and body remains unimpaired, and since his retirement from active duties in College, he has continued to take a deep interest in the progress of science at home and abroad. He has also become conspicuous among American citizens for the noble earnestness with which he came forward and united with others in the recent movements for opposing the further extension of slavery, and showing his warm sympathies with the free settlers of Kansas.

Professor Silliman has fitly been called the "Father of American Science," and although others of his countrymen preceded him in the study of nature, no man probably has done so much as he to awaken and encourage students of science, to collect and diffuse the researches of American Naturalists, and to arouse in all classes of the community a respect for learning and a desire for its advancement.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE HARMONY BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

The subject of Geology is not one which can be advantageously discussed with the people at large. A wide range of facts, a familiarity with physical science, and an extensive course of induction, are necessary to the satisfactory exhibition of geological truths, and especially to establish their connection and harmony with the Mosaic history. It is a subject exclusively for the learned, or at least for the studious and the reflecting; but as regards their own mental furniture, it can no longer be neglected with safety by those whose province it is to illustrate and defend the sacred writings. The crude, vague, unskilful, and unlearned manner in which it has been

<sup>1</sup> The following are the titles of most of Professor Silliman's separate publications: "American Journal of Science," 50 volumes, 1818-45. Second Series, by Silliman and Dana, still in progress; 24 volumes, issued down to 1857. "Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, in 1805-6," 2 vols. "Henry's Elements of Chemistry," edited with notes. "Bakewell's Geology," edited with notes and appendixes. "Elements of Chemistry, in the order of Lectures given in Yale College," 2 vols. "Visit to Europe, in 1851," 2 vols., six editions.

too often treated, when treated at all, by those who are, to a great extent, ignorant of the structure of the globe, or who have never studied it with any efficient attention, can communicate only pain to those friends of the Bible who are perfectly satisfied, after full examination, that the relation of geology to sacred history is now as little understood by many theologians and biblical critics, as astronomy was in the time of Galileo.

\* There is but one remedy; theologians must study geology, or, if they will not, or from peculiar circumstances cannot do it, they must be satisfied to receive its demonstrated truths from those who have learned them in the most effectual way, not only in the cabinet, but abroad on the face of nature, and in her deep recesses. They will then be convinced that geology is not an enemy, but an ally of revealed religion; that the subject is not to be mastered by mere verbal criticism; that faithful study must be applied to facts, as well as to words, and that there is, at most, only an apparent incongruity, an incongruity which vanishes before investigation.

The mode in which the subject is now treated, or rather neglected or spurned, by many theologians and critics (not by all, for there are honorable exceptions), is not safe, as regards its bearing on the minds of youth. If they go forth into the world in the stiffness of the letter, and without the knowledge or proper application of the facts, it is impossible that they should sustain themselves against those who, with great knowledge and no reverence, may too powerfully assail what they cannot defend.

As the case now stands, with respect to most theologians in this country, the geological arguments in support of the Mosaic history, although powerful and convincing, are unknown and neglected, or they are denied, slighted, and avoided; and of course they can be, and they actually are, by some few geologists, turned, with too much success, against the sacred records; it remains with the defenders of those records to say whether the purloined weapons shall be returned to the armory whence they were stolen, and from which they may be again drawn forth for efficient use in support of the cause of truth.

After a long course of careful study on this subject, the study of the earth in mines and mountains, as well as in books and cabinets, we feel it our duty to declare that this noble science merits not the neglect with which it is frequently treated, nor the reproaches and hostility with which it is too often assailed. This mode of treatment will not destroy the facts, or for a moment retard the progress of truth. Were the thunders

of the Vatican now levelled at geology, as they were two centuries ago at astronomy and some of its early cultivators, it would no more avail than it then did. The march of truth is onward, and onward it will go. Denunciation, neglect, or sneers will not arrest its course, nor can ignorance or misrepresentation long hold it in dishonor. The Christian world must and will admit its established truths, and these truths teachers must learn, or their pupils will leave them in the darkness which some appear to covet.

Kind communications and instructions will remove the doubts and fears of those who are anxious lest old foundations of faith should be disturbed; and they will perceive that the building does not totter to its fall, but that new buttresses and props have fixed it, more firmly than ever, on an immovable basis of physical as well as moral demonstration.

*Philosophy of Geology.*

#### THE MER DE GLACE.

Arrived upon its immense and cold bosom, we looked eagerly around, and saw that it was indeed a sea of ice; or rather, it is like a great river suddenly congealed in the midst of a tempest. By a little practice with our poles pointed with iron, we acquired confidence, and made excursions in various directions. This glacier is, indeed, a wonder. From the mountain top it descends more than twenty miles, and has an extent, as our guides assured us, of more than fifty, if all the ramifications are included; it reaches quite down into the valley of Chamouni. The breadth of this glacier, in that portion which was under our immediate inspection, is from half a mile to a mile. It is, at present, much divided by cross fissures or crevasses, which are so slippery that great care is requisite at all times to avoid falling into them. When they are concealed by snow, arched over them, the danger becomes imminent, and in such cases the cautious guides try the soundness of the footing by applying the iron-pointed alpen-stock. The sides of the crevasses are of a splendid blue-green color, and the ice often contains pools of pellucid water; the more superficial cavities are little lakes, accessible without danger, and the water, from its purity and coldness, is very refreshing to the traveller. Rills of water, coursing over the surface, plunge into the crevasses and are lost, all but the musical murmur of their fall.

Even the masses, which externally are soiled and dirty, on  
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being broken exhibit pure and transparent ice, looking like the most perfect rock crystal. Every morning the hotels are supplied by resorting to the lower end of the glaciers. They need wish for nothing purer; and thus they have an unfailing supply from these great natural ice-houses—sources which are perennial and inexhaustible.

The first appearance of the glaciers is like that of a fearfully agitated ocean, tossed by violent, and conflicting, and eddying winds, congealed ere the billows have had time to subside, and thus preserving all its high ridges, its peaks, and deep hollows. Still, there is a degree of regularity in the confusion; the tumuk has observed a law which has opened the fissures, in curves, parallel, and nearly at right angles to the rocky banks, the convexity being downwards from its source.

*Visit to Europe in 1851.*

#### JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, 1779.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, one of the most prominent journalists of New England, was born at Windham, Connecticut, on the 21st of December, 1779. His father, who kept a public house, died when he was but three years old, leaving a widow with ten children in the most destitute circumstances.<sup>1</sup> She continued her husband's business a short time, and then had to abandon it on account of ill health. She was received into the family of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop, of Worthington, Massachusetts, and judicious disposition was made of the children. Joseph was bound, till he reached the age of sixteen, to a farmer, in whose family he acquired a tolerable knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and read whatever books came in his way. When his apprenticeship was ended, he obtained a situation in the printing office of David Carlisle, the publisher of "The Farmer's Museum," at Walpole, N. H. After being there a few months, he apprenticed himself in the office of the "Greenfield Gazette."

In 1800, when he attained his manhood, he went to Boston, where he soon found employment. In 1805, he commenced the publication, on his own account, of a small magazine, under the title of "The

<sup>1</sup> He had become impoverished by furnishing supplies for the continental army, as he received his pay in the paper money of the times, which depreciated to almost nothing.

Polyanthus." It was suspended in 1807, and resumed in 1812, and continued till 1817. In January, 1809, he published the first number of "The Ordeal," a political weekly, of sixteen pages, octavo, which was discontinued in six months. In 1817, he commenced, with Samuel L. Knapp, a lawyer of Boston, a weekly paper, entitled "The New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine," a paper which was conducted with great spirit, talent, and independence, and which obtained a large circulation. After three years, the latter part of the title was dropped, to suit the public taste; but he continued the paper in the same spirit till 1828, when he sold out, in order to devote his entire attention to "The Boston Courier," a daily paper which he had commenced in March, 1824. He continued to edit the "Courier" with great ability till 1848, when he sold out his interest in this also.<sup>1</sup>

In 1831, Mr. Buckingham had commenced, in conjunction with his son, Edwin, "The New England Magazine," a monthly of ninety-six pages octavo, and one of the best of its class ever published in our country, containing articles by some of the best writers and popular authors of the day. In less than two years his son, Edwin, died at sea, in a voyage undertaken for the benefit of his health; and in 1834, the magazine was transferred to Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sergeant.

For a number of years, Mr. Buckingham was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and for two years, in 1847 and 1850, he was elected a senator from the county of Middlesex, as he resided in Cambridge. Since he retired from the press, he has published "Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences," in two volumes, and "Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life," also in two volumes. These are very interesting and instructive books, and give us a high opinion of the author, as a most industrious as well as upright man, never discouraged by any amount of difficulty in his path; as a writer of pure and nervous English; and as an editor, truthful, independent, courageous; and loving the right more than the expedient. As a legislator, Mr. Buckingham did himself lasting honor by the reports he presented as chairman of committees on Lotteries, on the Mexican

<sup>1</sup> He sold out the paper for a reason honorable to himself—he would not sell his principles. It was a "Whig" Journal, and he had warmly espoused the anti-slavery wing of that party. The principal proprietors of the paper were rich men, who were of opposite views, and as they could not induce him to change his course as editor of the paper, he retired, thus adding another to the many instances proving the truth of Shakespeare's line,

"The learned pate ducks the golden fool."

War, on the Fugitive Slave Bill, and on many other questions of public interest.

NATIONAL FEELING—LAFAYETTE.

The incidents of the last few days have been such as will, probably, never again be witnessed by the people of America—such as were never before witnessed by any nation under heaven. History cannot produce the record of an event to parallel that which has awakened this universal burst of pleasure—this simultaneous shout of approbation, that echoes through our wide extended empire.

The multitudes we see are not assembled to talk over their private griefs—to indulge in querulous complaints—to mingle their murmurs of discontent—to pour forth tales of real or imaginary wrongs—to give utterance to political recriminations. The effervescence of faction seems, for the moment, to be settled—the collision of discordant interests to subside—and hushed is the clamor of controversy. There is nothing portentous of danger to the commonwealth in this general awakening of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young—this “impulsive ardor,” which pervades the palace of wealth and the hovel of poverty, decrepit age and lisping infancy, virgin loveliness and vigorous manhood. No hereditary monarch *graciously* exhibits his *august* person to the gaze of vulgar subjects. No conquering tyrant comes in his triumphal car, decorated with the spoils of vanquished nations, and followed by captive princes, marching to the music of their chains. No proud and hypocritical hierarch, playing “fantastic airs before high Heaven,” enacts his solemn mockeries, to deceive the souls of men, and secure for himself the honor of an apotheosis. The shouts which announce the approach of a chieftain are unmixed with any note of sorrow. No love-lorn maiden’s sigh touches his ear; no groan, from a childless father, speaks reproach; no widow’s curse is uttered, in bitterness of soul, upon the destroyer of her hope; no orphan’s tear falls upon his shield, to tarnish its brightness. The spectacle now exhibited to the world is of the purest and noblest character, a spectacle which man may admire, and God approve—an assembled nation, offering the spontaneous homage of a nation’s gratitude to a nation’s benefactor.

There is, probably, no man living whose history partakes so largely of the spirit of romance and chivalry as that of the individual who is now, emphatically, the guest of the people.

At the age of nineteen years, he left his country, and espoused the cause of the American colonies. His motive for this conduct must have been one of the noblest that ever actuated the heart of man. He was in possession of large estates; allied to the highest orders of French nobility; surrounded by friends and relatives; with prospects of future distinction and favor as fair as ever opened to the ardent view of aspiring and ambitious youth. He was just married to a lady of great worth and respectability, and it would seem that nothing was wanting to a life of affluence and ease. Yet Lafayette left his friends, his wealth, his country, his prospects of distinction, his wife, and all the sources of domestic bliss, to assist a foreign nation in its struggle for freedom, and at a time, too, when the prospects of that country's success were dark, disheartening, and almost hopeless. He fought for that country, he fed and clothed her armies, he imparted of his wealth to her poor. He saw her purposes accomplished, and her government established on principles of liberty. He refused all compensation for his services. He returned to his native land, and engaged in contests for liberty there. He was imprisoned by a foreign government, suffered every indignity and every cruelty that could be inflicted, and lived, after his release, almost an exile on the spot where he was born. More than forty years after he first embarked in the cause of American liberty, he returns to see, once more, his few surviving companions in arms, and is met by the grateful salutations of the whole nation. It is not possible to reflect on these facts without feeling our admiration excited to a degree that almost borders on reverence. Sober history, it is hoped, will do justice to the name of Lafayette. It is not in the power of fiction to embellish his character or his life.

*New England Galaxy, 1826.*

#### THE EVILS OF LOTTERIES.

A lottery is *gaming*. This is against the policy of society, and there are few civilized nations that have not adopted means to restrain or entirely prohibit it; because it is seeking property for which no equivalent is to be paid; and because it leads directly to losses and poverty, and, by exciting bad passions, is the fruitful original of vice and crime.

It is the *worst* species of gaming, because it brings adroitness, cunning, experience, and skill to contend against ignorance,

folly, distress, and desperation. It can be carried on to an indefinite and indefinable extent without exposure; and, by a mode of settling the chances by "combination numbers"—an invention of the modern school of gambling—the fate of thousands and hundreds of thousands may be determined by a single turn of the wheel.

Lotteries, like other games of chance, are seductive and insatiating. Every new loss is an inducement to a new adventure; and, filled with vain hopes of recovering what is lost, the unthinking victim is led on, from step to step, till he finds it impossible to regain his ground, and he gradually sinks into a miserable outcast; or, by a bold and still more guilty effort, plunges at once into that gulf where he hopes protection from the stings of conscience, a refuge from the reproaches of the world, and oblivion from existence.

If we consider the dealing in lottery tickets as a *calling* or *employment*, so far as the vendors are concerned, it deserves to be treated, in legislation, as those acts are which are done to get money by making others suffer; to live upon society by making a portion of its members dishonest, idle, poor, vicious, and criminal. In its character and consequences, the dealing in lottery tickets is the worse species of gaining, and deserves a *severer* punishment than any fine would amount to. If it involves the moral and legal offences of fraud and cheating, does it not deserve an infamous punishment, if any fraudulent acquisition of mere *property* should be punished with *injury*? Considered in its complicated wrongs to society, it certainly deserves the severest punishment, because it makes infamous criminals out of innocent persons, and visits severe afflictions on parents, employers, family connections, and others, who, in this respect, have done no wrong themselves; and thus the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty—an anomaly which is revolting to all our notions of justice, and to all the moral and natural sympathies of mankind.

#### MOUNT AUBURN.

Reader! if you would have the sympathies of your nature awakened, your earthly affections purified, your anxieties chastened and subdued, your hopes animated, your faith strengthened—go to Mount Auburn. Go not for the gratification of idle curiosity, to comment with the eye of a critic upon the forms of the monuments, or the taste of those who placed them

there ; and above all, go not there, as the manner of some is, with cold indifference, to scoff at the mourner, and, with heartless irreverence, to shock the sensibility of the bereaved with your antic and unseemly behavior, and "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." But go to read and to learn the lesson which you must, yourself, at some future day, transmit to those who come after you. Enter the gate with the solemnity its motto imposes—*The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.* Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the ground is holy. There is no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that with which a reflecting being looks upon the remains of his fellow mortals, and the emblems and memorials of man's mortality. "The dignity with which death invests even the meanest of his victims inspires us with an awe which no living thing can create. The monarch on his throne is less awful than the beggar in his shroud. The marble features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limbs, the tongue chained in silence, the eyelids sealed up in darkness. O who can contemplate these with feelings that can be defined ? And then the spirit which animated the clay—where is it now ? Is it wrapt in bliss, or dissolved in wo ? Does it witness our grief, and share our sorrows ? Or is the mysterious tie, that linked it with mortality, forever broken ? And the remembrance of earthly scenes, are they to the enfranchised spirit as the morning dream, or the dew upon the early flower?" Such reflections must naturally arise in every breast ; and if you would feel their influence, and profit by their operation, go to Mount Auburn.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

"What ' Irving,' thrice welcome warm heart and fine brain!  
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,  
And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there  
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.  
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,  
I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching.  
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,  
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;  
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel;  
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,  
Throw in all of Addison minus the chill,  
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,  
Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,  
The ' fine old English Gentleman'—simmer it well;  
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,  
That only the finest and clearest remain.  
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives  
From the warm lazy sun filtering down through green leaves;  
And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving  
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

*Laneville's Table for Critics.*

This most celebrated and widely known of all American prose writers was born in the city of New York, on the 3d of April, 1783. After receiving an ordinary school education, he commenced, at the age of sixteen, the study of the law. In 1804, in consequence of ill health, he sailed for Bordeaux, and thence roamed over the most beautiful portions of Southern Europe, visited Switzerland and Holland, sojourned in Paris, and returned home in 1806, and again resumed the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar, in November of that year, but never practised. Shortly after, he took a chief part in "Salmagundi," the first number of which appeared in 1807, and the last in January, 1808. In December of the following year, he published his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." A few years after, he edited the "Analeptic Magazine," and in the autumn of 1814 joined the military staff of the Governor of New York, as aide-de-camp, and secretary, with the title of colonel. At the close of the war, he embarked for Liverpool, with a view of making a second tour of Europe; but the financial troubles intervening, and the remarkable success which attended his literary enterprises being an encouragement to pursue a vocation which necessity, no less than taste, now urged him to follow, he embarked in the career of authorship. In 1816, appeared the papers called the "Sketch Book," transmitted from London, where he wrote them, to New York, which at once attracted universal admiration, not here only, but in England, where they were republished in 1820. After residing a few years in

England, Mr. Irving again visited Paris, and returned to England to bring out "Bracebridge Hall," in London, May, 1822. The next winter he passed in Dresden, and in the following spring put "Tales of a Traveller" to press. He soon after went to Madrid, and wrote the "Life of Columbus," which appeared in 1828. In the spring of that year, he visited the south of Spain, and the result was the "Chronicles of the Conquest of Grenada," which was published in 1829. The same year, he revisited that region, and collected the materials for his "Alhambra." In July, he went to England, being appointed Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy in London, which office he held until the return of Mr. McLane, in 1831.

While in England, Mr. Irving received one of the Guinea gold medals provided by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, and the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford. His return to New York, in 1832, was greeted by a festival, at which were gathered his surviving friends, and all the illustrious men of his native metropolis. The following summer, he accompanied one of the commissioners for removing the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi. The fruit of this excursion was his graphic "Tour of the Prairies." Soon after appeared "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," and "Legends of the Conquests of Spain." In 1836, he published "Astoria," and in 1837 "The Adventures of Capt. Bonneville." In 1839, he entered into an engagement, which lasted two years, with the proprietors of the Knickerbocker Magazine, to furnish, monthly, articles for that periodical. Early in 1842, he was appointed minister to Spain, and on his return to this country, in 1846, he began the publication of a revised edition of his works, to the list of which he afterwards added a "Life of Goldsmith." He has recently published a "Life of Washington," in three volumes, which promises to be the life of that illustrious statesman whose name he wears.

After the genial lines of James Russell Lowell, above quoted, so happily descriptive of Mr. Irving's style, we will add nothing but a short quotation from a beautifully written and appreciative sketch of his life, in the "Homes of American Authors." "The eminent success which has attended the late republication of Irving's works teaches a lesson that we hope will not be lost on the cultivators of literature. It proves a truth which all men of enlightened taste intuitively feel, but which is constantly forgotten by aspirants for literary fame, and that is—the permanent value of a direct, simple, and natural style. It is not only the genial philosophy, the humane spirit, the humor and pathos of Irving, which endear his writings and secure for them an habitual interest, but it is in the refreshment afforded by a con-

stant recurrence to the unalloyed, unaffected, clear, flowing style in which he invariably expresses himself."<sup>1</sup>

#### COLUMBUS FIRST DISCOVERS LAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the head, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his

<sup>1</sup> Read "Homes of American Authors," "North American Review," xxviii. 103, ix. 322, xxix. 293, xxxv. 264, xliv. 200, xli. 1, "Edinburgh Review," xxxviii. 337, xxxiv. 160.

object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

*Life of Columbus.*

#### FILIAL AFFECTION.

I sought the village church. It is an old low edifice of gray stone, on the brow of a small hill, looking over fertile fields, towards where the proud towers of Warwick Castle lift themselves against the distant horizon.

A part of the churchyard is shaded by large trees. Under one of them my mother lay buried. You have no doubt thought me a light, heartless being. I thought myself so; but there are moments of adversity which let us into some feelings of our nature to which we might otherwise remain perpetual strangers.

I sought my mother's grave; the weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave, and read over and over again the epitaph on the stone.

It was simple—but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain; my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually

been filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overflowed. I sank upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to meet with true sympathy; how few love us for ourselves; how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "O my mother!" exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave, "O that I were once more by your side; sleeping, never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world!"

I am not naturally of a morbid temperament, and the violence of my emotion gradually exhausted itself. It was a hearty, honest, natural discharge of grief which had been slowly accumulating, and gave me wonderful relief. I rose from the grave as if I had been offering up a sacrifice, and I felt as if that sacrifice had been accepted.

I sat down again on the grass, and plucked, one by one, the weeds from her grave; the tears trickled more slowly down my cheeks, and ceased to be bitter. It was a comfort to think that she had died before sorrow and poverty came upon her child, and that all his great expectations were blasted.

I leaned my cheek upon my hand, and looked upon the landscape. Its quiet beauty soothed me. The whistle of a peasant from an adjoining field came cheerily to my ear. I seemed to respire hope and comfort with the free air that whispered through the leaves, and played lightly with my hair, and dried the tears upon my cheek. A lark, rising from the field before me, and leaving as it were a stream of song behind him as he rose, lifted my fancy with him. He hovered in the air just above the place where the towers of Warwick Castle marked the horizon, and seemed as if fluttering with delight at his own melody. "Surely," thought I, "if there was such a thing as transmigration of souls, this might be taken for some poet let loose from

earth, but still revelling in song, and caroling about fair fields and lordly towers."

At this moment the long-forgotten feeling of poetry rose within me. A thought sprang at once into my mind—"I will become an author!" said I. "I have hitherto indulged in poetry as a pleasure, and it has brought me nothing but pain; let me try what it will do when I cultivate it with devotion as a pursuit."

The resolution thus suddenly aroused within me heaved a load from off my heart. I felt a confidence in it from the very place where it was formed. It seemed as though my mother's spirit whispered it to me from the grave. "I will henceforth," said I, "endeavor to be all that she fondly imagined me. I will endeavor to act as if she were witness of my actions; I will endeavor to acquit myself in such a manner that, when I revisit her grave, there may at least be no compunctions bitterness with my tears."

I bowed down and kissed the turf in solemn attestation of my vow. I plucked some primroses that were growing there, and laid them next my heart. I left the churchyard with my spirit once more lifted up, and set out a third time for London in the character of an author.

*Bracebridge Hall.*

#### CHRISTMAS.

It is a beautiful arrangement, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream,

the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charms of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reunites the drooping spirit; as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

*Sherlock Book.*

## THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight, in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such time I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping as it were in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window; a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate—and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Liudaraxa.

*The Alhambra.*

#### THE GRAVE.

The love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctionous throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There

settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, and every ungentle action, will come throning back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

*Sketch Book.*

#### ENGLISH SCENERY.

The great charm of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal, its Gothic tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the church-yard, across pleasant fields, and along shady

hedgerows, according to an immemorial right of way—the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of homebred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

#### PORTRAIT OF A DUTCHMAN.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, “Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about.”

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of

some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzemberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of-the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

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JOHN PIERPONT, 1785.

THIS noble and bold reformer, as well as true poet, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 6th of April, 1785. His great-grand-

father was Rev. James Pierpont, the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College. The poet received his collegiate education at Yale College, and graduated in 1805. The next year he went to South Carolina, and was private tutor in the family of Colonel Williams Allston, where he commenced his legal studies. In 1809 he returned home, and entered the celebrated law school of his native town, and in 1812 was admitted to the bar of Essex County, Massachusetts, and practised in Newburyport. He soon, however, as other poets have done, abandoned the dry pursuits of the law, determining to find his pleasure and his occupation in literary pursuits; and in 1816 he published "*The Airs of Palestine*," which was at once, and most deservedly, received with great favor. Soon after the publication of this admirable poem, he entered the theological school of Harvard University, seriously determined to devote himself to the ministry. He left that school in October, 1818, and in April, 1819, was ordained as a minister of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston. In 1835 and 1836, he visited Europe for his health, going through the principal cities of England, France, and Italy, and extending his tour to the East, visiting Athens, Corinth, Constantinople, and Asia Minor. Soon after his return home, he collected and published, in 1840, all his poems, in one volume, in the preface to which he says: "If poetry is always fiction, there is no poetry in this book. It gives a true, though an all too feeble expression of the author's feelings and faith—of his love of right, freedom, and man, and of his correspondent and most hearty hatred of everything that is at war with them; and of his faith in the providence and gracious promises of God. Nay, the book is published as an expression of his faith in *man*; his faith that every line, written to rebuke high-handed or under-handed wrong, or to keep alive the fires of civil and religious liberty—written for solace in affliction, for support under trial, or as an expression, or for the excitement, of Christian patriotism or devotion; or even with no higher aim than to throw a little sunshine into the chamber of the spirit, while it is going through some of the wearisome passages of life's history—will be received as a proof of the writer's interest in the welfare of his fellow-men, of his desire to serve them, and consequently of his claim upon them for a charitable judgment, at least, if not even for a respectful and grateful remembrance." Mr. Pierpont's longest poem is "*The Airs of Palestine*." The subject is music, principally as connected with sacred history, but with occasional digressions into the land of mythology and romance. Though this subject, so congenial to the "poet's verse," had been often handled from Pindar to Gray, yet our author, nothing daunted, did not shrink

from trying his own powers upon it. It is enough to say that he has succeeded. For beauty of language, finish of versification, richness of classical and sacred allusions, and harmony of numbers, we consider that it takes rank among the very first of American poems, and will be among those that will survive their century. But Mr. Pierpont has aimed at something more than gratifying his own scholarly tastes, and meeting in his readers the love of the beautiful. He is a reformer, a whole-hearted and a fearless one, and a large proportion of his fugitive pieces have been written to promote the holy causes of temperance and freedom. So early did he take his stand upon these subjects, and so faithfully did he preach upon them, that the consciences of his hearers could endure it no longer, and they preferred many charges against him, to remove him from his post. His answers to these charges are as triumphant as they are full of wit and humor, and those who preferred them would be glad now, if they could, to have that page in their history blotted out forever. But there it must stand to their disgrace, and to his everlasting honor.<sup>1</sup>

## CLASSICAL AND SACRED THEMES FOR MUSIC.

Where lies our path?—though many a vista call,  
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.  
Where lies our path?—a poet, and inquire  
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?  
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;  
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;  
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;  
Between them, Tempè breathes in beds of flowers,  
For ever verdant; and there Peneus glides  
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.  
Your theme is Music: Yonder rolls the wave,  
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,  
Enchanted by his lyre: Cithæron's shade  
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played  
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,  
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.  
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps  
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,  
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,  
Was still melodious, and expired in song.  
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;  
There be thy path—for there the muses dwell.  
No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine:  
Greece and her charms I leave, for Palestine.

<sup>1</sup> Read *Isaiah lxvi. 5.*

There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,  
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.  
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm ;  
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm ;  
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews ;  
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse ;  
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

## SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

While thus the shepherds watched the host of night,  
O'er heaven's blue concave flashed a sudden light.  
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine  
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;  
And lo ! descending angels, hovering there,  
Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air  
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold :  
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,  
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran :  
"Glory to God—Benevolence to man—  
Peace to the world :"—and in full concert came,  
From silver tubes and harps of golden frame,  
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains  
Lingered and languished on Judea's plains.  
Yon living lamps, charmed from their chambers blue  
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew :  
All ?—all, but one, that hung and burned alone,  
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.  
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar  
Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's Star.

## THE MUSIC IN THE CONVENT.

Hark ! 't is a convent's bell : its midnight chime :  
For music measures even the march of time :  
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,  
Gray turrets rise : the eye can catch no more.  
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,  
Suspends his oar : a low and solemn swell,  
From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,  
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.  
What melting song wakes the cold ear of night ?  
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,  
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,  
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.  
Triumphant is the spell ! with raptured ear,  
That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near :—  
Why should she mount ? why pant for brighter bays,  
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this ?

## LICENSE LAWS.

"We license thee, for so much gold,"  
 Says Congress—they're our servants there—  
 "To keep a pen where men are sold  
   Of sable skin and woolly hair;  
 For 'public good' requires the toil  
   Of slaves on freedom's sacred soil."

"For so much gold we license thee,"  
 So say our laws, "a draught to sell,  
 That bows the strong, enslaves the free,  
   And opens wide the gates of hell;  
 For 'public good' requires that some  
   Should live, since many die, by rum."

Ye civil fathers! while the foes  
 Of this destroyer seize their swords,  
 And Heaven's own hail is in the blows  
   They're dealing—will ye cut the cords  
 That round the falling fiend they draw,  
   And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill  
 Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway,  
 And, while God says, "Thou shalt not kill,"  
   Say ye, for gold, "Ye may—ye may!"  
 Compare the body with the soul!  
   Compare the bullet with the bowl!

In which is felt the fiercer blast  
 Of the destroying angel's breath?  
 Which binds its victim the more fast?  
   Which kills him with the deadlier death?  
 Will ye the felon fox restrain,  
   And yet take off the tiger's chain?

The living to the rotting dead  
 The God-contemning Tuscan<sup>2</sup> tied,  
 Till, by the way, or on his bed,  
   The poor corpse-carrier drooped and died—

<sup>1</sup> Four hundred dollars is the sum, prescribed by Congress—the local legislature of the District of Columbia—for a license to keep a prison-house and market, for the sale of men, women, and children. See Jay's "View of the Action of the Federal Government in behalf of Slavery," p. 87.

<sup>2</sup> Mezentius. See Virgil, *Xineid*, viii. 481–491.

What tongue can such barbarities record,  
 Or count the slaughter of his ruthless sword?  
 'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltless bled;  
 Still worse;—he bound the living to the dead;  
 These, limb to limb, and face to face he joined,  
 (Oh! monstrous crime of unexampled kind!)  
 Till, chok'd with stench, the lingering wretches lay,  
 And in the loath'd embraces died away.

Lashed hand to hand, and face to face,  
In fatal and in loathed embrace.  
Less cutting, think ye, is the thong  
That to a *breathing* corpse, for life,  
Lashes, in torture loathed and long,  
The drunkard's child—the drunkard's wife?  
To clasp that clay—to breathe that breath—  
And no escape! O, that is death!  
Are ye not fathers? When your sons  
Look to you for their daily bread,  
Dare ye, in mockery, load with stones  
The table that for them ye spread?  
How can ye hope your sons will live,  
If ye, for fish, a serpent give?  
O, Holy God! let light divine  
Break forth more broadly from above,  
Till we conform our laws to thine,  
The perfect law of truth and love;  
For truth and love alone can save  
Thy children from a hop-less grave.

HYMN.<sup>1</sup>

O Thou, to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue—  
Not now on Zion's height, alone,  
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.  
From every place below the skies,  
The grateful soul, the fervent prayer—  
The incense of the heart—may rise  
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.  
In this, thy house, whose doors we now  
For soiel worship first unfold,  
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,  
While circling years on years are rolled.  
To thee shall Age, with snowy hair,  
And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee,  
And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

<sup>1</sup> Written for the Opening of the Independent Congregational Church in Barton Square, Salem, December 7, 1824.

O thou, to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To thee, at last, in every clime  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

## MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead !  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;  
Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor, .  
And through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call ;  
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;  
A satchell'd lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair :  
And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid ;  
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;  
My hand that marble felt ;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watch'd over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy,  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,

Whate'er I may be *saying*,  
 I am, in spirit, praying  
 For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?  
 The form I used to see  
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
 The grave, that now doth press  
 Upon that cast-off dress,  
 Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair;  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there*!”

Yes, we all live to God!  
 FATHER, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there*!

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.<sup>1</sup>

O no, no—let me lie  
 Not on a field of battle, when I die!  
 Let not the iron tread  
 Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:  
 Nor let the reeking knife,  
 That I have drawn against a brother's life,  
 Be in my hand when Death  
 Thunders along, and tramples me beneath  
 His heavy squadron's heels,  
 Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,  
 Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,  
 And the bald Eagle brings  
 The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,  
 To sparkle in my sight,  
 O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that Beauty's eye  
 Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,  
 And brazen helmets dance,  
 And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:

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<sup>1</sup> To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard.—*The Neighbors.*

I know that bards have sung,  
And people shouted till the welkin rung,  
In honor of the brave  
Who on the battle-field have found a grave ;  
I know that o'er their bones  
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.  
Some of these piles I've seen :  
The one at Lexington, upon the green  
Where the first blood was shed  
That to my country's independence led ;  
And others, on our shore,  
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,  
And that on Bunker's Hill.  
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still ;  
Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,  
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,  
And which the waters kiss  
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.  
And thine, too, have I seen,  
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,  
That, like a natural knoll,  
Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,  
Watched by some turban'd boy,  
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,  
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,  
And hears, as life ebbs out,  
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.  
But, as his eyes grow dim,  
What is a column or a mound to him ?  
What, to the parting soul,  
The mellow note of bugles ? What the roll  
Of drums ? No ; let me die  
Where the blue of heaven bends o'er me lovingly,  
And the soft summer air  
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,  
And from my forehead dries  
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies  
Seem waiting to receive  
My soul to their clear depth ! Or let me leave  
The world, when round my bed  
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,  
And the calm voice of prayer  
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare  
To go and be at rest  
With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed  
The human brotherhood  
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.  
And in my dying hour,  
When riches, fame, and honor have no power  
To bear the spirit up,  
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup

That all must drink at last,  
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!  
Then let my soul run back,  
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,  
And see that all the seeds,  
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds  
Have sprung up, and have given,  
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!  
And though no grassy mound  
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground  
Where my remains repose,  
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those  
Whom I have striven to bless,  
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,  
May stand around my grave,  
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,  
And breathe an humble prayer  
That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering  
there.

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RICHARD H. DANA, 1787.

RICHARD H. DANA, the poet and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 15th of November, 1787. His father, Francis Dana, was minister to Russia during the Revolution, and subsequently member of the Massachusetts Convention for adopting the Constitution, member of Congress, and chief justice of his native State. At the age of ten, the son went to live with his maternal grandfather, the Hon. William Ellery, of Newport, R. I., one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Here he remained till he entered Harvard College. On leaving college, in 1807, he went to Baltimore, and entered as a law student in the office of Gen. Robert Goodloe Harper. That atmosphere, however, did not suit him, and he returned and finished his studies, and commenced practice in his native town. He soon found the profession of the law too laborious for his health, and not congenial to his tastes, and he gave it up, and made an arrangement with his relative, Prof. Edward T. Channing, to assist him in conducting the "North American Review," which had then been established about two years. In 1821, he published his "Idle Man," in numbers, in which were some of his most admirable tales. But the general tone of it was too high to be popular, and the publication was relinquished. His first poem, "The Dying Raven," he published in

1825, in the "New York Review," then edited by the poet Bryant. Two years after, he published "The Buccaneer and other Poems," and in 1833 his "Poems and Prose Writings." His Lectures on Shakespeare, which have been delivered in many cities, he has not given to the public. In 1849, he published a new edition of his entire collected works. He resides now at a most picturesque residence in Cape Ann, and the incidents of his life are purely domestic.

The longest poem of Mr. Dana is "The Buccaneer." It is a tale of piracy and murder, and of a terrible supernatural retribution. The character of the Buccaneer, Matthew Lee, is drawn in a few bold and masterly lines. Disappointed in an effort to engage in honest trade, he makes up his mind to devote his life to piracy. A young bride, whose husband has fallen in the Spanish war, seeks a passage in his ship to some distant shore. The ship is at sea. The murderer is meditating his deed of death. The fearful scene follows. How strong, distinct, and terrible is the description of the pirate's feelings, and

#### THE SCENE OF DEATH.

He cannot look on her mild eye—  
Her patient words his spirit quell.  
Within that evil heart there lie  
The hates and fears of hell.  
His speech is short ; he wears a surly brow.  
There's none will hear her shriek. **What fear ye now ?**

The workings of the soul ye fear ;  
Ye fear the power that goodness hath ;  
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,  
Walking his ocean path.  
From out the silent void there comes a cry :  
"Vengeance is mine ! Lost man, thy doom is nigh!"

Nor dread of ever-during wo,  
Nor the sea's awful solitude,  
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.  
Then, bloody hand—to blood !  
The scud is driving wildly over head ;  
The stars burn dim ; the ocean moans its dead.

Moan for the living—moan our sins—  
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.  
Hark ! still thy waves ! The work begins :  
He makes the deadly sign.  
The crew glide down like shadows. **Eye and hand**  
**Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.**

They're gone. The helmsman stands alone,  
And one leans idly o'er the bow.

Still as a tomb the ship keeps on ;  
 Nor sound nor stirring now.  
 Hush, hark ! as from the centre of the deep,  
 Shrieks ! fiendish yells ! They stab them in their sleep.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,  
 The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,  
 The panting, stifled prayer for life,  
 The dying's heaving sigh,  
 The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still glare,  
 And Fear's and Death's cold sweat—they all are there !

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,  
 On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,  
 On hands that with the warm blood reek,  
 Shines the dim cabin lamp.  
 Lee look'd. "They sleep so sound," he laughing said,  
 "They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

A crash ! They've forced the door ; and then  
 One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream  
 Comes thrilling through the growl of men.  
 'Tis hers ! Oh God, redeem  
 From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child !  
 That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and wild !

It ceased. With speed o' th' lightning's flash,  
 A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,  
 Shoots by. A leap ! a quick, short splash !  
 'Tis gone ! There's nothing there !  
 The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.  
 Bright-crested waves, how proudly on ye ride !

She's sleeping in her silent cave,  
 Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,  
 Or strife of man on land or wave.  
 Young thing ! thy home of love  
 Thou soon hast reach'd ! Fair, unpolluted thing,  
 They harm'd thee not ! Was dying suffering ?

Oh, no ! To live when joy was dead ;  
 To go with one lone, pining thought—  
 To mournful love thy being wed—  
 Feeling what death had wrought ;  
 To live the child of wo, yet shed no tear,  
 Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear ;

To look on man, and deem it strange  
 That he on things of earth should brood,  
 When all its throng'd and busy range  
 To thee was solitude—

Oh, this was bitterness ! Death came and press'd  
 Thy wearied lids, and brought thy sick heart rest.

## IMMORTALITY.

And with our frames do perish all our loves ?  
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,  
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth  
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers ?  
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,  
And make it send forth winning harmonies—  
That to the cheek do give its living glow,  
And vision in the eye the soul intense  
With that for which there is no utterance—  
Are these the body's accidents ?—no more ?—  
To live in it, and when that dies, go out  
Like the burnt taper's flame ?

O, listen, man !  
A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices  
Hymn it unto our souls : according harps,  
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality :  
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn, universal song.  
O, listen ye, our spirits ; drink it in  
From all the air ! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;  
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories ; Night,  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :  
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,  
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
The dying hear it ; and as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

## THE DEATH OF SIN AND THE LIFE OF HOLINESS.

Blinded by passion, man gives up his breath,  
Uncalled by God. We look, and name it death.  
Mad wretch ! the soul hath no last sleep ; the strife  
To end itself, but wakes intenser life  
In the self-torturing spirit. Fool, give o'er !  
Hast thou once been, yet think'st to be no more ?

What! life destroy itself? O, idlest dream,  
 Shaped in that emptiest thing—a doubter's scheme.  
 Think'st in a universal soul will merge  
 Thy soul, as rain-drops mingle with the surge?  
 Or, no less skeptic, sin will have an end,  
 And thy purged spirit with the holy blend  
 In joys as holy? Why a sinner now?  
 As falls the tree, so lies it. So shalt thou.  
 God's Book, thou doubter, holds the plain record.  
 Dar'st talk of hopes and doubts against that Word?  
 Dar'st palter with it in a quibbling sense?  
 That Book shall judge thee when thou passest hence.  
 Then, with thy spirit from the body freed,  
 Thou'll know, thou'll see, thou'll feel what's life, indeed.

Bursting to life, thy dominant desire  
 Will upward flame, like a fierce forest fire;  
 Then, like a sea of fire, heave, roar, and dash—  
 Roll up its lowest depths in waves, and flash  
 A wild disaster round, like its own wo—  
 Each wave cry, "Wo for ever!" in its flow,  
 And then pass on—from far adown its path  
 Send back commingling sounds of wo and wrath—  
 Th' indomitable *Will* then know no sway:  
 God calls—Man, hear him; quit that fearful way!

Come, listen to His voice who died to save  
 Lost man, and raise him from his moral grave;  
 From darkness showed a path of light to heaven;  
 Cried, "Rise and walk; thy sins are all forgiven."

Blest are the pure in heart. Wouldst thou be blest?  
 He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Wouldst thou find rest?  
 Around thy toils and cares he'll breathe a calm,  
 And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm,  
 From fear draw love, and teach thee where to seek  
 Lost strength and grandeur, with the bowed and meek.

Come lowly; He will help thee. Lay aside  
 That subtle, first of evils—human pride.  
 Know God, and, so, thyself; and be afraid  
 To call aught poor or low that he has made.  
 Fear naught but sin; love all but sin; and learn  
 How that, in all things else, thou may'st discern  
 His forming, his creating power—how bind  
 Earth, self and brother to th' Eternal Mind.

#### THE MOTHER AND SON.

"The sun not set yet, Thomas?" "Not quite, sir. It blazes  
 through the trees on the hill yonder as if their branches were  
 all on fire."

Arthur raised himself heavily forward, and, with his hat still over his brow, turned his glazed and dim eyes towards the setting sun. It was only the night before that he had heard his mother was ill, and could survive but a day or two. He had lived nearly apart from society, and, being a lad of a thoughtful, dreamy mind, had made a world to himself. His thoughts and feelings were so much in it that, except in relation to his own home, there were the same vague and strange notions in his brain, concerning the state of things surrounding him, as we have of a foreign land.

He had passed the night between violent, tumultuous grief, and numb insensibility. Stepping into the carriage, with a slow, weak motion, like one who was quitting his sick chamber for the first time, he began his journey homeward. As he lifted his eyes upward, the few stars that were here and there over the sky seemed to look down in pity, and shed a religious and healing light upon him. But they soon went out, one after another, and as the last faded from his imploring sight, it was as if everything good and holy had forsaken him. The faint tint in the east soon became a ruddy glow, and the sun, shooting upward, burst over every living thing in full glory. The sight went to Arthur's sick heart, as if it were in mockery of his misery.

Leaning back in his carriage, with his hand over his eyes, he was carried along, hardly sensible it was day. The old servant, Thomas, who was sitting by his side, went on talking in a low, monotonous tone; but Arthur only heard something sounding in his ears, scarcely heeding that it was a human voice. He had a sense of wearisomeness from the motion of the carriage; but in all things else the day passed as a melancholy dream.

Almost the first words Arthur spoke were those I have mentioned. As he looked out upon the setting sun, he shuddered through his whole frame, and then became sick and pale. He thought he knew the hill near him; and, as they wound round it, some peculiar old trees appeared, and he was in a few minutes in the midst of the scenery near his home. The river before him, reflecting the rich evening sky, looked as if poured out from a molten mine. The birds, gathering in, were shooting across each other, bursting into short, gay notes, or singing their evening songs in the trees. It was a bitter thing to find all so bright and cheerful, and so near his own home too. His horses' hoofs struck upon the old wooden bridge. The sound went to his heart. It was here his mother took her last leave of him, and blessed him.

As he passed through the village, there was a feeling of strangeness, that everything should be just as it was when he left it. There was an undefined thought floating in his mind, that his mother's state should produce a visible change in all that he had been familiar with. But the boys were at their noisy games in the street, the laborers returning, talking together, from their work, and the old men sitting quietly at their doors. He concealed himself as well as he could, and bade Thomas hasten on.

As they drew near the house, the night was shutting in about it, and there was a melancholy gusty sound in the trees. Arthur felt as if approaching his mother's tomb. He entered the parlor. All was as gloomy and still as a deserted house. Presently he heard a slow, cautious step overhead. It was in his mother's chamber. His sister had seen him from the window. She hurried down, and threw her arms about her brother's neck, without uttering a word. As soon as he could speak, he asked, "Is she alive?"—he could not say, *my mother*. "She is sleeping," answered his sister, "and must not know to-night that you are here; she is too weak to bear it now." "I will go look at her then, while she sleeps," said he, drawing his handkerchief from his face. His sister's sympathy had made him shed the first tears which had fallen from him that day, and he was more composed.

He entered the chamber with a deep and still awe upon him; and, as he drew near his mother's bedside, and looked on her pale, placid, and motionless face, he scarcely dared breathe, lest he should disturb the secret communion that the soul was holding with the world into which it was about to enter. The loss that he was about suffering, and his heavy grief, were all forgotten in the feeling of a holy inspiration, and he was, as it were, in the midst of invisible spirits, ascending and descending. His mother's lips moved slightly as she uttered an indistinct sound. He drew back, and his sister went near to her, and she spoke. It was the same gentle voice which he had known and felt from his childhood. The exaltation of his soul left him—he sunk down—and his misery went over him like a flood.

The next day, as soon as his mother became composed enough to see him, Arthur went into her chamber. She stretched out her feeble hand, and turned towards him, with a look that blessed him. It was the short struggle of a meek spirit. She covered her eyes with her hand, and the tears trickled down between her pale, thin fingers. As soon as she became tranquil, she

spoke of the gratitude she felt at being spared to see him before she died.

"My dear mother," said Arthur—but he could not go on. His voice was choked, his eyes filled with tears, and the agony of his soul was visible in his face. "Do not be so afflicted, Arthur, at the loss of me. We are not to part forever. Remember, too, how comfortable and happy you have made my days. Heaven, I know, will bless so good a son as you have been to me. You will have that consolation, my son, which visits but a few; you will be able to look back upon your past conduct to me, not without pain only, but with a holy joy. And think hereafter of the peace of mind you give me, now that I am about to die, in the thought that I am leaving your sister to your love and care. So long as you live, she will find you a father and brother to her." She paused for a moment. "I have always felt that I could meet death with composure; but I did not know," she said, with a tremulous voice, her lips quivering—"I did not know how hard a thing it would be to leave my children, till now that the hour has come."

After a little while, she spoke of his father, and said she had lived with the belief that he was mindful of her, and with the conviction, which grew stronger as death approached, that she should meet him in another world. She said but little more, as she grew weaker and weaker every hour. Arthur sat by in silence, holding her hand. He saw that she was sensible—he was watching her countenance; for every now and then she opened her dull eye, and looked towards him, and endeavored to smile.

The day wore slowly away. The sun went down, and the melancholy and still twilight came on. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the watch, telling him with a resistless power that the hour was drawing nigh. He gasped, as if under some invisible, gigantic grasp, which it was not for human strength to struggle against.

It was now quite dark, and, by the pale light of the night-lamp in the chimney corner, the furniture in the room threw huge and uncouth figures over the walls. All was unsubstantial and visionary, and the shadowy ministers of death appeared gathering round, waiting the duty of the hour appointed them. Arthur shuddered for a moment with superstitious awe; but the solemn elevation which a good man feels at the sight of the dying took possession of him, and he became calm again.

The approach of death has so much which is exalting, that our grief is, for the time, forgotten. And could one, who had

seen Arthur a few hours before, now have looked upon the grave and grand repose of his countenance, he would hardly have known him.

The livid hue of death was fast spreading over his mother's face. He stooped forward to catch the sound of her breathing. It grew quick and faint. "My mother!" She opened her eyes, for the last time, upon him—a faint flush passed over her cheek—there was the serenity of an angel in her look—her hand just pressed his. It was all over.

His spirit had endured to its utmost. It sunk down from its unearthly height; and, with his face upon his mother's pillow, he wept like a child. He arose with a violent effort, and, stepping into the adjoining chamber, spoke to his aunt. "It is past," said he. "Is my sister asleep? Well, then, let her have rest; she needs it." He then went to his own chamber, and shut himself in.

It is a merciful thing that the intense suffering of sensitive minds makes to itself a relief. Violent grief brings on a torpor, and an indistinctness, and dimness, as from long watching. It is not till the violence of affliction has subsided, and gentle and soothing thoughts can find room to mix with our sorrow, and holy consolations can minister to us, that we are able to know fully our loss, and see clearly what has been torn away from our affections. It was so with Arthur. Unconnected and strange thoughts, with melancholy, but half-formed images, were floating in his mind, and now and then a gloam of light would pass through it, as if he had been in a troubled trance, and all was right again. His worn and tired feelings at last found rest in sleep.

It is an impression, which we cannot rid ourselves of if we would, when sitting by the body of a friend, that he has still a consciousness of our presence; that, though the common concerns of the world have no more to do with him, he has still a love and care of us. The face which we had so long been familiar with, when it was all life and motion, seems only in a state of rest. We know not how to make it real to ourselves, that the body before us is not a living thing.

Arthur was in such a state of mind, as he sat alone in the room by his mother, the day after her death. It was as if her soul had been in paradise, and was now holding communion with pure spirits there, though it still abode in the body that lay before him. He felt as if sanctified by the presence of one to whom the other world had been laid open—as if under the love and protection of one made holy. The religious reflections

that his mother had early taught him gave him strength; a spiritual composure stole over him, and he found himself prepared to perform the last offices to the dead.

Is it not enough to see our friends die, and part with them for the remainder of our days; to reflect that we shall hear their voices no more, and that they will never look on us again; to see that turning to corruption which was but just now alive, and eloquent, and beautiful with all the sensations of the soul? Are our sorrows so sacred and peculiar as to make the world as vanity to us, and the men of it as strangers? and shall we not be left to our afflictions for a few hours? Must we be brought out at such a time to the concerned or careless gaze of those we know not, or be made to bear the formal proffers of consolations from acquaintances who will go away and forget it all? Shall we not be suffered, a little while, a holy and healing communion with the dead? Must the kindred stillness and gloom of our dwelling be changed for the solemn show of the pall, the talk of the passers-by, and the broad and piercing light of the common sun? Must the ceremonies of the world wait on us even to the open graves of our friends?

When the hour came, Arthur rose with a firm step and fixed eye, though his whole face was tremulous with the struggle within him. He went to his sister, and took her arm within his. The bell struck. Its heavy, undulating sound rolled forward like a sea. He felt a violent beating through his whole frame, which shook him that he reeled. It was but a momentary weakness. He moved on, passing those who surrounded him, as if they had been shadows. While he followed the slow hearse, there was a vacancy in his eye, as it rested on the coffin, which showed him hardly conscious of what was before him. His spirit was with his mother's. As he reached the grave, he shrunk back, and turned deadly pale; but, sinking his head upon his breast, and drawing his hat over his face, he stood motionless as a statue till the service was over.

He had gone through all that the forms of society required of him. For, as painful as the effort was, and as little suited as such forms were to his own thoughts upon the subject, yet he could not do anything that might appear to the world like a want of reverence and respect for his mother. The scene was ended, and the inward struggle over; and now that he was left to himself, the greatness of his loss came up full and distinctly before him.

It was a dreary and chilly evening when he returned home. When he entered the house from which his mother had gone

forever, a sense of dreary emptiness oppressed him, as if his very abode had been deserted by every living thing. He walked into his mother's chamber. The naked bedstead, and the chair in which she used to sit, were all that was left in the room. As he threw himself back into the chair, he groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. A feeling of forlornness came over him, which was not to be relieved by tears. She, whom he had watched over in her dying hour, and whom he had talked to as she lay before him in death, as if she could hear and answer him, had gone from him. Nothing was left for the senses to fasten fondly on, and time had not yet taught him to think of her only as a spirit. But time and holy endeavors brought this consolation; and the little of life that a wasting disease left him was passed by him, when alone, in thoughtful tranquillity; and amongst his friends he appeared with that gentle cheerfulness which, before his mother's death, had been a part of his nature.

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MRS. SIGOURNEY, 1791.

LYDIA HUNTLEY, now Mrs. SIGOURNEY, is the only child of the late Ezekiel Huntley, of Norwich, where she was born on the 1st of September, 1791. In her earliest years she gave evidence of uncommon abilities, and her parents determined that every pains should be taken to have them rightly cultivated. At eight years of age she began to develop those poetical talents which have since made her name so widely and favorably known. After enjoying the advantages of the schools of her native town, and attending for some time a boarding-school in Hartford, Miss Huntley, in connection with a friend and kindred spirit, Mary Maria Hyde, opened a school for young ladies in Norwich, which she continued for two years. She then removed to Hartford, where she remained for several years, in the same pursuit.

In 1815, Miss Huntley was induced by Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., an intelligent and wealthy merchant of Hartford, to give a volume of her poems to the public. It was published under the modest title of "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," which showed very clearly that an author who had done so well, could do still better. In 1819, she was married to Charles Sigourney, Esq., a leading merchant of Hartford, and a gentleman of education and literary taste. She did not

appear again as an author till 1822, when she published "Traits of the Aborigines of America," a descriptive, historical, and didactic poem, in five cantos. In 1824, she published, in prose, "A Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since;" in 1828, a volume of "Poems, by the author of Moral Pieces;" in 1833, "Poetry for Children;" in 1835, "Zinzendorf, and other Poems;" in 1836, "Letters to Young Ladies;" and in 1838, "Letters to Mothers." In the summer of 1840, she went to Europe, and, after visiting many of the most interesting places in England, Scotland, and France, and publishing a collection of her works in London, she returned, in the following April, to Hartford.

In 1841, she published a selection of her poems, such as her matured judgment esteemed the best; and in the same year appeared "Pocahontas," the best of her long poems. Early in 1843, appeared in Boston her "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," the records, in prose and verse, of the interesting objects and persons she saw in her European tour. Two years afterwards, this was followed by a similar work, entitled "Scenes in my Native Land." In 1856, she published that charming book "Past Meridian,"<sup>1</sup> and the next year "Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," a volume of brief biographical sketches, or rather pictures of character, selected with much judgment, and wrought out with taste and feeling.

Any writer, whether of prose or poetry, might well be proud of the fame Mrs. Sigourney has acquired, and which she will retain to the latest posterity; for everything she has written has been pure, lofty, and holy, in its whole tone and influence. Other writers have had more learning, and more genius, but none have employed their talents for a higher end—to make the world wiser, happier, holier. An accomplished scholar<sup>2</sup> has remarked of her poems that "they express, with great purity and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being, which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art, as well as nature. Love and Religion

<sup>1</sup> "Mrs. Sigourney has never before written so wisely, so usefully, so beautifully, as in this volume. In saying so, we yield to none in our high appreciation of her previous literary merit; but, unless we greatly mistake, this is one of the comparatively few books of our day which will be read with glistening eyes and glowing heart, when all who now read it will have gone to their graves. It is written by her in the character of one who has passed the meridian of life, and addresses itself to sensations and experiences which all whose faces are turned westward can understand, and feel with her. It is devotion, philosophy, and poetry, so intertwined, that each is enriched and adorned by the association. Above all, it blends with the serene sunset of a well-spent life, the young morning beams of the never-setting day."—*North Am. Review*, Jan. 1857.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander H. Everett.

are the unvarying elements of her song. If her power of expression was equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton, or a Christian Pindar. But

— ‘though she inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear;  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air;’

she nevertheless manages language with ease and elegance, and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that ‘refined felicity’ of expression, which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers.”

#### WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently thou, whose hand hath won  
The young bird from its nest away,  
Where careless, ‘neath a vernal sun,  
She gayly caroll’d, day by day;  
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,  
From whence her timid wing doth soar,  
They pensive list at hush of eve,  
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear,  
Beyond what vestal lips have told,  
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,  
She turns confiding to thy fold;  
She round thy sweet domestic bower  
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,  
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,  
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,  
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,  
Nor let thy tender care decay—  
The soul of woman lives in love:  
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear,  
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,  
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear  
That man’s strong heart may ne’er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,  
On thy true breast to sparkle rare,  
She places ‘neath thy household tree  
The idol of her fondest care;

And by thy trust to be forgiven,  
When judgment wakes in terror wild,  
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,  
Deal gently with the widow's child.

## NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty—God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantled around thy feet.—And he doth give  
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him  
Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare  
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,  
Or love, or sorrow—'mid the peal sublime  
Of thy tremendous hymn?—Even Ocean shrinks  
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves  
Retire abashed.—For he doth sometimes seem  
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall  
His wearied billows from their vexing play,  
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,  
With everlasting, undecaying tide,  
Dost rest not night or day.

The morning stars,  
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,  
Heard thy deep anthem—and those wrecking fires  
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve  
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name  
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,  
On thine unfathomed page.—Each leafy bough  
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,  
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,  
And tremble at the baptism.—Lo! yon birds  
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing  
Amid thy foam and mist.—'Tis meet for them  
To touch thy garment's hem—or lightly stir  
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath—  
Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,  
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,  
Without reproof.—But as for us—it seems  
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak  
Familiarly of thee.—Methinks, to tint  
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,  
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,  
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul  
 A wondering witness of thy majesty ;  
 And while it rushes with delirious joy  
 To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,  
 And check its rapture with the humbling view  
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand  
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,  
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

## MONODY ON MRS. HEMANS.

Nature doth mourn for thee.

There comes a voice  
 From her far solitudes, as though the winds  
 Murmured low dirges, or the waves complained.  
 Even the meek plant, that never sang before  
 Save one brief requiem, when its blossoms fell,  
 Seems through its drooping leaves to sigh for thee,  
 As for a florist dead. The ivy, wreathed  
 Round the gray turrets of a buried race,  
 And the proud palm trees, that like princes rear  
 Their diadems 'neath Asia's sultry sky,  
 Blend with their ancient lore thy hallowed name.  
 Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make  
 Whate'er it touched more holy. The pure shell,  
 Pressing its pearly lip to Ocean's floor;  
 The cloistered chambers, where the seagods sleep ;  
 And the unfathomed, melancholy Main,  
 Lament for thee through all the sounding deeps.  
 Hark ! from sky-piercing Himmaleh, to where  
 Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud—  
 From the scathed pine tree, near the red man's hut,  
 To where the everlasting Banian builds  
 Its vast columnar temple, comes a wail  
 For her who o'er the dim cathedral's arch,  
 The quivering sunbeam on the cottage wall,  
 Or the sere desert, poured the lofty chant  
 And ritual of the muse : who found the link  
 That joins mute Nature to ethereal mind,  
 And made that link a melody.

The vales  
 Of glorious Albion heard thy tuneful fame,  
 And those green cliffs, where erst the Cambrian bards  
 Swept their indignant lyres, exulting tell  
 How oft thy fairy foot in childhood climbed  
 Their rude, romantic heights.

Yet was the couch  
 Of thy last slumber in yon verdant isle  
 Of song, and eloquence, and ardent soul—  
 Which, loved of lavish skies, though banned by fate,

Seemed as a type of thine own varied lot,  
The crowned of Genius, and the child of Wo.  
For at thy breast the ever-pointed thorn  
Did gird itself in secret, mid the gush  
Of such unstained, sublime, impassioned song,  
That angels, poising on some silver cloud,  
Might listen mid the errands of the skies,  
And linger all unblamed.

How tenderly  
Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest,  
And, like a nurse, with finger on her lip,  
Watch that no step disturb thee, and no hand  
Profane thy sacred harp. Methinks she waits  
Thy waking, as some cheated mother hangs  
O'er the pale babe, whose spirit Death hath stolen,  
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven.  
Said we that thou art dead? We dare not. No.  
For every mountain, stream, or shady dell,  
Where thy rich echoes linger, claim thee still,  
Their own undying one. To thee was known  
Alike the language of the fragile flower  
And of the burning stars. God taught it thee.  
So, from thy living intercourse with man,  
Thou shalt not pass, until the weary earth  
Drops her last gem into the doomsday flame.  
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir,  
Whose harmonies thy spirit learned so well  
Through this low, darkened casement, and so long  
Interpreted for us.

Why should we say  
Farewell to thee, since every unborn age  
Shall mix thee with its household charities?  
The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,  
And greet thy sweet words with his benison;  
The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame  
In the lone temple of her sanctity;  
And the young child who takes thee by the hand  
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven.

#### CONTENTMENT.

Think'st thou the steed that restless roves  
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,  
With wild, unbridled bound,  
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,  
On thymy bank or vernal tree,  
Intent to store her industry  
Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn  
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,

Affords a sweeter draught  
 Than that which, in its native sphere,  
 Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,  
 Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,  
 And wake his grateful thought ?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold  
 The worldling's pomp and miser's gold  
 Obtains a richer prize  
 Than he who, in his cot at rest,  
 Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,  
 And bears the promise in his breast  
 Of treasure in the skies ?

## THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,  
 Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;  
 Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
 With your sand-based structures and domes of rock ;  
 Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
 And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;  
 Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear  
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;  
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;  
 The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
 O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
 The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
 And the mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark  
 The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
 There are snare enough on the tented field,  
 'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
 There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;  
 There's a poison drop in man's purest cup ;  
 There are foet that watch for his cradle breath,  
 And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;  
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
 And the gods of ocean have frowned to see  
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;  
 Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,  
 Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin ;  
 From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;  
 As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,  
 Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,  
 Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,  
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

## INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,  
 That noble race and brave ;  
 That their light canoes have vanished  
 From off the crested wave ;  
 That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,  
 There rings no hunter's shout ;  
 But their name is on your waters—  
 Ye may not wash it out.

'T is where Ontario's billow  
 Like Ocean's surge is curled ;  
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
 The echo of the world :  
 Where red Missouri bringeth  
 Rich tribute from the west ;  
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,  
 That clustered o'er the vale,  
 Have disappeared, as withered leaves  
 Before the autumn's gale :  
 But their memory liveth on your hills,  
 Their baptism on your shore,  
 Your everlasting rivers speak  
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
 Within her lordly crown,  
 And broad Ohio bears it  
 Amid her young renown ;  
 Connecticut has wreathed it  
 Where her quiet foliage waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
 Within its rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 Throughout his lofty chart.

Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,  
Doth seal the sacred trust:  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.

## THE ROSE.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone —its stem was leafless—its root had withered; the inclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it; he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and besides it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said: Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high-minded, but fear."

## THE PRIVILEGES OF AGE.

The aged, especially if their conquest of self is imperfect, are prone to underrate the advantages that remain. Their minds linger among depressing subjects, repining for what "time's effacing fingers" will never restore. Far better would it be to muse on their remaining privileges, to recount them, and to rejoice in them. Many instances have I witnessed, both of this spirit, and the want of it, which left enduring impressions.

I well remember an ancient dwelling, sheltered by lofty, umbrageous trees, and with all the appendages of rural com-

fort. A fair prospect of hill and dale, and broad river, and distant spire, cheered the vine-covered piazzas, through whose loop-holes, with the subdued cry of the steam-borne cars, the world's great Babel made a dash at the picture without coming too near. Traits of agricultural life, divested of its rude and sordid toils, were pleasantly visible. A smooth-coated and symmetrical cow ruminated over her clover-meal. A faithful horse, submissive to the gentlest rein, protruded his honest face through the barn window. A few brooding mothers were busy with the nurture of their chickens, while the proud father of the flock told, with a clarion-voice, his happiness. There were trees, whose summer fruits were richly swelling, and bushes of ripening berries, and gardens of choice vegetables. Those who, from the hot and dusty city, came to breathe the pure air of this sylvan retreat, took note of these "creature-comforts," and thought they added beauty to the landscape.

Within the abode, fair pictures and books of no mean literature adorned the parlors; in the carpeted kitchen, ticked the stately old family clock, while the bright dishes stood in orderly array upon the speckless shelves. Visitants could not but admire that union of taste and education which makes rural life beautiful. It might seem almost as an Elysium, where care would delight to repose, or philosophy to pursue her researches without interruption. But to any such remark, the excellent owner was wont mournfully to reply:—

"Here are only two old people together. Our children are married and gone. Some of them are dead. We cannot be expected to have much enjoyment."

Oh, dear friends, but it is expected that you *should*. Your very statement of the premises is an admission of peculiar sources of comfort.

*"Two old people together."* Whose sympathies can be so perfect? And is not sympathy a source of happiness? Side by side ye have journeyed through joys and sorrows. You have stood by the grave's brink, when it swallowed up your idols, and the iron that entered into your souls was fused as a living link, that time might never destroy. Under the cloud, and through the sea, you have walked hand in hand, heart to heart. What subjects of communion must you have, with which no other human being could intermeddle!

*"Two old people."* Would your experience be so rich and profound, if you were not old? or your congeniality so entire, if one was old, and the other young? What a blessing that you can say, there are *two* of us. Can you realize the loneli-

ness of soul that must gather around the words "*left alone*." How many of memory's cherished pictures must then be viewed through blinding tears? how feelingly the expression of the poet must be adopted—" 'tis the survivor dies?"

"*Our children are married and gone.*" Would you have it otherwise? Was it not fitting for them to comply with the institution of their Creator? Is it not better than if they were all at home, without congenial employment, pining in disappointed hope, or solitude of the heart? *Married and gone!* To teach in other homes the virtues they have learned from you. Perchance, in newer settlements to diffuse the energy of right habits, and the high influence of pure principles. *Gone!* to learn the luxury of life's most intense affections, and wisely to train their own young blossoms for time and for eternity. Praise God that it is so.

"*Some are dead.*" They have gone a little before. They have shown you the way through that gate where all the living must pass. Will not their voice of welcome be sweet in the skies? Dream ye not sometimes that ye hear the echo of their harp-strings? Is not your eternal home brought nearer, and made dearer by them? *Then praise God.*

*Post Meridian.*

#### CHARLES SPRAGUE.

This beautiful poet and finished prose writer was born in Boston on the 26th of October, 1791. He was educated in his native city, and placed at an early age in a mercantile house, and at the age of twenty-one engaged in business on his own account. After a few years, he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank, in Boston, which office he still holds.

Mr. Sprague is an eminent and encouraging example of the union of large business capacity and exact business habits, with a love of literature, and signal success in its pursuit. He was born a poet, and no forms of the counting house or of the bank could repress his native genius. He early published a series of prologues, which attracted much attention, and in 1823 was a successful competitor for the Prize Ode at an exhibition in Boston, in honor of Shakespeare.<sup>1</sup> On the 4th

<sup>1</sup> With the exception of Gray's "Bard" and "Progress of Poetry," and two or three of Collins' odes, I think this ode superior to anything of the kind in our language, not excepting Dryden's celebrated "Alexander Feast." In beauty, in vigor, in happy allusions, and pertinent illustrations, it is quite equal to Dryden's, while it has none of those gross associations which are a sad blemish in its great prototype.

of July, 1825, he delivered an oration before the inhabitants of Boston, which is above the ordinary productions of that character. In 1827 he delivered an admirable "Oration before the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance;" and in 1829 a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, entitled "Curiosity." This is the longest of his poetical productions, and has many passages in it of signal beauty. In 1830, he pronounced an ode at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, which has, perhaps, a little more finish, but it displays far less spirit, vigor, and genius than the Shakspearian Ode. Besides these, Mr. Sprague has written many smaller pieces, which have fully sustained his early reputation.

## SHAKSPEARE ODE.

God of the glorious Lyre!  
Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,  
While Jove's exulting choir  
Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—  
Come! bless the service and the shrine  
We consecrate to thee and thine.  
  
Fierce from the frozen north,  
When Havoc led his legions forth,  
O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyers spread:  
In dust the sacred statue slept,  
Fair Science round her altars wept,  
And Wisdom cowled his head.  
  
At length, Olympian lord of morn,  
The raven veil of night was torn,  
When, through golden clouds descending,  
Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,  
O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,  
Till Avon rolled, all sparkling, to thy sight!  
  
There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,  
Wrapped in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel strayed.  
Lighting there, and lingering long,  
Thou didst teach the bard his song;  
Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,  
And round his brows a garland curled;  
On his lips thy spirit fell,  
And bade him wake and warm the world!  
  
Then Shakspeare rose!  
Across the trembling strings  
His daring hand he flings,  
And lo! a new creation glows!  
There, clustering round, submissive to his will,  
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.—

Madness, with his frightful scream,  
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,  
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,  
 Hatred, blasting with a glance,  
 Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,  
 And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.  
 Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,  
 Waking laughter's merry swell,  
 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,  
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.  
 Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,  
 Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,  
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,  
 And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,  
 Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,  
 Beneath the bubbling wave, that shrouds her maniac breast.  
 Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,  
 Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb  
 Where his plighted victims lie—  
 Where they met, but met to die;  
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,  
 Through the dewy arbor peeping,  
 Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,  
 To Youth's devoted tale is listening,  
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening,  
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy spot.  
 Thus rise the phantom throng,  
 Obedient to their Master's song,  
 And lead in willing chains the wondering soul along.  
 For other worlds war's Great One sighed in vain—  
 O'er other worlds see Shakespeare rove and reign!  
 The rapt magician of his own wild lay,  
 Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.  
 Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,  
 Air teems with shapes, and telltale spectres rise;  
 Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,  
 And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of Sleep;  
 Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores  
 The moulder'd victims of his voiceless shores.  
 The fireside legend and the faded page,  
 The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,  
 All, all come forth—the good to charm and cheer,  
 To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear;  
 With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,  
 And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.  
 Lo! hand in hand,  
 Hell's juggling sisters stand,  
 To greet their victim from the fight;  
 Grouped on the blasted heath,  
 They tempt him to the work of death.  
 Then melt in air, and mock his won'ring sight.

In midnight's hallowed hour  
He seeks the fatal tower,  
Where the lone raven, perched on high,  
Pours to the sullen gale  
Her hoarse, prophetic wail,  
And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.  
See, by the phantom dagger led,  
Pale, guilty thing !  
Slowly he steals, with silent tread,  
And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king !  
Hark ! 'tis the signal bell,  
Struck by that bold and unsexed one  
Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone ;  
His ear hath caught the knell—  
'Tis done ! 'tis done !  
Behold him from the chamber rushing  
Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing !  
Look where he trembling stands,  
Sad gazing there,  
Life's smoking crimson on his hands,  
And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair !  
Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering !  
There fit the slaves of conscience round,  
With boding tongue foul murders numbering ;  
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.  
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,  
At his own dull scream behold him waking !  
Soon that dream to fate shall turn,  
For him the living furies burn ;  
For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,  
And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.  
Hark ! the trumpet's warning breath  
Echoes round the vale of death.  
Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdaining shield,  
The panting tyrant scours the field.  
Vengeance ! he meets thy dooming blade !  
The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven,  
He falls ! unwept and unforgiven,  
And all his guilty glories fade.  
Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,  
And Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes !  
Behold yon crownless king—  
Yon white-locked, weeping sire—  
Where heaven's unpillared chambers ring,  
And burst their streams of flood and fire !  
He gave them all—the daughters of his love ;  
That recreant pair ! they drive him forth to rove,  
In such a night of woe,  
The cubless regent of the wood  
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,  
And caverns with her foe !

Yet one was ever kind ;  
 Why lingers she behind ?  
 O pity !—view him by her dead form kneeling,  
 Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.

His aching eyeballs strain  
 To see those curtained orbs unfold,  
 That beauteous bosom heave again ;  
 But all in dark and cold.  
 In agony the father shakes ;  
 Grief's choking note  
 Swells in his throat,  
 Each withered heart-string tugs and breaks !  
 Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,  
 And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.

Down, trembling wing !—shall insect weakness keep  
 The sun-defying eagle's sweep ?  
 A mortal strike celestial strings,  
 And feebly echo what a seraph sings ?  
 Who now shall grace the glowing throne,  
 Where, all unrivalled, all alone,  
 Bold Shakspeare sat, and looked creation through,  
 The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew ?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrang  
 On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung.  
 Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,  
 One spot shall spare—the grave where Shakspeare sleeps.  
 Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,  
 But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.  
 Art's chiseled boast and Glory's trophyed shore  
 Must live in numbers, or can live no more.  
 While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,  
 Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's fame ;  
 Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed away,  
 Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay ;  
 Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,  
 Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains ;  
 So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,  
 On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,  
 To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,  
 And all her triumphs in her Shakspeare end !

O thou ! to whose creative power  
 We dedicate the festal hour,  
 While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,  
 Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipped band—  
 Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,  
 Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.

Deep in the West as Independence roves,  
 His banners planting round the land he loves,  
 Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,  
 In time's full hour shall spring a glorious race.

Thy name, thy verse, thy language, shall they bear,  
 And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.  
 Our Roman-hearted fathers broke  
 Thy parent empire's galling yoke ;  
 But thou, harmonious master of the mind,  
 Around their sons a gentler chain shalt bind ;  
 Once more in thee shall Albion's sceptre wave,  
 And what her Monarch lost her Monarch-Bard shall save.

## THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep  
 Through Death's untroubled night ;  
 We are but two—O, let us keep  
 The link that binds us bright !  
 Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood  
 That warms us is the same ;  
 That good old man—his honest blood  
 Alike we fondly claim.  
 We in one mother's arms were locked—  
 Long be her love repaid ;  
 In the same cradle we were rocked,  
 Round the same hearth we played.  
 Our boyish sports were all the same,  
 Each little joy and woe :—  
 Let manhood keep alive the flame,  
 Lit up so long ago.  
 We are but two—be that the band  
 To hold us till we die ;  
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
 Till side by side we lie.

THE FAMILY MEETING.<sup>1</sup>

We are all here !  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is filled—we're all *at home* ;  
 To-night let no cold stranger come ;  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.

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<sup>1</sup> These lines were written on occasion of the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which, one eighty-two, the other eighty years old, have lived in the same house fifty-three years.

Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;  
 For once be every care forgot ;  
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
 And kind Affection rule the hour ;  
 We're all—all here.

We're not all here !  
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
 Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Looked in and thinned our little band ;  
 Some like a night-flash passed away,  
 And some sank, lingering, day by day :  
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there—  
 And cruel Ocean has his share—  
 We're not all here.

We are all here !  
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear.  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears !  
 We see them as in times long past ;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
 They're round us as they were of old—  
 We are all here.

We are all here !  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 You that I love with love so dear.  
*This* may not long of us be said ;  
 Soon must we join the gathered dead ;  
 And by the hearth we now sit round  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 O, then, that wisdom may we know  
 Which yields a life of peace below !  
 So, in the worlds to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
 We're all—all here !

## THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

ADDRESSED TO TWO SWALLOWS THAT FLEW INTO CHAUNCEY PLACE CHURCH  
 DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

Gay, guiltless pair,  
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?  
 Ye have no need of prayer,  
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend ?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep.  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays ;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

#### I SEE THEE STILL.<sup>1</sup>

I see thee still ;  
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,  
Calls thee in beauty from the dust ;  
Thou comest in the morning light,  
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night ;  
In dreams I meet thee as of old ;  
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,  
And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;  
In every scene to memory dear,  
I see thee still.

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<sup>1</sup> "I rocked her in the cradle,  
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.  
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm  
Of that sweet tie ? The *youngest* ne'er grow old.  
The fond endearments of our earlier days  
We keep alive in them, and when they die  
Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I see thee still,  
 In every hallowed token round ;  
 This little ring thy finger bound,  
 This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,  
 This silken chain by thee was braided,  
 These flowers, all withered now, like thee,  
 Sweet Sister, thou didst cull for me ;  
 This book was thine ; here didst thou read ;  
 This picture—ah ! yes, here, indeed,  
 I see thee still.

I see thee still ;  
 Here was thy summer noon's retreat,  
 Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;  
 This was thy chamber—here, each day,  
 I sat and watched thy sad decay :  
 Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;  
 Here, on this pillow—thou didst die.  
 Dark hour !—once more its woes unfold ;  
 As then I saw thee, pale and cold,  
 I see thee still.

I see thee still ;  
 Thou art not in the grave confined—  
 Death cannot claim the immortal Mind ;  
 Let Earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
 But Goodness dies not in the dust ;  
 Thee, O my Sister ! 'tis not thee  
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;  
 Thou to a fairer land art gone ;  
 There, let me hope, my journey done,  
 To see thee still !

#### THE OCCASIONS OF INTEMPERANCE.

It is truly astonishing to behold how completely the habit of unnecessary drinking pervades the various classes of our community. In one way or another, it is their morning and evening devotion, their noonday and midnight sacrifice. From the highest grade to the lowest, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, from the gentleman to the laborer, down descends the universal custom : from those who sit long at the wine that has been rocked upon the ocean, and ripened beneath an Indian sky, down to those who solace themselves with the fiery liquor that has cursed no other shores than our own—down, till it reaches the miserable abode, where the father and mother will have rum, though the children cry for bread—down to the bottom, even to the prison-house, the forlorn inmate of which

hails him his best friend, who is cunning enough to convey to him, undiscovered, the all-consoling, the all-corroding poison.

Young men must express the warmth of their mutual regard, by daily and nightly libations at some fashionable hotel—it is the custom. The more advanced take turns in flinging open their own doors to each other, and the purity of their esteem is testified by the number of bottles they can empty together—it is the custom. The husband deems it but civil to commemorate the accidental visit of his acquaintance by a glass of ancient spirit, and the wife holds it a duty to celebrate the flying call of her companion with a taste of the latest *liqueur*—for this, also, is the custom. The interesting gossipry of every little evening coterie must be enlivened with the customary cordial. Custom demands that idle quarrels, perhaps generated over a friendly cup, another friendly cup must drown. Foolish wagers are laid, to be adjusted in foolish drinking—the rich citizen stakes a dozen, the poor one a dram. “The brisk minor panting for twenty-one” baptizes his new-born manhood in the strong drink to which he intends training it up. Births, marriages, and burials are all hallowed by strong drink. Anniversaries, civic festivities, military displays, municipal elections, and even religious ceremonials, are nothing without strong drink. The political ephemera of a little noisy day, and the colossus whose footsteps millions wait upon, must alike be apotheosized in liquor. A rough-hewn statesman is toasted at, and drank at, to his face in one place, while his boisterous adversary sits through the same mummery in another. Here, in their brimming glasses, the adherents of some successful candidate mingle their congratulations; and there, in like manner, the partisans of his defeated rival forget their chagrin. Even the great day of national emancipation is, with too many, only a great day of drinking; and the proud song of deliverance is trolled from the lips of those who are bending body and soul to a viler thraldom than that from which their fathers rescued them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Happily these censures are not applicable to so great an extent now as in 1825, when they were written. All honor, however, to Mr. Sprague, and other early laborers in the cause of temperance, whose influence has effected the happy changes which of late years we have witnessed.

## JARED SPARKS.

1792 -

JARED SPARKS, whose name will ever be inseparably associated with American History, and who has done more than any other, if not all others, to hand down to posterity the great names and important events of our revolutionary annals, was born in Willington, Connecticut, in 1792. His father was a poor farmer, and he was apprenticed to a carpenter. But his innate love of books was so strong that he would devote all his leisure time to reading and study; hence he was known in the neighborhood as a youth of no small literary acquirements, for his age and opportunities, and when he was applied to, to keep the district school, his master readily gave him his time. He found a number of kind friends ready to aid him in his pursuit of knowledge; and, in 1809, he went to Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, then under the charge of that venerable and accomplished scholar and gentleman, Benjamin Abbot, LL. D. He entered Harvard in 1811, sustained partly by funds of the college and partly by the receipts from the district schools which he kept during the three winter months. For the first year after graduating he was preceptor of Lancaster Academy, and then returned to Cambridge to pursue his theological studies, at the same time discharging the duties of tutor in college, in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

On the 5th of May, 1819, he was ordained over the first Unitarian Church in Baltimore, on which occasion Dr. Channing delivered his celebrated sermon on Unitarian Christianity. For a number of years Mr. Sparks wrote extensively upon subjects of theological controversy, and published, in 1820, "Letters on the Ministry, Ritual, and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church," in reply to a sermon by Rev. Wm. E. Wyatt, of St. Paul's Church. About this time he commenced a monthly periodical, entitled "The Unitarian Miscellany and Christian Monitor." While in Baltimore, he commenced the publication of a "Collection of Essays and Tracts in Theology, from Various Authors, with Biographical and Critical Notices;" completed in Boston, in 1826, in six volumes. In 1823, appeared "An Inquiry into the Comparative Moral Tendency of Trinitarian and Unitarian Doctrines," in a series of Letters to Samuel Miller, D. D., of Princeton. The latter part of that year he removed to Boston, and purchased the "North American Review," of which he became the sole editor, and continued such till 1830. In 1828, "he commenced that noble series of volumes illustrative of American History, to which he has ever

since devoted himself, and which have forever associated his own name with the names of the most illustrious of our countrymen."

The first of his historical works was the "Life of John Ledyard," the American Navigator and Traveller, one volume, octavo, published in 1828; the second, "The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," in twelve volumes, 1829 to 1831; the third, "The Life of Gouverneur Morris," in three volumes, 1832; the fourth, "The Life and Writings of Washington," twelve volumes, 1833 to 1840; the fifth, "The Works of Benjamin Franklin, with Notes, and a Life of the Author," ten volumes, 1840; the sixth, "Correspondence of the American Revolution; being letters of eminent men to George Washington, from the time of his taking the command of the army to the end of his Presidency," four volumes, 1853.

In 1835, Mr. Sparks commenced the "Library of American Biography;" and the first series, in 10 volumes, was completed in 1839. The "Second Series," consisting of 15 volumes, was begun in 1843, and finished in 1846. Of the sixty lives in these 25 volumes, Mr. Sparks wrote the biographies of Ethan Allen, Benedict Arnold, Father Marquette, Robert Cavelier de la Salle, Count Pulaski, John Ribault, Charles Lee, and John Ledyard. It is to Mr. Sparks, also, that we are indebted for one of the most valuable periodical publications, "The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge," the first volume of which was edited by him, in 1830. This is a work of such value, as a book of reference, that no one who has ever taken it feels that he can do without it.

In 1839, Mr. Sparks was appointed to the M'Lean Professorship of Ancient and Modern History, in Harvard University, which chair he held till 1849, when he was elected President of that institution. This high post of honor and responsibility he held till 1852, when he felt obliged to resign it on account of ill health.

Such is a brief outline of the literary labors of this distinguished scholar, who now resides in Cambridge, engaged, it is said, on a "History of the American Revolution."

#### ANECDOTE OF JOHN LEDYARD.

On the margin of the Connecticut River, which runs near the college,<sup>1</sup> stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then

<sup>1</sup> Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labor he was assisted by some of his fellow students. As the canoe was fifty feet long, and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When recovered, he applied himself anew to his work; the canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and, bidding adieu to these haunts of the muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was not less than one hundred and forty miles; much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

With a bearskin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading, when his canoe approached Bellows' Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and, through the kind assistance of the people in the neighborhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, till he arrived at his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes in the river. On a bright spring morning, just as the sun was rising, some of Mr. Seymour's family were standing near his house on the high bank of the small river that runs through the city of Hartford, and empties itself into the Connecticut River, when they espied at some distance an object of unusual appearance, moving slowly up the stream. Others were attracted by the singularity of the sight, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape

assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what impulse was it moved forward, none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore directly in front of the house; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bearskin in which he had been enveloped, and behold John Ledyard, in the presence of his uncle and connections, who were filled with wonder at this sudden apparition; for they had received no intelligence of his intention to leave Dartmouth, but supposed him still there, diligently pursuing his studies, and fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians.

We cannot look back to Ledyard, thus launching himself alone in so frail a bark, upon the waters of a river wholly unknown to him, without being reminded of the only similar occurrence which has been recorded—the voyage down the river Niger, by Mungo Park, a name standing at the very head of those most renowned for romantic and lofty enterprise. The melancholy fate, it is true, by which he was soon arrested in his noble career, adds greatly to the interest of his situation, when pushing from the shore his little boat Joliba, and causes us to read his last affecting letter to his wife with emotions of sympathy more intense, if possible, than would be felt if the tragical issue were not already known. In many points of character, there was a strong resemblance between these two distinguished travellers, and they both perished, martyrs in the same cause, attempting to explore the hidden regions of Africa.

#### CHARACTER OF ETHAN ALLEN.

There is much to admire in the character of Ethan Allen. He was brave, generous, and frank, true to his friends, true to his country, consistent and unyielding in his purposes, seeking at all times to promote the best interests of mankind, a lover of social harmony, and a determined foe to the artifices of injustice and the encroachments of power. Few have suffered more in the cause of freedom, few have borne their sufferings with a firmer constancy or a loftier spirit. His courage, even when apparently approaching to rashness, was calm and deliberate. No man probably ever possessed this attribute in a more remarkable degree. He was eccentric and ambitious, but these weaknesses, if such they were, never betrayed him into acts dishonorable, unworthy, or selfish. His enemies never had cause

to question his magnanimity, nor his friends to regret confidence misplaced or expectations disappointed. He was kind and benevolent, humane and placable. In short, whatever may have been his peculiarities, or however these may have diminished the weight of his influence and the value of his public services, it must be allowed that he was a man of very considerable importance in the sphere of his activity, and that to no individual among her patriot founders is the State of Vermont more indebted for the basis of her free institutions, and the achievement of her independence, than to **Ethan Allen.**

#### THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors, and the nature and magnitude of the events. It has been remarked, that in all great political revolutions, men have arisen, possessed of extraordinary endowments, adequate to the exigency of the time. It is true enough that such revolutions, or any remarkable and continued exertions of human power, must be brought to pass by corresponding qualities in the agents; but whether the occasion makes the men, or men the occasion, may not always be ascertained with exactness. In either case, however, no period has been adorned with examples more illustrious, or more perfectly adapted to the high destiny awaiting them, than that of the American Revolution.

Statesmen were at hand, who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarines, no Cecils nor Chathams, in America, there were men who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress were never recorded; we know them only in their results; but that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and talents, and without precedent to guide their deliberations—unsupported even by the arm of law or of ancient usages—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a

perilous war under its most aggravating burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman? See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation—a union of independent States, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians, and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, afford neither exemplar nor parallel.

In their foreign affairs, these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the powers of the old world not only the homage of respect, but the proffers of friendship.

The military events of the Revolution, which necessarily occupy so much of its history, are not less honorable to the actors, nor less fruitful in the evidences they afford of large design and ability of character. But these we need not recount; they live in the memory of all. We have heard them from the lips of those who saw and suffered; they are inscribed on imperishable monuments; the very hills and plains around us tell of achievements which can never die; and the day will come, when the traveller, who has gazed and pondered at Marathon and Waterloo, will linger on the mount where Prescott fought and Warren fell, and say: "Here is the field where man has struggled in his most daring conflict; here is the field where liberty poured out her noblest blood, and won her brightest and most enduring laurels."

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit or gain that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be pulsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dis-

honor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy, its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved, unimpaired, the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

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SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

If, in the pages of this Compendium of American Literature, a place can be claimed by any one from the number and popularity of the works he has published, then Samuel G. Goodrich, the renowned "Peter Parley," has a right here above all others. He was born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793, and in early life commenced the publication of historical, geographical, and other school books, at Hartford, in his native State, and subsequently became, in the same department, a writer so prolific that it was difficult to keep the run of his published works.<sup>1</sup> In 1824, on his return from

<sup>1</sup> The number of works that Mr. Goodrich has published, either written, compiled, or edited by himself, is so great that the very catalogue would fill two pages of my book. For a full account of the same, and also for a list of spurious works that have been claimed to be written by him, see the appendix to the second volume of his "Recollections of a Lifetime." They may be summed up as follows: Miscellaneous works, including fourteen volumes of the "Token," thirty volumes; School Books, twenty-seven volumes; Tales, under the name of "Peter Parley," thirty-six volumes; "Parley's Historical Compend," thirty-six volumes; "Parley's Miscellanies," seventy volumes; in all, one hundred and seventy-seven volumes. "Of all these," he says, "about seven millions of volumes have been sold; and about three hundred thousand volumes are now sold annually."

Europe, he published "The Token," a collection of original pieces in prose and poetry, by various contributors, and elegantly illustrated. It was the first "Annual," we believe, published in our country, and proved to be very popular. It was continued for fifteen years, and many of the poems and tales in it were written by himself.

Besides his almost numberless compilations, Mr. Goodrich has published the following original works: In 1836, "Sketches from a Student's Window," being a collection of his contributions to the "Token" and various magazines; in 1838, "Fireside Education;" in 1841, "The Outcast and other Poems;" in 1855, "The Court of Napoleon;" in 1856, "Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things I have seen," in two volumes. From the latter I have made the following prose selections:—

#### TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Dr. Dwight was perhaps even more distinguished in conversation than in the pulpit. He was indeed regarded as without a rival in this respect; his knowledge was extensive and various, and his language eloquent, rich, and flowing. His fine voice and noble person gave great effect to what he said. When he spoke, others were silent. This arose in part from the superiority of his powers, but in part also from his manner, which, as I have said, was somewhat authoritative. Thus he engrossed, not rudely, but with the willing assent of those around him, the lead in conversation. Nevertheless, I must remark, that in society the imposing grandeur of his personal appearance in the pulpit was softened by a general blandness of expression and a sedulous courtesy of manner, which were always conciliating, and sometimes really captivating. His smile was irresistible.

In reflecting upon this good and great man, and reading his works in after-time, I am still impressed with his general superiority—his manly intellect, his vast range of knowledge, and his large heart—yet, I am persuaded that, on account of his noble person—the perfection of the visible man—he exercised a power in his day and generation somewhat beyond the natural scope of his mental endowments. Those who read his works only cannot fully realize the impression which he made upon the age in which he lived. His name is still honored; many of his works still live. His Body of Divinity takes the precedence, not only here, but in England, over all works of the same kind and the same doctrine; but at the period to which I refer, he

was regarded with a species of idolatry by those around him. Even the pupils of the college under his presidential charge—those who are not usually inclined to hero-worship—almost adored him. To this day, those who had the good fortune to receive their education under his auspices look back upon it as a great era in their lives.

There was indeed reason for this. With all his greatness in other respects, Dr. Dwight seems to have been more particularly felicitous as the teacher, the counsellor, the guide, of educated young men. In the lecture-room, all his high and noble qualities seemed to find their full scope. He did not here confine himself to merely scientific instruction; he gave lessons in morals and manners, and taught, with a wisdom which experience and common sense only could have furnished, the various ways to insure success in life. He gave lectures upon health—the art of maintaining a vigorous constitution, with the earnest pursuit of professional duties—citing his own example, which consisted in laboring every day in the garden, when the season permitted, and at other times at some mechanical employment. He recommended that in intercourse with mankind, his pupils should always converse with each individual upon that subject in which he was most instructed, observing that he never met a man of whom he could not learn something. He gave counsel, suited to the various professions; to those who were to become clergymen, he imparted the wisdom which he had gathered by a life of long and active experience; he counselled those who were to become lawyers, physicians, merchants—and all with a fulness of knowledge and a felicity of illustration and application, as if he had actually spent a life in each of these vocations. And more than this: he sought to infuse into the bosom of all that high principle which served to inspire his own soul—that is, to be always a gentleman, taking St. Paul as his model. He considered not courtesy only, but truth, honor, manliness in all things, as essential to this character. Every kind of meanness he despised. Love of country was the constant theme of his eulogy. Religion was the soul of his system. God was the centre of gravity, and man should make the moral law as inflexible as the law of nature. Seeking to elevate all to this sphere, he still made its orbit full of light—the light of love, and honor, and patriotism, and literature, and ambition—all verging towards that fulness of glory which earth only reflects and heaven only can unfold.

## THE RURAL DISTRICTS OUR COUNTRY'S STRENGTH.

However the fact may be as to our larger cities, it cannot be doubted that all over New England, at least, there has been a quiet, but earnest and steady march of civilization—especially within the last forty years. The war of 1812 was disastrous to our part of the country; disastrous, I firmly believe, to our whole country. In New England it checked the natural progress of society, it impoverished the people, it debased their manners, it corrupted their hearts. Let others vaunt the glory of war; I shall venture to say what I have seen and known. We have now had forty years of peace, and the happy advances I have noticed—bringing increased light and comfort in at every door, rich or poor, to bless the inhabitants—are its legitimate fruits. The inherent tendency of our New England society is to improvement; give us peace, give us tranquillity, and with the blessing of God we shall continue to advance.

You will not suppose me to say that government can do nothing; the prosperity of which I speak is in a great measure imputable to the encouragement given, for a series of years, to our domestic industry. When farming absorbed society, a large part of the year was lost, or worse than lost; because tavern haunting, tippling, and gambling were the chief resources of men in the dead and dreary winter months. Manufactures gave profitable occupation during this inclement period. Formerly the markets were remote, and we all know, from the records of universal history, that farmers, without the stimulus of ready markets, sink into indolence and indifference. The protection, the encouragement, the stimulating of our manufacturing and mechanical industry, created home markets in every valley, along every stream—thus rousing the taste, energy, and ambition of the farmers within reach of these pervading influences.

The importance of the fact I state—the progress and improvement of the country towns—is plain, when we consider that here, and not in the great cities—New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia—are the hope, strength, and glory of our nation. Here, in the smaller towns and villages, are indeed the majority of the people, and here there is a weight of sober thought, just judgment, and virtuous feeling, that will serve as rudder and ballast to our country, whatever weather may betide.

As I have so recently travelled through some of the finest

and most renowned portions of the European continent, I find myself constantly comparing the towns and villages which I see here with these foreign lands. One thing is clear, that there are in continental Europe no such country towns and villages as those of New England and some other portions of this country. Not only the exterior but the interior is totally different. The villages there resemble the squalid suburbs of a city; the people are like their houses—poor and subservient—narrow in intellect, feeling, and habits of thought. I know twenty towns in France, having from two to ten thousand inhabitants, where, if you except the prefects, mayors, notaries, and a few other persons in each place, there is scarcely a family that rises to the least independence of thought, or even a moderate elevation of character. All the power, all the thought, all the genius, all the expanse of intellect, are centred at Paris. The blood of the country is drawn to this seat and centre, leaving the limbs and members cold and pulseless as those of a corpse.

How different is it in this country! The life, vigor, power of these United States are diffused through a thousand veins and arteries over the whole people, every limb nourished; every member invigorated! New York, Philadelphia, and Boston do not give law to this country; that comes from the people—the farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants—independent in their circumstances, and sober, religious, virtuous in their habits of thought and conduct. I make allowance for the sinister influence of vice, which abounds in some places; for the debasing effects of demagogism in our politicians; for the corruption of selfish and degrading interests, cast into the general current of public feeling and opinion. I admit that these sometimes make the nation swerve, for a time, from the path of wisdom, but the wandering is neither wide nor long. The preponderating national mind is just and sound, and if danger comes, it will manifest its power and avert it.

#### THE LEAF.

It came with spring's soft sun and shower,  
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;  
It flourish'd on the same light stem,  
It drank the same clear dews with them.  
The crimson tints of summer morn,  
That gilded one, did each adorn.

The breeze, that whisper'd light and brief  
To bud or blossom, kiss'd the leaf;  
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,  
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions pass'd away,  
And left the leaf to lone decay.  
The gentle gales of spring went by,  
The fruits and flowers of summer die.  
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,  
And winter's breath came cold and chill.  
The leaf now yielded to the blast,  
And on the rushing stream was cast.  
Far, far it glided to the sea,  
And whirl'd and eddied wearily,  
Till suddenly it sank to rest,  
And slumber'd in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours  
Bright as the birth-day of the flowers;  
Thus passes like the leaves away,  
As wither'd and as lost as they.  
Beneath the parent roof we meet  
In joyous groups, and gayly greet  
The golden beams of love and light,  
That kindle to the youthful sight.  
But soon we part, and one by one,  
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.  
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,  
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom.  
Another treads the paths of fame,  
And barter's peace to win a name.  
Another still tempts fortune's wave,  
And, seeking wealth, secures a grave.  
The last grasps yet the brittle thread—  
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,  
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,  
And clutches at its power and pride,  
Till suddenly the waters sever,  
And, like the leaf, he sinks forever.

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## EDWARD ROBINSON.

This distinguished philologist and traveller, the son of Rev. William Robinson, who was pastor of the Congregational Church at Southington, Conn., for forty-one years, was born at that place, on the 10th of April, 1794. Being of a rather delicate constitution, his father thought it best not to give him a professional education, but to place him

where he would have more active employment. Accordingly, though he had been fitted for college, he was placed in a country store in his native place, in which it was designed he should be a partner. But this did not suit his taste; and, being on a visit to his uncle, at Clinton, Oneida County, New York, early in 1812, he concluded to enter Hamilton College, which had just been chartered. Accordingly, in the fall, he joined the first Freshman class, and graduated in 1816, with the highest honors. In October of the next year, he was appointed tutor in his Alma Mater, where he remained a year, teaching the mathematics and the Greek language. In the latter part of the year 1818, he was married to the youngest daughter of Rev. Samuel Kirkland, and sister of the late President Kirkland, of Harvard University. She died in the following July, and Mr. Robinson remained in Clinton, pursuing his studies, for two years longer.

In December, 1821, he went to Andover, Mass., to print a small portion of the "Iliad," which he had prepared, with notes for college instruction; and while here, he became interested in the subject of religion, and determined to study the Hebrew, as preparatory to theology. After being in the seminary two years, he was appointed assistant instructor, and continued such till 1826, translating, in the mean time, from the German, "Wahl's Clavis Novi Testamenti," or Lexicon of the New Testament.

In the summer of 1826, he went to Europe, and spent there four years in travelling, combined with hard study, and became intimately acquainted with some of the most distinguished professors of the German Universities; in the mean time (1828), marrying the youngest daughter of Professor Ludwig von Jacob, of Halle. On his return home in 1830, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary. In 1831, he commenced the publication of the "Biblical Repository," of which he was the editor and chief contributor for four years. In 1833, appeared his translation of "Buttmann's Greek Grammar," and in 1836, his new "Lexicon of the New Testament," and his translation of the "Hebrew Lexicon of Gesenius."

In 1837, Dr. Robinson was appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, in the city of New York, the station which he still holds. He accepted the appointment on condition that he might be permitted to carry out a plan previously formed, of visiting the lands of the Bible, in conjunction with his friend, Rev. Eli Smith, a missionary of the American Board. This he accomplished, and then repaired to Berlin, and there devoted himself for two years to the preparation of his "Biblical Researches in

Palestine." In 1840, he returned to New York, and his great work was published the next year in three volumes, in Boston, London, and at Halle. It at once established his fame, and for learning, unwearyed investigation, and scrupulous fidelity, placed him in the very front rank of travellers; and the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded to him one of their gold medals.

Notwithstanding his many official labors connected with the seminary, Dr. Robinson projected and established, in 1843, "The Bibliothea Sacra," which, for critical theological learning, has not its superior on either side of the Atlantic. He also published, in 1845, a "Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek," and the next year an "English Harmony." In 1850, appeared a new edition of his "Lexicon of the New Testament," on which he spent much labor.

In 1851, Dr. Robinson again set out for Palestine, to make new researches, as well as to go over some of the ground formerly explored. He returned in 1852, and made preparations for a new volume, which appeared in 1856, both in this country and England, and in the German language at Berlin. This great work is now the standard upon the geography of Palestine, and for accuracy and thoroughness leaves nothing more to be desired.

#### PLAIN BEFORE SINAI.

As we advanced, the valley still opened wider and wider, with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges with rugged, shattered peaks a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed: "Here is room enough for a large encampment!" Reaching the top of the ascent, or water-shed, a fine broad plain lay before us, sloping down gently towards the S. S. E., inclosed by rugged and venerable mountains of dark granite, stern, naked, splintered peaks and ridges, of indescribable grandeur, and terminated at the distance of more than a mile by the bold and awful front of Horeb, rising perpendicularly, in frowning majesty, from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height. It was a scene of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen; and the associations which at the moment rushed upon our minds were almost overwhelming. As we went on, new points of interest were continually opening to our view. On the left of Horeb, a deep and narrow valley runs up S. S. E., between lofty walls of rock,

as if in continuation of the S. E. corner of the plain. In this valley, at the distance of near a mile from the plain, stands the convent; and the deep verdure of its fruit-trees and cypresses is seen as the traveller approaches—an oasis of beauty amid scenes of the sternest desolation. Still advancing, the front of Horeb rose like a wall before us; and one can approach quite to the foot, and touch the mount. As we crossed the plain, our feelings were strongly affected at finding here, so unexpectedly, a spot so entirely adapted to the Scriptural account of the giving of the law. No traveller has described this plain, nor even mentioned it, except in a slight and general manner, probably because the most have reached the convent by another route, without passing over it; and perhaps, too, because neither the highest point of Sinai (now called Jebel Müsa), nor the still loftier summit of St. Catharine, is visible from any part of it.

#### THE TOP OF SINAI.

The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Râhah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent Wadys and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with, and opening broadly from er-Râhah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened, that here, or on some one of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire," and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xix. 9-25; xx. 1-21.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.<sup>1</sup>

The cedars are not less remarkable for their position than for their age and size. The amphitheatre in which they are situated is of itself a great temple of nature, the most vast and magnificent of all the recesses of Lebanon. The lofty dorsal ridge of the mountain, as it approaches from the south, tends slightly towards the east for a time, and then, after resuming its former direction, throws off a spur of equal altitude towards the west, which sinks down gradually into the ridge terminating at Ehden. This ridge sweeps round so as to become nearly parallel with the main ridge, thus forming an immense recess or amphitheatre, approaching to the horse-shoe form, surrounded by the loftiest ridges of Lebanon, which rise still two or three thousand feet above it, and are partly covered with snows. In the midst of this amphitheatre stand the cedars, utterly alone, with not a tree besides, nor hardly a green thing in sight. The amphitheatre fronts towards the west, and, as seen from the cedars, the snows extend round from south to north. The extremities of the arc, in front, bear from the cedars southwest and northwest. High up in the recess, the deep, precipitous chasm of the Kadisha has its beginning—the wildest and grandest of all the gorges of Lebanon.

Besides the natural grace and beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, which still appear in the trees of middle age, though not in the more ancient patriarchs, there is associated with this grove a feeling of veneration, as the representative of those forests of Lebanon so celebrated in the Hebrew Scriptures. To the sacred writers, the cedar was the noblest of trees, the monarch of the vegetable kingdom. Solomon “spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.”<sup>2</sup> To the prophets it was the favorite emblem for greatness, splendor, and majesty; hence kings and nobles, the pillars of society, are everywhere cedars of Lebanon.<sup>3</sup> Especially is this the case in the splendid descrip-

<sup>1</sup> The elevation of the cedars above the sea is given by Russegger and Schubert at 6,000 Paris feet, equivalent to 6,400 English feet. The peaks of Lebanon above rise nearly 3,000 feet higher.

<sup>2</sup> 1 K. iv. 33; comp. Judg. ix. 15; 2 K. xiv. 9; Ps. xxix. 5; civ. 18.

<sup>3</sup> Is. ii. 13; xiv. 8; xxxvii. 24; Jer. xxii. 23; Ez. xvii. 22; Zech. xi. 1, etc.

tion, by Ezekiel, of the Assyrian power and glory.<sup>1</sup> Hence, too, in connection with its durability and fragrance, it was regarded as the most precious of all wood, and was employed in costly buildings, for ornament and luxury. In Solomon's temple, the beams of the roof, as also the boards and the ornamental work, were of the cedar of Lebanon;<sup>2</sup> and it was likewise used in the later temple of Zerubbabel.<sup>3</sup> David's palace was built with cedar;<sup>4</sup> and so lavishly was this costly wood employed in one of Solomon's palaces, that it is called "the house of the forest of Lebanon."<sup>5</sup> As a matter of luxury, also, the cedar was sometimes used for idols,<sup>6</sup> and for the masts of ships.<sup>7</sup> In like manner, the cedar was highly prized among heathen nations. It was employed in the construction of their temples, as at Tyre and Ephesus; and also in their palaces, as at Persepolis.

#### ENTERING JERUSALEM.

On entering the gates of Jerusalem, apart from the overpowering recollections which naturally rush upon the mind, I was in many respects agreeably disappointed. From the descriptions of Chateaubriand and other travellers, I had expected to find the houses of the city miserable, the streets filthy, and the population squalid. Yet the first impression made upon my mind was of a different character; nor did I afterwards see any reason to doubt the correctness of this first impression. The houses are, in general, better built, and the streets cleaner, than those of Alexandria, Smyrna, or even Constantinople. Indeed, of all the oriental cities which it was my lot to visit, Jerusalem, after Cairo, is the cleanest and most solidly built. The streets indeed are narrow, and very rudely paved, like those of all cities in the East. The houses are of hewn stone, often large, and furnished with the small domes upon the roofs, which have been already mentioned at Hebron, as perhaps peculiar to the district of Judea. These domes seem to be not merely

<sup>1</sup> Ex. xxxi. 3-9.

<sup>2</sup> 1 K. vi. 9, 10; comp. v. 6, 8, 10; 1 Chr. xxii. 4.

<sup>3</sup> Ezra, iii. 7.

<sup>4</sup> 2 Sam. v. 11; vii. 2; comp. Jer. xxii. 14, 15.

<sup>5</sup> 1 K. vii. 2; x. 17.

<sup>6</sup> Is. xliv. 14; Plin. H. N. xiii. 11.

<sup>7</sup> Ez. xxvii. 5; where the description evidently refers to splendid pleasure-vessels.

for ornament, but are intended, on account of the scarcity of timber, to aid in supporting and strengthening the otherwise flat roofs. There is usually one or more over each room in a house ; and they serve also to give a greater elevation and an architectural effect to the ceiling of the room, which rises within them. The streets, and the population that throngs them, may also well bear comparison with those of any other oriental city, although if one seeks here, or elsewhere in the East, for the general cleanliness and thrift which characterize many cities of Europe and America, he will of course seek in vain.

#### LEAVING JERUSALEM.

The emotions which crowd upon the mind at such a moment I leave for the reader to conceive. The historical associations connected with the city and the various objects around cannot but be deeply interesting even to the infidel or the heathen; how much more to the heart of the believer! What a multitude of wonderful events have taken place upon that spot! What an influence has proceeded from it, affecting the opinions and destinies of individuals and the world, for time and for eternity!

If my feelings were strongly excited on first entering the Holy City, they were now hardly less so on leaving it for the last time. As we had formerly approached, repeating continually the salutation of the Psalmist, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces," so now we could not but add, "For our brethren and companions' sakes we will now say, Peace be within thee!"<sup>1</sup> Her palaces indeed are long since levelled to the ground; and the haughty Muslim now for ages treads her glory in the dust. Yet as we waited, and looked again from this high ground upon the city and the surrounding objects, I could not but exclaim, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the North, the city of the great King!"<sup>2</sup> One long last look; and then, turning away, I bade those sacred hills farewell forever.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxxii. 7, 8.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. xlviii. 2.

## EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, the brother of Alexander Everett,<sup>1</sup> was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on the 11th of April, 1794. After the usual preparatory studies at Boston, and at Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, under that prince of schoolmasters, the venerable Dr. Abbott, he entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen, and took his degree, in course, in 1811, with a high reputation as a scholar. The next year he was appointed a tutor in the College, and held the situation for two years, when he entered the theological school at Cambridge, and in 1814, when but twenty years of age, succeeded the pious and accomplished Buckminster as pastor of Brattle Street Church, Boston. He had not, however, been settled here a year, before he was invited to the new professorship of Greek Literature<sup>2</sup> in Harvard College, with the privilege of further qualifying himself for its duties by a visit to Europe. He accepted the appointment,<sup>3</sup> and immediately embarked for England, whence he went to Göttingen University, where he remained more than two years, devoting his time to Greek literature and the German language, and receiving the degree of P. D., or Doctor of Philosophy. After this, he visited several of the European countries, and returned home in 1819, and entered at once upon the duties of his professorship. In 1824, he became editor of the "North American Review," and infused new spirit into that journal, often writing two articles in the same number. The great object he had in view, in conducting this periodical, was to vindicate American literature from the aspersions of English writers, and nobly and successfully did he perform the work. In 1824, he delivered a very able oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, upon "The Circumstances favorable to the Progress of Literature in America," closing it with a beautiful apostrophe to General Lafayette, who was present on the occasion. In 1825, he took his seat in the House of Representatives of the United States, from Middlesex County, and kept the same for ten years, bearing a prominent part in many of the debates.<sup>4</sup> In 1835, he retired

<sup>1</sup> See page 295.

<sup>2</sup> Founded by Samuel Eliot, of Boston.

<sup>3</sup> Much to the vexation of the congregation of Brattle Street Church.

<sup>4</sup> I deeply regret that truth compels me to state, that in his first speech in Congress, delivered March 9, 1826, upon "The Amendment of the Constitution," he uttered these words: "Domestic slavery is not, sir, in my judgment, to be set down as an immoral and irreligious relation. I cannot admit that Religion has but one voice to the slave, and that this voice is,

from Congress, and for four years, successively, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. In 1839, he lost his election by one single vote. In 1841, he was appointed Minister to England, for which post he was peculiarly well qualified by his learning, his elegance of manners, and his familiarity with most of the European languages. On his return home, in 1846, he was elected President of Harvard College, a position which he held till 1849. In November, 1852, he again entered political life, succeeding Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, under the administration of Millard Fillmore.

Mr. Everett now resides in Boston, enjoying the rich companionship of the authors of his extensive library. He has recently been delivering, in various parts of the country, an oration on the character of Washington—the proceeds of which he gives to the fund for raising a monument to the illustrious statesman, at his own Mount Vernon. His orations and speeches have been published in two large octavo volumes.<sup>1</sup>

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'Rise against your masters.' No, sir; the New Testament says, 'Slaves, obey your master,' &c. &c. He was immediately rebuked for these sentiments, with great power and sarcasm, by Hon. John Randolph, of Virginia; and, on the 30th of the same month, the Hon. Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his eternal honor, thus replied to him: "If the language used by the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Everett) was intended to vindicate the principle of slavery, and to say Christianity sanctions the practice, I cannot, sir, hesitate to dissent from its correctness, totally, unqualifiedly. It is not denied that service and servitude are implied in the very existence of all institutions, political, civil, religious; and we, here, are the SERVANTS of the people, but not their SLAVES! If, sir, the Christian religion sanctions slavery, then must I give up that faith in which I have been nurtured, relinquish its consolations in affliction, its promises of futurity—abandon, at once, that hope which

'Cheers us through life, nor leaves us when we die.'

For then, that religion is not mine! I am no Christian! But no, sir, it cannot be. No! there is no slavery in its great moral precept, how we should 'do unto others.'—*Gales and Seaton's Debates*, vol. ii., 1581, and 1918.

"The variety of Mr. Everett's life and employments is but a type of the versatility of his powers, and the wide range of his cultivation. He is one of the most finished men of our time. His works consist mainly of occasional discourses, speeches, and of contributions to the 'North American Review,' the last of which are very numerous, and deal with a great diversity of subjects, including Greek and German literature, the fine arts, politics, political economy, history, and American literature. Whatever he does, is done well; and his brilliant natural powers have through life been trained and aided by those habits of vigorous industry which are falsely supposed, by many, to be found only in connection with dulness and mediocrity."—G. S. HILLARD.

"As a man of letters, in every branch of public service, and in society and private life, Mr. Everett has combined the useful with the ornamental, with a tact, a universality, and a faithfulness, almost unprecedented. At Windsor Castle we find him fluently conversing with each member of the diplomatic corps in their vernacular tongue; in Florence, addressing the

## THE PILGRIMS OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulphing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth; weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon

Scientific Congress with characteristic grace and wisdom, in London, entertaining the most gifted and wisely-chosen party of artists, authoress, and men of rank or state, in a manner which elicits their best social sentiments, at home, in the professor's chair, in the popular assembly, in the Lyceum-hall, or to celebrate an historical occasion—giving expression to high sentiment, or memorable fact, with the finished style and thrilling emphasis of the accomplished orator?"—*Homes of American Authors.*

the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes—that not all combined—were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy (not so much of admiration as of pity), there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

## LUTHER.

In the solemn loneliness in which Luther found himself, he called around him not so much the masters of the Greek and Latin wisdom through the study of the ancient languages, as he did the mass of his own countrymen, by his translation of the Bible. It would have been a matter of tardy impression and remote efficacy, had he done no more than awake from the dusty alcoves of the libraries the venerable shades of the classic teachers. He roused up a population of living, sentient men, his countrymen, his brethren. He might have written and preached in Latin to his dying day, and the elegant Italian scholars, champions of the church, would have answered him in Latin better than his own; and with the mass of the people, the whole affair would have been a contest between angry and loquacious priests. "Awake all antiquity from the sleep of the libraries!" He awoke all Germany and half Europe from the scholastic sleep of an ignorance worse than death. He took into his hands not the oaten pipe of the classic muse; he moved to his great work, not

—————  
to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders.

He grasped the iron trumpet of his mother tongue—the good old Saxon from which our own is descended, the language of noble thought and high resolve—and blew a blast that shook the nations from Rome to the Orkneys. Sovereign, citizen, and peasant started at the sound; and, in a few short years, the poor monk, who had begged his bread for a pious canticle in the streets of Eisenach—no longer friendless—no longer

solitary—was sustained by victorious armies, countenanced by princes, and, what is a thousand times more precious than the brightest crown in Christendom, revered as a sage, a benefactor, and a spiritual parent, at the firesides of millions of his humble and grateful countrymen.

#### THE ETERNAL CLOCKWORK OF THE SKIES.

We derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies which are made at an observatory our only adequate measures of time, and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial timekeepers—clocks, watches, and chronometers—however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them, under any circumstances, to escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands; and the moment we remove with our timekeeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home time alone, like the fond traveller who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clockwork of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they and not our main-springs, our expansion balances, and our compensation pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope—

'Tis with our watches as our judgments; none  
Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men—each upon their own meridian—from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp, twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour—twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean—twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor

which blazes for a moment and expires ; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries ; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

*Discourse at Albany, 1856.*

#### FLORENCE—GALILEO.

There is much, in every way, in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination, and to gratify the taste. Sheltered on the north by the vine-clad hills of Fiesole, whose Cyclopean walls carry back the antiquary to ages before the Roman, before the Etruscan power, the flowery city (*Fiorenza*) covers the sunny banks of the Arno with its stately palaces. Dark and frowning piles of mediæval structure, a majestic dome the prototype of St. Peter's, basilicas which enshrine the ashes of some of the mightiest of the dead, the stone where Dante stood to gaze on the *campanile*, the house of Michael Angelo still occupied by a descendant of his lineage and name—his hammer, his chisel, his dividers, his manuscript poems, all as if he had left them but yesterday—airy bridges which seem not so much to rest on the earth as to hover over the waters they span; the loveliest creations of ancient art, rescued from the grave of ages again to “enchant the world;” the breathing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glowing canvas of Raphael and Titian; museums filled with medals and coins of every age from Cyrus the younger, and gems and amulets and vases from the sepulchres of Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph, and Etruscan Lucumons that swayed Italy before the Romans; libraries stored with the choicest texts of ancient literature; gardens of rose and orange and pomegranate and myrtle; the very air you breathe languid with music and perfume—such is Florence. But among all its fascinations addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour during a year's residence than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage, by command of the Inquisition, passed the sad closing years of his life; the beloved daughter on whom he had depended to smooth his passage to the grave laid there before him; the eyes with which

he had discovered worlds before unknown quenched in blindness.

That was the house "where," says Milton (another of those of whom the world was not worthy), "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old—a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking on astronomy otherwise than as the Dominican and Franciscan licensers thought." Great heavens! what a tribunal, what a culprit, what a crime! Let us thank God, my friends, that we live in the nineteenth century. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art, statuary and paintings, and jewels and manuscripts, the admiration and the delight of ages, there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor rough tube, a few feet in length, the work of his own hands, that very "optic glass" through which the "Tuscan Artist" viewed the moon,

"At evening from the top of Fesolé  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

that poor little spyglass (for it is scarcely more) through which the human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon—first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, and the seeming handles of Saturn—first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens—first pierced the clouds of visual error, which from the creation of the world involved the system of the Universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th October, 1492 (Copernicus, at the age of eighteen, was then a student at Cracow), beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, *E pur si muove*. "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves

nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye ; it has seen what man never before saw ; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spyglass ; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted ; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

*Ibid.*

#### THE HEAVENS BEFORE AND AFTER DAWN.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston ; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day ; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east ; Lyra sparkled near the zenith ; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south ; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible ; the intense blue of the sky began to soften ; the

smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest ; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together ; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens ; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray ; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance ; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

*Ibid.*

#### THE UNIVERSAL BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE.

A celebrated skeptical philosopher of the last century—the historian, Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation by the concise argument : “It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false.” Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we cannot trace to causes perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought ! It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman’s experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to anything but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions, and, after week upon week, and month upon month, have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature’s sepulchre—when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows—did he ever behold

the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth; and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand—buried, but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree,<sup>1</sup> each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature, the bread of a hungry world; here, a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there, an unplanted wilderness—the great Father's farm—where He “who hears the raven's cry” has cultivated, with His own hand, His merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky, the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life—has he seen all this? Does he see it every year, and month, and day? Does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fibre and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls, could feed five thousand in the wilderness.

*Address before the New York Agricultural Society, October 9, 1857.*

<sup>1</sup> Johnson's Chemistry of Common Life, i. p. 13.

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This distinguished poet and political philosopher was born in Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, on the 3d of November, 1794. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, of that place, was one of the most eminent physicians of the day, and was also distinguished for his general scholarship, and for cultivated and refined taste. When, therefore, the son began early to show marks of genius, and a fondness for literary pursuits, he found in his father an able and skillful instructor to criticize and encourage his youthful productions.

When only ten years of age, Mr. Bryant produced several small poems, which, though bearing, of course, the marks of immaturity, were thought of sufficient merit to be published in a neighboring newspaper, the "Hampshire Gazette." After going through the usual preparatory studies, he entered the sophomore class of Williams College, in 1810, and for two years pursued his studies with commendable industry, being distinguished, more especially, for his fondness of the classics. Anxious, however, to begin the profession which he had chosen—the law—he procured an honorable dismission at the end of the junior year, and entered the office of Judge Howe, of Worthington, and afterwards that of the Hon. William Baylies, of Bridgewater, and in 1815 was admitted to practice at the bar of Plymouth.

But Mr. Bryant did not, during the period of his professional studies, neglect the cultivation of his poetic talents. In 1808, before he entered college, he had published, in Boston, a satirical poem which attracted so much attention that a second edition was demanded in the course of the next year. But what gave him his early, enviable rank as a poet was the publication, in the "North American Review," in 1817, of the poem "Thanatopsis," written four years before, in 1812. That a young man, not yet nineteen, should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, and so beautiful in execution; so full of chaste language, and delicate and striking imagery; and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy, may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of early maturity in literary history. Nor did this production stand alone: the "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood" followed in 1813; and the "Waterfowl" in 1816. In 1821, he wrote his longest poem, "The Ages," which was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and soon after published in Boston in connection with his other poems.

The appearance of this volume at once established the fame of Mr. Bryant as one of the very first, if not THE first of American poets.

In 1822, Mr. Bryant married Miss Fairchild, of Great Barrington, Mass., whither he had removed to prosecute his profession. But though skilful and successful as a lawyer, the toils of the profession did not harmonize with his fine moral and poetic sensibilities, and in 1825 he removed to New York, to commence a career of literary effort.<sup>1</sup> His fame, which had preceded him, soon procured for him the editorship of the "New York Review," which he managed, in connection with other gentlemen, with great industry and talent. About the same time he joined Gulian C. Verplanck, Robert Sands, and Fitz Greene Halleck, and several young artists of the city, in the production of an annual, called "The Talisman," which, for beauty and variety of contents, has not yet been surpassed.

In 1827, Mr. Bryant became an editor of the "New York Evening Post," which at that time had taken no decided stand in the politics of the day. Mr. Bryant soon infused into its columns a portion of his own originality and spirit, and in a short time it showed its sympathies with the so-called "Democratic" party, and with signal ability advocated the measures of that party, in relation to banks, the tariff, free trade, internal improvements, &c.; and no paper upon that side, in the Union, had an equal influence. Mr. Bryant continued not only to advocate its general views, but also to adhere to its tactics, until within a few years, when it abandoned its first principles, and the principles of its founders, and became more and more the ally of the slave power. Then the free and independent spirit of Bryant could not endure such an alliance, and he divorced himself from it, and devoted his fine talents to the cause of republican freedom. But notwithstanding the noble independence, the high-toned principles, the varied learning he has shown for many years, as the conductor of so distinguished a literary and political journal as the "Evening Post," it is as a poet he will be longest remembered, most honored, and most loved.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He might have said, as Sir Walter Scott did on quitting the law: "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance."

<sup>2</sup> For criticisms of Mr. Bryant's poetry, read articles in "Democratic Review," vols. 7 and 10; "North American Review," vols. 13, 34 and 55; "Christian Examiner," vols. 22 and 33; "American Quarterly Review," vol. 20. An elegant edition of Mr. Bryant's poems, arranged by himself, and richly illustrated, has just been published by Appleton & Co.

## THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould,  
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death.

Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall  
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles  
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.  
So live that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,  
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
From the void abyss, by myriads came,  
In the joy of youth, as they darted away  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voice in chorus rung;  
And this is the song the bright ones sung:—

“ Away, away! through the wide, wide sky—  
The fair blue fields that before us lie—

Each sun, with the worlds that around him roll,  
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the Source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.  
Lo! yonder the living splendors play:  
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look! through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!  
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!  
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;  
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;  
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

“Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See, love is brooding, and life is born,  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,  
To weave the dance that measures the years:  
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent  
To the farthest wall of the firmament—  
The boundless visible smile of Him,  
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.”

#### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and  
stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood;  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen. •

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died—  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

#### THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies;  
And yet the monument proclaims it not,  
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought  
The emblems of a fame that never dies—  
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf  
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.  
A simple name alone,  
To the great world unknown,  
Is graven here, and wild-flowers rising round,  
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,  
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart  
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,  
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands  
The passions that consumed his restless heart;  
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,  
Gentlest in mien and mind  
Of gentle womankind,  
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;  
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made  
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;  
Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade  
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.  
Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here  
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign as when  
 Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east—  
     Gray captains leading bands of veteran men  
 And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.  
 Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave  
 The victory to her who fills this grave ;  
     Alone her task was wrought ;  
     Alone the battle fought ;  
 Through that long strife her constant hope was staid  
 On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look  
     That altered not beneath the frown they wore ;  
 And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took  
     Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.  
 Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,  
     And calmly broke in twain  
     The fiery shafts of pain,  
 And rent the nets of passion from her path.  
     By that victorious hand despair was slain.  
 With love she vanquished hate, and overcame  
 Evil with good in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,  
     Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;  
 But when she entered at the sapphire gate,  
     What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !  
 How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,  
 And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung !

And He who, long before,  
     Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,  
 The mighty sufferer, with aspect sweet,  
 Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;  
 He who, returning glorious from the grave,  
 Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;  
     Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.  
 O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go  
     Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.  
     Brief is the time, I know,  
     The warfare scarce begun ;  
 Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won ;  
 Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.  
     The victors' names are yet too few to fill  
 Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,  
     That ministered to thee, is opened still.

## THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past !  
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,  
     And fetters, sure and fast,  
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn  
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,  
And glorious ages gone  
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,  
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground,  
And last, man's life on earth,  
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,  
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,  
Yielded to thee with tears—  
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring  
The lost ones back: yearns with desire intense,  
And struggles hard to wring  
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain: thy gates deny  
All passage save to those who hence depart;  
Nor to the streaming eye  
Thou giv'st them back, not to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide  
Beauty and excellence unknown: to thee  
Earth's wonder and her pride  
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,  
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith:  
Love, that midst grief began,  
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name  
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrever'd;  
With thee are silent fame,  
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they:  
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;  
Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair  
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,  
Shall then come forth, to wear  
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!  
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,  
Smiles, radiant long ago,  
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back ; each tie  
 Of pure affection shall be knit again ;  
     Alone shall Evil die,  
 And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold  
 Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,  
     And her who, still and cold,  
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.<sup>1</sup>

Chained in the market-place he stood  
     A man of giant frame,  
 Amid the gathering multitude—  
     That shrank to hear his name—  
 All stern of look and strong of limb,  
     His dark eye on the ground :  
 And silently they gazed on him,  
     As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,  
     He was a captive now ;  
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
     Was written on his brow.  
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore  
     Showed warrior true and brave ;  
 A prince among his tribe before,  
     He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—  
     “ My brother is a king ;  
 Undo this necklace from my neck,  
     And take this bracelet ring,  
 And send me where my brother reigns,  
     And I will fill thy hands  
 With store of ivory from the plains,  
     And gold dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
     Will I unbind thy chain :  
 That bloody hand shall never hold  
     The battle-spear again.

<sup>1</sup> The story of the African Chief, related in this ballad, may be found in the “African Repository” for April, 1823. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, king of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massive rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

A price thy nation never gave  
Shall yet be paid for thee;  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
To shred his locks away;  
And one by one, each heavy braid  
Before the victor lay.  
Thick were the platted locks, and long,  
And closely hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among  
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold  
Long kept for sorest need:  
Take it—thou askest sums untold,  
And say that I am freed.  
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,  
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,  
And my young children leave their play,  
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And ween that by the cocoa shade  
Thy wife will wait thee long."  
Strong was the agony that shook  
The captive's frame to hear,  
And the proud meaning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain:  
At once his eye grew wild;  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
And once, at shut of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's prey.

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—  
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;  
Men start not at the battle-cry,  
Oh, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year.  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And brench not at thy chosen lot.  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.<sup>1</sup>

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

<sup>1</sup> Of this verse an English critic thus writes. "Mr. Bryant has certainly the rare merit of having written a stanza which will bear comparison with any four lines in our recollection. It has always read to us as one of the noblest in the English language. The thought is complete, the expression perfect. A poem of a dozen such verses would be like a row of pearls, each above a king's ransom."

## THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

Oh FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand  
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched  
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;  
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
Have forged thy chain ; yet, while he deems thee bound,  
The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,  
As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
And shoutest to the nations, who return  
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands :  
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,  
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,  
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,  
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.  
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,  
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,  
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw  
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,  
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,  
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,  
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,  
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets  
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,  
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,  
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;  
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,  
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap  
His withered hands, and from their ambush call  
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send  
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,  
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words  
To charm thy ear ; while his sly imps, by stealth,  
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread  
That grow to fetters ; or bind down thy arms

With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet  
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by  
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids  
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,  
And thou must watch and combat till the day  
Of the new earth and heaven.

## HENRY C. CAREY.

This distinguished writer on political economy, whose praise is in both hemispheres, is the son of Mathew Carey,<sup>1</sup> and was born in Philadelphia in 1793. Succeeding his father in his extensive publishing business in 1821, he continued in this pursuit, so congenial to his literary tastes, till 1838. He seemed to inherit a strong inclination to investigate subjects in connection with political economy, and in 1836 gave the results of his speculations in an "Essay on the Rate of Wages," which, in 1840, was expanded into the "Laws of Wealth, or Principles of Political Economy," 3 vols. 8vo. The positions of this work at once attracted the attention of the European political economists, and from many of them elicited the warmest praise. It was published in Italian at Turin, and in Swedish at Upsal. In 1848, Mr. Carey published "The Past, the Present, and the Future," the design of which is to show that men are everywhere now acting *very much* as they heretofore have acted, and that they act thus in obedience to a great and universal law, directly the reverse of that taught by Ricardo, Malthus, and their successors.

For several years, Mr. Carey contributed all the leading articles, and many of less importance, to the periodical entitled "The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil." Many of these were collected and published in a volume, entitled "The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial;" and others of them in a pamphlet called "The Prospect, Agricultural, Manufacturing, Commercial, and Financial, at the Opening of 1851."<sup>2</sup> In 1853, appeared "The Slave Trade;

<sup>1</sup> Mathew Carey was a native of Dublin, and coming over to this country early in life, established himself in the book-publishing business, which for a great number of years he carried on very extensively and with great success. He was also distinguished as a philanthropist, and up to the very last year of his long life he labored to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity.

<sup>2</sup> Of the "Harmony of Interests," Blackwood's Magazine thus remarks: "Mr. Carey, the well-known statistical writer of America, has supplied us

Domestic and Foreign: why it exists, and how it may be extinguished." It is Mr. Carey's intention "to devote the remaining years of his life to the development of a new system of political economy, diametrically opposed to that generally taught; all the laws of which will be in perfect harmony with each other, and tend to the promotion of perfect harmony among men and nations."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Carey has now in press a work which will soon be published, entitled "Principles of Social Science," in three volumes. Having had the privilege of reading the first volume in advance, we venture the assertion that the work, when completed, will place him at the head of political economists in the world. From this first volume we make the following extracts, which will be, we think, of most general interest; but which, of course, can give but little idea of the argument, the principles, and the illustrations of the great whole.

#### MAN THE SUBJECT OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Man, the molecule of society, is the subject of social science. In common with all other animals, he requires to eat, drink, and sleep; but his greatest need is that of association with his fellow-men. Born the weakest and most dependent of animals, he requires the largest care in infancy, and must be clothed by others, whereas to birds and beasts clothing is supplied by nature. Capable of acquiring the highest degree of knowledge, he appears in the world destitute even of that instinct which teaches the bee and the spider, the bird and the beaver to construct their habitations, and to supply themselves with food. Dependent upon the experience of himself and others for all his knowledge, he requires language to enable him either to record the results of his own observation, or to profit by those of others; and of language there can be none without association. Created in the image of his Maker, he should

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with ample materials for conducting such an inquiry; and we can safely recommend his remarkable work to all who wish to investigate the causes of the progress or decline of industrial communities."

"Mr. Carey has clearly substantiated his claim to be the leading writer now devoted to the study of political economy. In his pregnant discussions, he has not only elevated the scientific position of his country, but nobly served the cause of humanity."—*New York Quarterly*.

While we are writing this (February, 1858), Mr. Carey is addressing a series of admirable letters to the President of the United States upon the present depressed condition of the financial, commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests of our country—its causes and remedy.

<sup>1</sup> "Men of the Time, or Sketches of Living Notables."

participate in his intelligence; but it is only by means of ideas that he can avail himself of the faculties with which he has been endowed; and without language there can be no ideas, no power of thought. Without language, therefore, he must remain in ignorance of the existence of powers granted to him in lieu of the strength of the ox and the horse, the speed of the hare, and the sagacity of the elephant, and must remain below the level of the brute creation. To have language, there must be association and combination of men with their fellow-men; and it is on this condition only that man can be man; on this alone that we can conceive of the being to which we attach the idea of man. "It is not good," said God, "that man should live alone;" nor do we ever find him doing so—the earliest records of the world exhibiting to us beings living together in society, and using words for the expression of their ideas. Whence came those words? Whence came language? With the same propriety might we ask, Why does fire burn? Why does man see, feel, hear, or walk? Language escapes from him at the touch of nature herself;<sup>1</sup> and the power of using words is his essential faculty, enabling him to maintain commerce with his fellow-men, and fitting him for that association without which language cannot exist. The words "society" and "language" convey to the mind separate and distinct ideas; and yet by no effort of the mind can we conceive of the existence of the one without the other.

The subject of social science, then, is man, the being to whom have been given reason and the faculty of individualizing sounds so as to give expression to every variety of idea, and who has been placed in a position to exercise that faculty. Isolate him, and with the loss of the power of speech he loses the power to reason, and with it the distinctive quality of man. Restore him to society, and with the return of the power of speech he becomes again the reasoning man.

#### COMMERCE AND TRADE.

The words "commerce" and "trade" are commonly regarded as convertible terms, yet are the ideas they express so widely different as to render it essential that their difference be clearly understood. All men are prompted to associate and combine

<sup>1</sup> Language, without doubt, was the immediate gift of God to man at the Creation.

*with* each other, to exchange ideas and services *with* each other, and thus to maintain COMMERCE. Some men seek to perform exchanges *for* other men, and thus to maintain TRADE.

Commerce is *the object* everywhere desired, and everywhere sought to be accomplished. Traffic is *the instrument* used by commerce for its accomplishment; and the greater the necessity for the instrument, the less is the power of those who require to use it. The nearer the consumer and the producer, and the more perfect the power of association, the less is the necessity for the trader's services, but the greater are the powers of those who produce and consume, and desire to maintain commerce. The more distant they are, the greater is the need of the trader's services, and the greater is his power—but the poorer and weaker become the producers and the consumers, and the smaller is the commerce.

The value of all commodities being the measure of the obstacles standing in the way of their attainment, it follows necessarily that the former will increase with every increase of the latter, and that every step in that direction will be attended by a decline in the value of man. The necessity for using the services of the trader constituting an obstacle standing in the way of commerce, and tending to enhance the value of things, while depressing that of man, to whatever extent it can be diminished, to the same extent must it tend to diminish the value of the first, and increase that of the last. That diminution comes with the growth of wealth and population, with the development of individuality, and with the increase in the power of association; and commerce grows always in the direct ratio of its increase of power over the *instrument* known as trade, precisely as we see it to do in reference to roads, wagons, ships, and other instruments. The men who buy and sell, who traffic and transport, desire to prevent association, and thus to preclude the maintenance of commerce; and the more perfectly their object is accomplished, the larger is the proportion of the commodities passing through their hands, retained by them; and the smaller the proportion to be divided between the producers and the consumers.

#### WAR AND TRADE.

War and trade regard man as the instrument to be used, whereas commerce regards trade as the instrument to be used by man; and therefore it is that man declines when the power

of the warrior and trader grows, and rises as that power declines.

Wealth increases as the value of commodities—or the cost at which they may be reproduced—declines. Values tend to decline with every diminution of the power of the trader; and therefore it is that we see wealth to increase so rapidly when the consumer and producer are brought into close connection with each other. Were it otherwise, it would be in opposition to a well-known physical law, from the study of which we learn that, with every diminution in the machinery required for producing a given effect, there is a diminution of friction and consequent increase of power. The friction of commerce results from the necessity for the services of the trader, his ships, and his wagons. As that necessity diminishes—as men are more and more enabled to associate—there is diminution of friction, with constant tendency towards continuous motion among the various portions of society, with rapid increase of individuality and of the power of further progress.

Commerce, then, is the object sought to be accomplished. Trade is the instrument. The more that man becomes master of the instrument, the greater is the tendency towards the accomplishment of the object. The more the instrument becomes master of him, the less is that tendency, and the smaller must be the amount of commerce.

#### THE WARRIOR-CHIEF AND THE TRADER.

The object of the warrior-chief being that of preventing the existence of any motion in society except that which centres in himself, he monopolizes land, and destroys the power of voluntary association among the men he uses as his instruments. The soldier, obeying the word of command, is so far from holding himself responsible to God or man for the observance of the rights of person or of property, that he glories in the extent of his robberies, and in the number of his murders. The man of the Rocky Mountains adorns his person with the scalps of his butchered enemies; while the more civilized murderer contents himself with adding a ribbon to the decoration of his coat; but both are savages alike. The trader—equally with the soldier seeking to prevent any movement except that which centres in himself—also uses irresponsible machines. The sailor is among the most brutalized of human beings, bound, like the soldier, to obey orders, at the risk of having

his back seamed by the application of the whip. The human machines used by war and trade are the only ones, except the negro slave, who are now flogged.

The soldier desires labor to be cheap, that recruits may readily be obtained. The great land-owner desires it may be cheap, that he may be enabled to appropriate to himself a large proportion of the proceeds of his land; and the trader desires it to be cheap, that he may be enabled to dictate the terms upon which he will buy, as well as those upon which he will sell.

The object of all being thus identical—that of obtaining power over their fellow-men—it is no matter of surprise that we find the trader and the soldier so uniformly helping, and being helped by, each other. The bankers of Rome were as ready to furnish material aid to Cæsar, Pompey, and Augustus, as are now those of London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Vienna, to grant it to the Emperors of France, Austria, and Russia—and as indifferent as they in relation to the end for whose attainment it was destined to be used. War and trade thus travel together, as is shown by the history of the world. The only difference between wars made for purposes of conquest, and those for the maintenance of monopolies of trade, being that the virulence of the latter is much greater than is that of the former. The conqueror, seeking political power, is *sometimes* moved by a desire to improve the condition of his fellow-men; but the trader, in pursuit of power, is animated by no other idea than that of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest—cheapening merchandise in the one, even at the cost of starving the producers, and increasing his price in the other, even at the cost of starving the consumers. Both profit by whatever tends to diminution in the power of voluntary association, and consequent decline of commerce. The soldier forbids the holding of meetings among his subjects. The slave-owner interdicts his people from assembling together, except at such times and in such places as meet his approbation. The shipmaster rejoices when the men of England separate from each other, and transport themselves by hundreds of thousands to Canada and Australia, because it enhances freights; and the trader rejoices because the more widely men are scattered, the more they need the service of the middle-man, and the richer and more powerful does he become at their expense.

## SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

SARAH JOSEPHA BUELL was born in Newport, New Hampshire, in the year 1795, whither her parents had removed soon after the close of the Revolution, from Saybrook, Connecticut. Her mother was a woman of a highly cultivated mind, and attended carefully to the education of her children; and our authoress had also the advantage of the instruction of a brother who graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1810. In 1814, she was married to Mr. David Hale, a lawyer of distinguished abilities, and great excellence of character, but who died in 1822, leaving her with five children, the eldest but seven years old. To train, support, and educate these, she engaged in literature as a profession. Her first publication was "The Genius of Oblivion, and other Original Poems," printed at Concord, in 1823. Her next work was "Northwood, a Tale of New England," in two volumes, published in Boston, in 1827, in which is happily illustrated common life among the descendants of the Puritans. In 1828, she removed to Boston, and became the editor of "The Ladies' Magazine," the first periodical, exclusively devoted to her sex, which appeared in America. She continued to edit this until 1837, when it was united with "The Lady's Book," in Philadelphia, of the literary department of which she has ever since had charge.<sup>1</sup> However, as her sons were in Harvard College, she continued to reside in Boston, till 1841, when she removed to Philadelphia, where she now resides.

Mrs. Hale has been a most industrious, as well as instructive, writer. Her other publications are, "Sketches of American Character;" "Flora's Interpreter" (republished in London); "The Ladies' Wreath, a selection from the Female Poets of England and America;" "The Way to Live Well, and to be Well while we Live;" "Grosvenor, a Tragedy;" "Alice Ray, a Romance in Rhyme;" "Harry Gray, the Widow's Son, a Story of the Sea;" "Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems;" "A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, containing selections from the Writings of the Poets of England and

<sup>1</sup> We always regretted that Mrs. Hale did not at once resign the editorial charge of "The Lady's Book," when its proprietor removed, at the dictation of some southern subscribers, the name of Grace Greenwood from the cover of his magazine, because she was also a contributor to "The National Era." See his letter in the "Era," of Feb. 12th, 1850, to the editors of the Columbian S. C. "Telegraph." For some comments upon this letter, of no very complimentary kind, see "The N. Y. Independent" of that time.

America ;" and, lastly, "Woman's Record, or, Sketches of all Distinguished Women from 'the beginning' till A. D. 1850," a large octavo, in double columns, of nine hundred pages.<sup>1</sup> Such industry has seldom been surpassed.

## THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,  
And thou *must* go; but never, when there,  
Forget the light of Home!

Though pleasures may smile with a ray more bright,  
It dazzles to lead astray;  
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night  
When treading thy lonely way:—

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,  
And pure as vestal fire—  
'Twill burn, 'twill burn for ever the same,  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam—  
When sails are shivered and compass lost,  
Then look to the light of Home!

And there, like a star through midnight cloud,  
Thou'l see the beacon bright;  
For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame may gild the *name*,  
But the *heart* ne'er felt its ray;  
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,  
Are beams of a wintry day:

How cold and dim those beams would be,  
Should Life's poor wanderer come!—  
My son, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of Home.

## WORSHIP IN THE FOREST.

What numbers, when the Sabbath comes,  
Are trooping from their forest homes!

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<sup>1</sup> I am happy here to acknowledge my indebtedness to this work for information respecting a few of the female authors in my book.



The maiden, pure as prairie rose,  
Beside her bending grandsire goes ;  
The fawn-eyed children bound at large,  
The mother brings her nursling charge ;  
And, bearing some pale, sickly child,  
Stalks the strong hunter of the wild,  
And he may see, through copse-wood near,  
The antlers of the browsing deer ;  
Or, as his path through prairie goes,  
Hear the dull tramp of buffaloes ;  
Or savage foe, or beast of prey,  
May haunt his steps, or bar his way ;  
So, like a knight, he goes prepared  
His foes to meet, his friends to guard :  
The rifle in his ready hand  
Proclaims the forester's command :  
And as his glance is onward cast,  
Or wild-wood sounds go rustling past,  
His flashing eye and flushing cheek  
Betray the wish he may not speak ;—  
But soon these fancies fade away,  
Checked by the thought — 'tis Sabbath Day !  
And when he gains the house of prayer,  
Heart, soul, and mind are centered there.

That house of prayer — how mean beside  
The grand cathedral's sculptured pride !  
Yet He who in a manger slept,  
And in the wilds his visits kept,  
Will breathe a holy charm around,  
Where His true followers are found.  
Oh ! never deem it low and rude,  
Though fashioned by the settler's axe,  
The sap still weeping from the wood,  
As loath to leave its brother trees,  
That wave above it in the breeze —  
No pomp it needs, no glory lacks ;—  
The holy angels are its guard.  
And pious feet its planks have trod —  
Tis consecrated to the Lord,  
The Temple of the living God !

But when the Sabbath gatherings press,  
Like armies, from the wilderness,  
Tis then the dim, old woods afford  
The sanctuary of the Lord.  
The Holy Spirit breathes around —  
That forest glade is sacred ground,  
Nor Temple built with hands could vie  
In glory with its majesty.  
The trees like living columns rise,  
Whose tops sustain the bending skies ;

And o'er those earnest worshippers,  
God's love, like golden roof, is spread,  
And every leaf the zephyr stirs,  
Some heavenly promise seems to shed ;  
The flowers' sweet breath and gladsome eyes  
Recall the joys of Paradise,  
When God and man were garden-friends ;  
And now the loving Saviour bends—  
So do they deem, those fervent bands—  
With blessings in his bleeding hands !

And though the organ's ocean swell  
Has never shook that woodland air,  
Yet do the soul's emotions tell  
That music's monarch power is there.  
It lifts the mortal's hope above—  
It draws to earth the angels' love—  
The eye of faith may see them near,  
Their golden harps forgotten when,  
As breathed from lips of contrite men,  
Redemption's joyful song they hear !

## IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the School-boy—"hurrah!" and his shout  
Is ringing through parlor and hall,  
While swift, as the wing of a swallow, he's out,  
And his playmates have answered his call :  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—  
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,  
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,  
As he gathers his treasures of snow ;  
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,  
While health, and the riches of Nature, are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath  
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight ;  
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,  
He turns to the blaze of his grate :  
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair  
Is wheeled tow'rds the life-giving flame—  
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,  
Lest it wither his delicate frame :  
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live !

"It snows!" cries the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word  
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace ;  
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face ;

For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—

Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see;  
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
And his wife with their babes at her knee.  
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,  
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns  
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;  
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns  
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:  
There are visions of conquest, of splendor, and mirth,  
Floating over each drear winter's day;  
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,  
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away;  
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;  
That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"Oh God!" and her sighs  
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;  
Its burthen yell read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.  
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—  
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"  
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,  
And she lays on her last chip of wood.  
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—  
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor, when it snows!

## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

This well-known poet was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1795. In 1813, he entered a banking-house in New York, and remained in that city engaged in mercantile pursuits till 1849, when he returned to Connecticut, where he now resides. At an early age he showed a taste for poetry, but he first attracted public attention by a series of humorous and satirical odes published in the "*Evening Post*," in 1819, over the signature of "Croaker." Towards the close of the same year he published "*Fanny*," the longest of his satirical poems, which passed through several editions. In 1823, he went to Europe, and after his return, in 1827, he published a small volume containing "*Alnwick Castle*," "*Moro Bozzaris*," and some other pieces. In 1847, the Appletons published a handsomely illustrated edition of all he had then written. The last collection of his works, published in 1852 by

Redfield, contains a considerable addition to his former works. It has always been regretted by the public that one who writes so well should have written so little!'

MARCO BOZZARIS.<sup>s</sup>

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power:  
In dreams, through camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood  
On old Platæa's day;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast

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<sup>t</sup> “Mr. Halleck has written very little, but that little is of great excellence. His poetry is polished and graceful, and finished with great care under the guidance of a fastidious taste. A vein of sweet and delicate sentiment runs through all his serious productions, and he combines with this a power of humor of the most refined and exquisite cast. He has the art of passing from grave to gay, or the reverse, by the most skilful and happily-managed transitions.”—G. S. Hillard.

<sup>s</sup> He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Lapsi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, “To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain.”

The modern Greeks, like the Italians, pronounce *a* as in *father*, and *ss* like *tz*. This hero's name, therefore, is pronounced Bot-zah'-ris.

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
     Bozzaris cheer his band :  
 " Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;  
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;  
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires :  
     God, and your native land !"

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;  
     They piled that ground with Moalem slain ;  
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
     Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
     His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won :  
     Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
     Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
     Come to the mother, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
     Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
     And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
 Come in Consumption's ghastly form,  
     The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
     With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;  
 And thou art terrible—the tear,  
     The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
     Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
     Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;  
     And in its hollow tones are heard  
         The thanks of millions yet to be,  
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—  
     Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—  
 Come, in her crowning hour—and then  
     Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
 To him is welcome as the sight  
         Of sky and stars to prisoned men :  
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
     Of brother in a foreign land ;  
 Thy summons welcome as the cry  
     That told the Indian isles were nigh  
         To the world-seeking Genoese,  
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
     And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
         Blew over the Haytien seas.

BOZZARIS! with the storied brave,  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
 Even in her own proud clime.  
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
 The heartless luxury of the tomb :  
 But she remembers thee as one  
 Long loved and for a season gone.  
 For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,  
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed :  
 For thee she rings the birth-day bells ;  
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells :  
 For thine her evening prayer is said  
 At palace couch, and cottage bed ;  
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;  
 His plighted maiden, when she fears  
 For him, the joy of her young years,  
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.  
 And she, the mother of thy boys,  
 Though in her eye and faded cheek  
 Is read the grief she will not speak,  
 The memory of her buried joys,  
 And even she who gave thee birth,  
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh :  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die.

## BURNS.

To a rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the autumn of 1822.

Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks :  
 Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon  
 When first we met upon "the banks  
 And braes o' bonny Doon."  
 Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,  
 My sunny hour was glad and brief,  
 We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou  
 Art wither'd—flower and leaf.  
 And will not thy death-doom be mine—  
 The doom of all things wrought of clay—  
 And wither'd my life's leaf like thine,  
 Wild rose of Alloway !

Not so his memory, for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long,  
His—who a humbler flower could make  
Immortal as his song.

There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with Poesy's  
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death ;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart  
In which the answering heart would speak,  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music, to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell with willing knee,  
And listen'd, and believed, and felt  
The Poet's mastery ?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,  
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours ;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
From throne to cottage hearth ;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,  
What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,  
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,  
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay  
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,  
All passions in our frames of clay  
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,  
And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod—  
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,  
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,  
With wounds that only death could heal,  
Tortures—the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moved, in manhood and in youth,  
Pride of his fellow-men.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crown'd kings, and mitred priests of power,  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,  
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd  
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,  
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
And gather feelings not of earth  
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !  
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?  
Wear they not graven on the heart  
The name of Robert Burns ?

## THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

The world is bright before thee ;  
Its summer flowers are thine ;  
Its calm, blue sky is o'er thee,  
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine ;  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,  
The death-dirge of the gay,  
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,  
These charms may melt away—  
That sun's bright beam be shaded,  
That sky be blue no more,  
The summer flowers be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not ; though lonely  
Thy evening home may be ;  
Though beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea,  
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still, beyond his art,  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

## WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE.

The life of Dr. Sprague, like the lives of most literary men, has been but little fertile in incidents. He was born in Andover, Connecticut, on the 16th of October, 1795, his father, Benjamin Sprague, having removed thither from Duxbury, Massachusetts. He was fitted for college, chiefly under the Rev. Abiel Abbot, of Coventry, and entered

Yale College in 1811. After receiving his degree, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and when he had completed his course there, he was invited to become a colleague with the Rev. Dr. Joseph Lathrop, at West Springfield, Massachusetts, where he was settled August 25, 1819. In July, 1829, he resigned his charge there, and on the 26th of the next month (August) was installed pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, New York, where he has continued to this day, in a life of constant employment, and most extended usefulness.

Dr. Sprague's published works have been very numerous, and all of them are excellent in their kind. The following, I believe, are the chief of them. "Letters to a Daughter," 1822; "Letters from Europe," 1828; "Lectures to Young People," 1831; "Lectures on Revivals," 1832; "Hints on Christian Intercourse," 1834; "Contrast between True and False Religion," 1837; "Life of Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin," 1838; "Life of President Dwight" (in Sparks's American Biography), 1845; "Aids to Early Religion," 1847; "Words to a Young Man's Conscience," 1848; "Letters to Young Men, founded on the Life of Joseph," 1854, of which eight editions have been issued; "European Celebrities," 1855; "Annals of the American Pulpit," 1856. The last work is in two large octavo volumes, comprising the lives of deceased clergymen of the Orthodox Congregational Church, and is a work of great research and value. He is now (1858) engaged in preparing similar works of the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Baptist churches, which, when completed, will form the most valuable and authentic works upon the subject in our language. Some idea of the elevated character and the pure and wholesome tendency of his writings may be gathered from the following extracts:—

#### VOLTAIRE AND WILBERFORCE.

Let me now, for a moment, show you what the two systems—Atheism and Christianity—*can do, have done*, for *individual* character; and I can think of no two names to which I may refer with more confidence, in the way of illustration, than *Voltaire* and *Wilberforce*; both of them names which stand out with prominence upon the world's history; and each, in its own way, imperishable.

Voltaire was perhaps the master spirit in the school of French Atheism;<sup>1</sup> and though he was not alive to participate in the

<sup>1</sup> I am not aware that Voltaire ever formally professed himself an Atheist; and I well know that his writings contain some things which would seem in-

horrors of the revolution, probably he did more by his writings to combine the elements for that tremendous tempest than any other man. And now I undertake to say that you may draw a character in which there shall be as much of the blackness of moral turpitude as your imagination can supply, and yet you shall not have exceeded the reality as it was found in the character of this apostle of Atheism. You may throw into it the darkest shades of selfishness, making the man a perfect idolater of himself; you may paint the serpent in his most wily form to represent deceit and cunning; you may let sensuality stand forth in all the loathsomeness of a beast in the mire; you may bring out envy, and malice, and all the baser, and all the darker passions, drawing nutrient from the pit: and when you have done this, you may contemplate the character of Voltaire, and exclaim, "Here is the monstros original!" The fires of his genius kindled only to wither and consume; he stood, for almost a century, a great tree of poison, not only encumbering the ground, but infusing death into the atmosphere; and though its foliage has long since dropped off, and its branches have withered, and its trunk fallen, under the hand of time, its deadly root still remains; and the very earth that nourishes it is cursed for its sake.

And now I will speak of Wilberforce; and I do it with gratitude and triumph—gratitude to the God who made him what he was; triumph that there is that in his very name which ought to make Atheism turn pale. Wilberforce was the friend of man. Wilberforce was the friend of enslaved and wretched man. Wilberforce (for I love to repeat his name) consecrated the energies of his whole life to one of the noblest objects of benevolence; it was in the cause of injured Africa that he often passed the night in intense and wakeful thought; that he counselled with the wise, and reasoned with the unbelieving, and expostulated with the unmerciful; that his heart burst forth with all its melting tenderness, and his genius with all its electric fire; that he turned the most accidental meeting into a conference for the relief of human woe, and converted even the Senate House into a theatre of benevolent action. Though his zeal had at one time almost eaten him up, and the vigor of his frame was so far gone that he stooped over and looked into

consistent with atheistical opinions. But not only are many of his works deeply pervaded by the spirit of Atheism, but there is scarcely a doctrine of natural religion which he has not somewhere directly and bitterly assailed, so that I cannot doubt that he falls truly into the ranks of those who say, "there is no God."

his own grave, yet his faith failed not; his fortitude failed not; and blessed be God, the vital spark was kindled up anew, and he kept on laboring through a long succession of years; and at length, just as his friends were gathering around him to receive his last whisper, and the angels were gathering around to receive his departing spirit, the news, worthy to be borne by angels, was brought to him, that the great object to which his life had been given was gained; and then, Simeon-like, he clasped his hands to die, and went off to Heaven with the sound of deliverance to the captive vibrating sweetly upon his ear.

Both Voltaire and Wilberforce are dead; but each of them lives in the character he has left behind him. And now who does not delight to honor the character of the one; who does not shudder to contemplate the character of the other?

*Contrast between True and False Religion.*

#### VIRTUE CROWNED WITH USEFULNESS.

What a noble example of usefulness was Joseph in every relation which he sustained—in every condition in which he was placed! Of what he was to the Midianitish merchants, previous to his being sold to Potiphar, we have no account; but, from that period to the close of his life, the monuments of his benevolent activity are continually rising before us. It was the disposition which he manifested to render himself useful that caused him to be advanced in the house of Potiphar; and there he was most heartily and zealously devoted to his master's interests. During his confinement in prison—though he was conscious that it was a most unjust and cruel confinement—yet he was constantly occupied in some useful way, and very soon was intrusted with the general oversight of all his fellow-prisoners. And then when he became governor of the land—who can calculate the amount of good that he accomplished? The single precaution that he took for saving the land of Egypt from the threatening famine was the means of averting an amount of distress which it is not easy to calculate; and not merely from the people of Egypt, but, as it turned out, from his own immediate family. All the public concerns of the country he seems to have managed with the utmost skill and success; and no doubt the period of his administration was unprecedented in respect to both public and private happiness. But doubtless we must reckon his greatest usefulness as connected with the immediate fortunes of his own

house, and the remoter and higher interests of the church of God. We need not—perhaps we cannot—suppose that he was fully aware of the relation which he maintained to the church in all future ages; of the vital importance of the agency which he was carrying forward, to the accomplishment of the grandest promise of Jehovah. It was enough for him that he was always faithfully and earnestly engaged in doing his duty. But to us it appears manifest that what he did constituted an important link in the chain of causes and effects, by which the triumph of God's mercy in the scheme of redemption is finally to be accomplished.

What was true of Joseph is true of every other good man—his life is crowned with usefulness. Here again, for the truth of this remark, I refer you to your own observation. I will only ask your attention to a few thoughts illustrative of the manner in which virtue operates to secure this end.

Let me say, then, in the first place, virtue renders its possessor useful, by securing to his faculties their right direction and their legitimate exercise. But while virtue keeps the faculties appropriately employed, she makes the most of all those opportunities for doing good which grow out of the various relations and conditions in life. Place her where you will, and she finds means of usefulness, which she diligently and scrupulously improves. In the various occupations and professions in which the mass of men look for nothing beyond their own aggrandizement, the truly good man finds channels innumerable through which to send forth a healthful and quickening influence on the neighborhood, the community, the world. Suppose that he is so obscure that, though he is in your immediate neighborhood, you never hear of him—yet there are those who do know him, and to whom he has access in daily intercourse. These he can influence by his example, his conversation, perhaps by his prayers; and it is by no means improbable that some will dwell in heaven forever, because they have dwelt on earth within the circle of his influence. Or suppose that he is left to linger out years upon a sick-bed, and is thereby cut off from all intercourse, except with those who come to sympathize in his affliction, or minister to his wants—even there he may be an eminently useful man. By his faith in God, his cheerful submission, his elevated devotion, he may leave an indelible impression for good on those who are about his bedside; and the story of what passes there may penetrate some other hearts to which it may be communicated; and the prayers which he offers up may be the medium through which

the richest blessings shall be conveyed to multitudes whom he has never seen. I repeat, it is the privilege of the good man to be useful always—he may be sick and poor, he may be unknown and forgotten, he may even be imprisoned and manacled, and yet, so long as he has lips that can move in prayer, or a heart that can beat to the spiritual miseries of the world, you may not say that he is a cumberer of the ground.

What a delightful employment to reflect on a useful life, when life is drawing to a close! How transported must have been the apostle when he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!" You, my young friends, will soon be in his circumstances, in respect to the opening of another world upon your spirits. Murmur not, though God place you in the humblest circumstances here; but be thankful that, even in these circumstances, your consciences may at least bear testimony to a useful life. Let this blessed result be accomplished in your experience, and be your condition on earth what it may, you need not envy the rich man his wealth, nor the statesman his laurels, nor the monarch his crown.

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## FRANCIS WAYLAND.

FRANCIS WAYLAND, for more than a quarter of a century the distinguished president of Brown University, was born in the city of New York, on the 11th of March, 1796. When he was eleven years of age, his father removed to Poughkeepsie, where he was prepared for college by the Rev. Daniel H. Barnes. In 1811 he entered the junior class in Union College; and, after graduating, studied medicine for three years, and received his degree of M. D. Upon experiencing a change of religious views, he relinquished his profession for the ministry, and in 1816 entered the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Owing to his very limited means, he accepted, in 1817, a tutorship in Union College, and in 1821 he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston. While here, he published, in 1823, his first printed work—a sermon on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise," a very eloquent production, which had great success, and placed him in the rank of the first writers of his day. To this succeeded, in 1825, two excellent discourses, on "The Duties of an American Citizen."

In 1826, he returned to Schenectady as Professor of Mathematics

and Natural Philosophy in Union College ; but before the close of the year he removed to Providence, R. I., having been elected to the presidency of Brown University, into which office he was inducted in February, 1827. Never was a choice of a President more happy, and the college started at once into new life. Here he began to teach a great deal by lectures instead of text-books. A few years after he became connected with this institution, appeared his "Moral Science," "Political Economy," and "Intellectual Philosophy." These works have enjoyed great popularity, and have been introduced as text-books into many of our best colleges.

Besides great ability and thoroughness in all his writings, Dr. Wayland has shown true independence in thought and action. He was the first president of a college to advocate and carry out a change in the collegiate course, extending the benefits of the college beyond the small class which intended to pursue professional studies, by introducing a partial course to be pursued by such as intend to engage in mechanics or in mercantile business, and conferring degrees according to the attainments made. He has also identified himself with a movement among his own religious denomination, by his advocacy of lay preaching,<sup>1</sup> and a better adaptation of the training of candidates to the work of the Christian ministry.

Dr. Wayland resigned the presidency of Brown University in 1854, and now resides in Providence. His published works are, 1. "Occasional Discourses," 1 vol.; 2. "Moral Science;" 3. "Political Economy;" 4. "Thoughts on Collegiate Education;" 5. "Limitations of Human Responsibility;" 6. "University Sermons;" 7. "Memoirs of Judson," 2 vols.; 8. "Intellectual Philosophy;" 9. "Notes on the Principles and Practices of the Baptists." Besides these volumes, a number of his occasional addresses and discourses have been published; as, "Discourse on the Life and Character of Hon. Nichols Brown;" of Wm. G. Goddard, LL. D., and of James N. Haven, D. D. Also a sermon on the "Apostolic Ministry," from which an extract is here given.

#### THE OBJECT OF MISSIONS.

Our object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad

<sup>1</sup> Read an admirable book, anonymously published last year (1857) by J. B. Lippincott & Co., entitled "Priesthood and Clergy unknown to Christianity; or, the Church a Community of Co-equal Brethren." The author is one of our most distinguished "divines"—a D. D eminent alike for his piety and vast learning.

branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced, and blossomed as the rose.

Our labors are not to cease until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and, the nations of Europe and America having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs, Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God. \* \*

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Cafrarian kraal, and we tell you that our object is to render that Cafrarian kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighborhood in the world on which we dwell, and we tell you that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighborhood.

We do believe, that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Our object is to convey to those who are perishing the news of this salvation. It is to furnish every family upon the face of the whole earth with the word of God written in its own language, and to send to every neighborhood a preacher of the cross of Christ. Our object will not be accomplished until every idol temple shall have been utterly abolished, and a temple of Jehovah erected in its room; until this earth, instead of being a theatre, on which immortal beings are preparing by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple, in which the children of men are learning the anthems of the blessed above, and becoming meet to join the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven.

Consider, then, deliberately, the nature of the missionary enterprise. Reflect upon the dignity of its object; the high moral and intellectual powers which are to be called forth in its execution; the simplicity, benevolence, and efficacy of the

means by which all this is to be achieved; and we ask you: Does not every other enterprise to which man ever put forth his strength dwindle into insignificance before that of preaching Christ crucified to a lost and perishing world?

## TRUE GREATNESS.

We need not turn to classic story to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times, and in the history of our own country. Who is there of us that, even in the nursery, has not felt his spirit stir within him when, with childlike wonder, he has listened to the story of Washington? And although the terms of the narrative were scarcely intelligible, yet the young soul kindled at the thought of one man's working out the delivery of a nation. And as our understanding, strengthened by age, was at last able to grasp the detail of this transaction, we saw that our infantile conceptions had fallen far short of its grandeur. Oh! if an American citizen ever exults in the contemplation of all that is sublime in human enterprise, it is when, bringing to mind the men who first conceived the idea of this nation's independence, he beholds them estimating the power of her oppressor, the resources of her citizens, deciding in their collected might that this nation should be free, and, through the long years of trial that ensued, never blanching from their purpose, but freely redeeming the pledge they had given, to consecrate to it "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

"Patriots have toiled, and, in their country's cause,  
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Received proud recompence. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,  
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times: and Sculpture in her turn  
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,  
To guard them, and immortalize her trust."

It is not in the field of patriotism alone that deeds have been achieved, to which history has awarded the palm of moral sublimity. There have lived men in whom the name of patriot has been merged in that of philanthropist, who, looking with an eye of compassion over the face of the earth, have felt for the miseries of our race, and have put forth their calm might to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature, to strike off one form of suffering from the

catalogue of human woe. Such a man was Howard. Surveying our world like a spirit of the blessed, he beheld the misery of the captive—he heard the groaning of the prisoner. His determination was fixed. He resolved, single-handed, to gauge and to measure one form of unpitied, unheeded wretchedness, and, bringing it out to the sunshine of public observation, to work its utter extermination. And he well knew what this undertaking would cost him. He knew what he had to hazard from the infection of dungeons, to endure from the fatigues of inhospitable travel, and to brook from the insolence of legalized oppression. He knew that he was devoting himself to the altar of philanthropy, and he willingly devoted himself. He had marked out his destiny, and he hasted forward to its accomplishment, with an intensity "which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual forbade to be less." Thus he commenced a new era in the history of benevolence. And hence, the name of Howard will be associated with all that is sublime in mercy, until the final consummation of all things.

Such a man is Clarkson, who, looking abroad, beheld the miseries of Africa, and, looking at home, saw his country stained with her blood. We have seen him, laying aside the vestments of the priesthood, consecrate himself to the holy purpose of rescuing a continent from rapine and murder, and of erasing this one sin from the book of his nation's iniquities. We have seen him and his fellow philanthropists, for twenty years, never waver from their purpose. We have seen them persevere amidst neglect and obloquy, and contempt, and persecution, until, the cry of the oppressed having roused the sensibilities of the nation, the "Island Empress" rose in her might, and said to this foul traffic in human flesh: Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.

#### THE ILIAD AND THE BIBLE.

Of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon that generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years,

how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species.

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the Iliad of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind; who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivaled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts.

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job, or David, of Isaiah, or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined.

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent geniuses, which spoke as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

**THE CHRISTIAN'S AND CITIZEN'S DUTY RESPECTING SLAVERY.**

If slavery be inconsistent with the principles of the Gospel, it is wrong, and God requires us to abandon it. And, besides, God does not require us to abandon it simply because we are Christians, but because we are men, his creatures, and because it is at variance with the moral law under which we are created. If it be asked, When? I ask again, When is it our duty to obey God? Is it not our duty always and everywhere, *semper et ubique*, as soon as we hear his commandments? A reason that would be sufficient for delaying to obey God for a moment would be a sufficient reason for disobeying him forever. If the physical act to which his commandment tends be in any respect out of our power, we are to act honestly and in his fear, from the principle of obedience, and remove, as far as possible, every obstacle that exists to perfect obedience to the commandment.

Slavery is established and maintained by the power of society, and it can be universally abolished only by legislation. The case was the same in the early ages of Christianity. There is, however, this one remarkable difference: Then, the laws were nothing but the published will of a despot. The subject had no power to make or unmake them. It is by no means the same with us. *We make our own laws.* Every citizen who exercises the right of suffrage is himself responsible for every law that is made, unless he has put forth his full constitutional power to prevent it. Hence, a grave responsibility rests upon every Christian citizen in respect to the laws by which he is governed. If he favor, or if he do not constitutionally resist, laws at variance with the gospel which he professes, he is responsible to God for all the wrong which these laws create.

**NO PUNISHMENT WITHOUT CRIME.**

By our very constitution as men, we are under solemn and unchangeable obligations to respect the rights of the meanest thing that lives. Every other man is created with the same rights as ourselves; and, most of all, he is created with the inalienable "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To deprive him of these as a punishment for crime, while yet he continues under the protection of law, is one of the severest

inflections that the criminal code of any human government can recognize, even when the punishment is confined to his own person. But what crime can be conceived of so atrocious as to justify the consigning of a human being to servitude for life, and the extension of this punishment to his posterity down to the remotest generations? Were this the penalty even for murder, every man in the civilized world would rise up in indignation at its enormous injustice. How great, then, must be the injustice when such a doom is inflicted, not upon criminals convicted of atrocious wickedness, but upon men, women, and children who have never been accused of any crime, and against whom there is not even the suspicion of guilt! Can any moral creature of God be innocent that inflicts such punishment upon his fellow-creatures, who have never done anything to deserve it? I ask, what have those poor, defenceless, and undefended black men done that they and their children forever should thus be consigned to hopeless servitude? If they have done nothing, how can we be innocent if we inflict such punishment upon them? But yet more. The spirit of Christianity, if I understand it aright, teaches us not merely the principles of pure and elevated justice, but those of the most tender and all-embracing charity. The Captain of our salvation was anointed "to preach the Gospel to the poor; he was sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised." "He is the comforter of them that are cast down." Can the disciple of such a Saviour, then, inflict the least, how much less the greatest of punishments upon a human being who has never been guilty of a crime that should deserve it?

## THE TRUE MINISTRY.

It so chanced that, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was temporarily a resident of the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and, as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbors were blockaded. Communication coast-wise, between our ports, was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moulding in our warehouses.

The sources of profitable labor were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that, on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily, before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, peace! peace! peace! Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen, peace! peace! peace! When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, every one becoming a herald, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city, and in the sense the city was evangelized. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?

But who is thus to preach the gospel?

What would be the answer to this question, if we listen to the voice of common humanity? When the brazen serpent was lifted up, who was to carry the good news throughout the camp? When the glad tidings of peace arrived in the city, who was to proclaim it to his fellow-citizens? When the news

of peace with God, through the blood of the covenant, is proclaimed to us, who shall make it known to those perishing in sin? The answer in each case is, *every one*. Were no command given, the common principles of our nature would teach us that nothing but the grossest selfishness would claim to be exempted from the joyful duty of extending to others the blessing which we have received ourselves.

But let us see how the apostles themselves understood the precept. Their own narrative shall inform us. "At that time there was a great persecution against the church that was at Jerusalem, and they were scattered abroad throughout all the regions of Judea and Samaria, *except the apostles.*" "Therefore, they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." "And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake also to the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord." These men were not apostles, nor even original disciples of Christ, for they were men of Cyprus and Cyrene. Yet they went everywhere preaching the word, and in so doing they pleased the Master, for the Holy Spirit accompanied their labors with the blessing from on high. The ascended Saviour thus approved of their conduct, and testified that their understanding of his last command was correct.

Indeed the Saviour requires every disciple, as soon as he becomes a partaker of divine grace, to become a herald of salvation to his fellow-men. He is a fountain, from which is to flow a river of living water. The doing of this is the test of his discipleship. If he is a branch that beareth not fruit, his end is to be cut off. He is "the salt of the earth, and if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted. It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." Secondly, every disciple is bound to employ for Christ every peculiar gift with which he may have been endowed. Thirdly, every man possessed of the gifts for the ministry mentioned in the New Testament is bound to consecrate them to Christ, either in connection with his secular pursuits or by devoting his whole time to this particular service.

If this be so, you see that in the church of Christ there is no ministerial caste; no class elevated in rank above their brethren, on whom devolves the discharge of the more dignified or more honorable portions of Christian labor, while the rest

<sup>1</sup> Acts viii. 1, 4.

of the disciples are to do nothing but raise the funds necessary for their support. The minister does the same work that is to be done by every other member of the body of Christ; but since he does it exclusively, he may be expected to do it more to edification. Is it his business to labor for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of the body of Christ? so is it theirs. In everything which they do as disciples, he is to be their example. I know that we now restrict to the ministry the administration of the ordinances, and to this rule I think there can be no objection. **BUT WE ALL KNOW THAT FOR THIS RESTRICTION WE HAVE NO EXAMPLE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

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**WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.**

THIS distinguished historian was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796. His grandfather was Colonel William Prescott, who, in conjunction with General Putnam, commanded at the battle of Bunker Hill. His father, Hon. Wm. Prescott, was born in Pepperell, Massachusetts; and after residing in Salem from 1798 to 1808, removed to Boston, where for nearly forty years he practised law, eminently distinguished as a jurist and as one of the wisest and best as well as ablest men Massachusetts has produced.

Our author had the benefit of his early classical training under Dr. Gardner, of Boston, who was a pupil of Dr. Parr, and in 1811 he entered Harvard College. It was his intention after graduating to devote himself to the profession of his father, but just before commencement an accident deprived him of one of his eyes, and the other, from sympathy, became so weak that he could not use it with safety. He spent two years in travelling in England and on the continent, where he consulted the best oculists, but obtained no relief. On his return home, the question presented itself to him, to what he should devote his life. Feeling that professional life would make greater requisitions upon the organs of sight than literary occupation, in which he could make greater use of the eyes of others, he resolved on becoming an historian, and to devote ten years in preparing himself for the work. It was a beautiful sight, indeed, to see a young man of fortune, whose partial deprivation of sight might have been an excuse for declining all exertion, thus rising above his affliction, and with an industry that never

tired, and a courage that never faltered, toiling day after day and year after year for an end so worthy and so noble.<sup>1</sup>

He selected for his subject the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," one of the few important subjects of European history which had not been fully treated of, and which seemed to invite the hand of a master. This great work appeared in 1838, and was published simultaneously in London and Boston. It was received on both sides of the Atlantic with the highest praise.<sup>2</sup> It has since run through many editions,

<sup>1</sup> In the preface to his "History of the Conquest of Peru," he thus (1847) writes of himself: "While at the University, I received an injury in one of my eyes, which deprived me of the sight of it. The other, soon after, was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and, though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated, while, twice in my life since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' and in my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so far familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad), that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and, when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes furnished an easy means of reference to sustain the text.

"Still another difficulty occurred in the mechanical labor of writing, which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing-case, such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering, and a fair copy, with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer. I have described the process with more minuteness, as some curiosity has been repeatedly expressed in reference to my *mœurs opuscoli* under my privations, and the knowledge of it may be of some assistance to others in similar circumstances."

"But a change has taken place during the last two years. The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a day. Nor can I cheer myself with the delusive expectation that, impotent as the organ has become, from having been task'd, probably, beyond its strength, it can ever renew its youth, or be of much service to me hereafter in my literary researches. Whether I shall have the heart to enter, as I had proposed, on a new and more extensive field of historical labor, with these impediments, I cannot say. Perhaps long habit, and a natural desire to follow up the career which I have so long pursued, may make this, in a manner, necessary, as my past experience has already proved that it is not so."

"Mr. Prescott's work is one of the most important historical productions of our time. Besides the merit which we have already alluded to, the author

and been translated into German, Italian, French, and Spanish. This was followed by his "Conquest of Mexico," in 1843; and in 1847 appeared his "Conquest of Peru." In both of these works he draws largely from manuscript materials received from Spain; both are written in the author's most attractive and brilliant style; and both were followed by the highest and most gratifying success in Europe and America.

In 1850, Mr. Prescott made a short visit to England, where he was received with marked kindness and respect by men most distinguished in society and letters, and where the ancient University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law.

#### RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He

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possesses one which, in our opinion, is worth all the rest—that is, impartiality. The inhabitant of another world, he seems to have shaken off all the prejudices of ours; he has written a history without party spirit, and without bias of any sort. In a word, he has, in every respect, made a most valuable addition to our historical literature."—*Edinburgh Review*, lxviii. 404.

"An historical work that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began."—*London Quarterly Review*, lxiv. 58.

was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

#### QUEEN ISABELLA.

Her person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair, a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her

features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrank from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private; and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that, when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust or latent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

"Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

Such was the decorum of her manners that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.

## THE CHARACTER AND FATE OF MONTEZUMA.

It is not easy to depict the portrait of Montezuma in its true colors, since it has been exhibited to us under two aspects, of the most opposite and contradictory character. In the accounts gathered of him by the Spaniards, on coming into the country, he was uniformly represented as bold and warlike, unscrupulous as to the means of gratifying his ambition, hollow and perfidious, the terror of his foes, with a haughty bearing which made him feared even by his own people. They found him, on the contrary, not merely affable and gracious, but disposed to waive all the advantages of his own position, and to place them on a footing with himself; making their wishes his law; gentle even to effeminacy in his deportment, and constant in his friendship, while his whole nation was in arms against them. Yet these traits, so contradictory, were truly enough drawn. They are to be explained by the extraordinary circumstances of his position.

When Montezuma ascended the throne, he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. Young, and ambitious of extending his empire, he was continually engaged in war, and is said to have been present himself in nine pitched battles. He was greatly renowned for his martial prowess, for he belonged to the *Quachictin*, the highest military order of his nation, and one into which but few, even of its sovereigns, had been admitted. In later life, he preferred intrigue to violence, as more consonant to his character and priestly education. In this he was as great an adept as any prince of his time, and, by arts not very honorable to himself, succeeded in filching away much of the territory of his royal kinsman of Tezcuco. Severe in the administration of justice, he made important reforms in the arrangement of the tribunals. He introduced other innovations in the royal household, creating new offices, introducing a lavish magnificence and forms of courtly etiquette unknown to his ruder predecessors. He was, in short, most attentive to all that concerned the exterior and pomp of royalty. Stately and decorous, he was careful of his own dignity, and might be said to be as great an "actor of majesty" among the barbarian potentates of the New World, as Louis the Fourteenth was among the polished princes of Europe.

He was deeply tinctured, moreover, with that spirit of bigotry which threw such a shade over the latter days of the French

monarch. He received the Spaniards as the beings predicted by his oracles. The anxious dread, with which he had evaded their proffered visit, was founded on the same feelings which led him so blindly to resign himself to them on their approach. He felt himself rebuked by their superior genius. He at once conceded all that they demanded—his treasures, his power, even his person. For their sake, he forsook his wonted occupations, his pleasures, his most familiar habits. He might be said to forego his nature; and, as his subjects asserted, to change his sex and become a woman. If we cannot refuse our contempt for the pusillanimity of the Aztec monarch, it should be mitigated by the consideration that his pusillanimity sprung from his superstition, and that superstition in the savage is the substitute for religious principle in the civilized man.

It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power to avert or control: to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim of the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise King of Tezeuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed: "Happy the empire, which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the sceptre is given to one whom the Almighty has in his keeping; and the nations shall hold him in reverence!" Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those who were the enemies of his gods and his people; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the dust, by the meanest of his subjects, by those who, a few months previous, had trembled at his glance; drawing his last breath in the halls of the stranger—a lonely outcast in the heart of his own capital! He was the sad victim of destiny—a destiny as dark and irresistible in its march as that which broods over the mythic legends of antiquity!

#### ARABIA—ITS LITERATURE AND POLITICAL POWER.

It is unfortunate for the Arabians that their literature should be locked up in a character and idiom so difficult of access to European scholars. Their wild, imaginative poetry, scarcely

capable of transfusion into a foreign tongue, is made known to us only through the medium of bald prose translation ; while their scientific treatises have been done into Latin with an inaccuracy which, to make use of a pun of Casiri's, merits the name of perversions rather than versions of the originals. How obviously inadequate, then, are our means of forming any just estimate of their literary merits ! It is unfortunate for them, moreover, that the Turks, the only nation which, from an identity of religion and government with the Arabs, as well as from its political consequence, would seem to represent them on the theatre of modern Europe, should be a race so degraded ; one which, during the five centuries that it has been in possession of the finest climate and monuments of antiquity, has so seldom been quickened into a display of genius, or even condescended to avail itself of the literary treasures descended from its ancient masters. Yet this people, so sensual and sluggish, we are apt to confound in imagination with the sprightly, intellectual Arab. Both indeed have been subjected to the influence of the same degrading political and religious institutions, which on the Turks have produced the results naturally to have been expected ; while the Arabians, on the other hand, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a nation, under all these embarrassments, rising to a high degree of elegance and intellectual culture.

The empire, which once embraced more than half of the ancient world, has now shrunk within its original limits ; and the Bedouin wanders over his native desert as free, and almost as uncivilized, as before the coming of his apostle. The language, which was once spoken along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and the whole extent of the Indian Ocean, is broken up into a variety of discordant dialects. Darkness has again settled over those regions of Africa, which were illumined by the light of learning. The elegant dialect of the Koran is studied as a dead language, even in the birthplace of the prophet. Not a printing-press at this day is to be found throughout the whole Arabian peninsula. Even in Spain, in Christian Spain, alas, the contrast is scarcely less degrading ! A death-like torpor has succeeded to her former intellectual activity. Her cities are emptied of the population with which they teemed in the days of the Saracens. Her climate is as fair ; but her fields no longer bloom with the same rich and variegated husbandry. Her most interesting monuments are those constructed by the Arabs ; and the traveller, as he wanders amid their desolate but beautiful ruins, ponders on the destinies of a

people whose very existence seems now to have been almost as fanciful as the magical creations in one of their own fairy tales.

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CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

This charming writer was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Her father, the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, one of the first men in the State, was at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, and afterwards Senator in Congress, and at the time of his death (January 24, 1813), was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Miss Sedgwick first appeared as an author in 1822, by the publication of "A New England Tale," the success of which was so great as to induce her to continue in a career so auspiciously begun. In 1824, she published "Redwood—a Tale," which immediately became very popular. In 1827, appeared "Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts," in two volumes; in 1830, "Clarence, a Tale of Our Own Times;" and in 1835, "The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America," the last, and, as many think, the best of her novels.<sup>1</sup>

In 1836, she struck out into a new path, and gave to the public "The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man," the first of an admirable series of stories, illustrative of every-day life. This was followed by "Live, and Let Live"; and this, by "Means and Ends, or Self-training." Then appeared two volumes of delightful juvenile tales—"A Love Token for Children," and "Stories for Young Persons."

In 1839, Miss Sedgwick went to Europe, and during the year she was there, wrote her "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home," which, on her return, were published in two volumes. She has also written a "Life of Lucretia M. Davidson," published in the seventh volume of "Sparks' American Biography;" and has contributed many articles for "The Lady's Book," and other periodicals.

A discriminating critic thus speaks of the character of her writings: "It is impossible to speak of her works without a particular regard to their moral and religious character. We know no writer of the

<sup>1</sup> "We think this work the most agreeable that Miss Sedgwick has yet published. It is written throughout with the same simple taste, and quiet, unpretending power, which characterizes all her productions; and is superior to most of them in the variety of the characters brought into action, and the interest of the fable." — *New Monthly Magazine*, 1836.

class to which she belongs, who has done more to inculcate just religious sentiments. They are never obtruded, nor are they ever suppressed. It is not the religion of observances, nor of professions, nor of articles of faith, but of the heart and life. It always comes forth, not as something said or done from a sense of necessity or duty, but as part of the character, and inseparable from its strength, as well as from its grace and beauty. It is a union of that faith which works by love, with that charity which never faileth.

"There is another characteristic of Miss Sedgwick's writings which should not be overlooked. We allude to their great good sense and practical discretion; the notableness which they evince and recommend. This is so true, that we recollect having heard a zealous utilitarian declare, after reading one of her works, that political economy might be taught to the greatest advantage through the medium of romances."<sup>1</sup>

#### A SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

The observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter, as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to *work* on Sunday.

It must be confessed that the tendency of the age is to laxity; and so rapidly is the wholesome strictness of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary, fifty years hence, in exploring his garret rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn, that even now the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Judaical severity.

On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns' matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amairt as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or *help* (we prefer the national descriptive term), are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the Sabbath.

<sup>1</sup> National Portrait Gallery.

As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and, after the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied, that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious inference from this fact is skilfully avoided by certain ingenuous reasoners, who allege that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire how this peculiarity was adjusted, when the first day of the week was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor, bend their measured steps to the meeting-house; the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter, "My dear, you forget it's Sunday," is the ever ready reproof.

Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relax by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body ~~must~~ laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

The farmer's ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daughters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, pruned shoes, Leghorn hats, fans and parasols, and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw

from the society—a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

Towards the close of the day (or to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it), “when the Sabbath begins to *abate*,” the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on “the green;” the lads and girls throng to the “singing school;” while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.

#### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

“ Well,” said Debby, “ contentment is a good thing, and a rare; but I guess it dwells most where people would least expect to find it. There’s Ellen Bruce; she has had troubles that would fret some people to death, and yet I have seldom seen her with a cloudy face.”

“ How do you account for that, Miss Debby? I am curious to get at this secret of happiness, for I have been in great straits sometimes for the want of it.”

“ Why, I’ll tell you. Now, Ellen, I don’t mean to praise you”—and she looked at Ellen, while an expression of affection spread over her rough-featured face. “ The truth is, Ellen has been so busy about making other people happy, that she has no time to think of herself; instead of grieving about her own troubles, she has tried to lessen other people’s; instead of talking about her own feelings, and thinking about them, you would not know she had any, if you did not see she always knew just how other people felt.”

“ Stop, stop, Deborah, my good friend,” said Ellen; “ you must not turn flatterer in your old age.”

“ Flatterer! The Lord have mercy on you, girl; nothing was farther from my thoughts than flattering. I meant just to

tell this young lady, for her information, that the secret of happiness was to forget yourself, and care for the happiness of others."

" You are right—I believe you are right," said Miss Campbell, with animation; " though I have practised very little after your golden rule."

" The more's the pity, young woman ; for, depend on it, it's the safe rule, and the sure; I have scriptur' warrant for it, beside my own observation; which, as you may judge, has not been small. It's a strange thing, this happiness ; it puts me in mind of an old Indian I have heard of, who said to a boy who was begging him for a bow and arrow, 'the more you say bow and arrow, the more I won't make it.' There's poor Mr. Redwood; as far as I can find out, he has had nothing all his life to do, but to go up and down, and to and fro upon the earth, in search of happiness : look at his face : it is as sorrowful as a tombstone, and just makes you ponder upon what has been, and what might have been ; and his kickshaw of a daughter—why I, Debby Lennox, a lone old woman that I am, would not change places with her—would not give up my peaceful feelings for hers, for all the gold in the king's coffers : and for the most part, since I have taken a peep into what's called the world, I have seen little to envy among the great and the gay, the rich and handsome."

" And yet, Miss Debby," said Grace, " the world looks upon these as the privileged classes."

" Ah! the world is foolish, and stupid besides."

" Well, Miss Deborah, I have unbounded confidence in your wisdom, but since my lot is cast in this same evil world, I should be sorry to think there was no good in it."

" No good, Miss ! that was what I did not, and would not say. There is good in everything, and everywhere, if we have but eyes to see it, and hearts to confess it. There is some pure gold mixed with all this glitter; some here that seem to have as pure hearts and just minds as if they had never stood in the dazzling sunshine of fortune."

" You mean to say, Deborah," said Ellen, " that contentment is a modest, prudent spirit; and that, for the most part, she avoids the high places of the earth, where the sun burns, and the tempests beat, and leads her favorites along quiet vales, and to sequestered fountains."

" Just *what* I would have said, Ellen, though it may not be just *as* I should have said it," replied Deborah, smiling.

" You young folks like to dress off everything with garlands, while such a plain old body as I only thinks of the substantials."

## MR. AIKIN'S OPINION OF RICHES.

" I must say, I think there is a useless and senseless outcry against rich men. It comes from the ignorant, unobserving, and unreflecting. We must remember that in our country there are no fixed classes: the poor family of this generation is the rich family of the next; and more than that, the poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow, and the rich of to-day the poor of to-morrow. The prizes are open to all, and they fall without favor. Our rich people, too, are, many of them, among the very best persons in society. I know some such: there is Mr. Beckwith; he has ten talents, and a faithful steward is he; he and his whole family are an honor and blessing to their country; doing, in every way, all the good they can. Such a rich man as Morris Finley I despise, or rather pity, as much as you or any man can; but pray do not let us envy him his riches; they are something quite independent of himself; and can a man be really poorer than he is—a poor mind, a poor heart?—that is the poverty to shun. As to rich men being at their ease, Miner, every acquisition brings a new want—a new responsibility."

" But, Aikin, Aikin; now, candidly, would you not be willing to take their wants and responsibilities with their purses?"

" I cannot say, Miner; money is the representative of power—the means of extended usefulness; and we all have dreams of the wonderful good we should do, if we had these means in our hands. But this I do know; that, till we are conscious of employing, and *employing well*, the means we have, we ought not to crave more. But let us look at the matter in the right point of view. We are all children of one family; all are to live here a few years; some in one station, and some in another. We are all of us, from the highest to the lowest, laborers in our Father's field; and *as we sow, so shall we reap*. If we labor rightly, those words of truth and *immense* import will sound in our ears like a promise, and not like a threat. We shall work at our posts like faithful children, not like tasked slaves; and shall be sure of the riches that perish not in the using. As to all other riches, it is not worth our while to covet or envy them; except in some rare cases, we have all, in this country, gifts and means enough."



## UNCLE PHIL AND HIS INVALID DAUGHTER.

It was a lovely morning in June when Uncle Phil set forth for New York with his invalid daughter. Ineffable happiness shone through his honest face, and there was a slight flush of hope and expectation on Charlotte's usually pale and tranquil countenance as she half rebuked Susan's last sanguine expression.

"You will come home as well as I am, I know you will, Lottie!"

"Not well—oh, no, Sasy, but better, I expect—I mean, I hope."

"Better, then, if you are, that is to say, a *great deal better*—I shall be satisfied, sha'n't you, Harry?"

"I shall be satisfied that it was best for her to go, if she is any better."

"I trust we shall all be satisfied with God's will, whatever it may be," said Charlotte, turning her eye full of gratitude upon Harry. Harry arranged her cushions as nobody else could to support her weak back; Susan disposed her cloak so that Charlotte could draw it around her if the air proved too fresh; and then, taking her willow basket in her hand, the last words were spoken, and they set forth. Uncle Phil was in the happiest of his happy humors. He comprehended the wagon—"it was just like sitting at home in a rocking-chair—it is kind o' lucky that you are lame, Lottie, or may be Mrs. Sibley would not have offered to loan us her wagon." "I was dreadful afraid we should have to go down the North River. I tell you, Lottie, when I crossed over it once I was almost scared to death—the water went swash, swash, so was tooking but a plank between me and *eternity*; and I thought to my heart I should have gone down, and nobody would ever have heard of me again. I wonder folks can be so foolish as to go on water when they can travel on solid land. But I suppose some do!"

"It is pleasanter," said Charlotte, "to travel at this season where you can see the beautiful fruits of the earth, as we do now, on all sides of us." Uncle Phil replied, and talked on without disturbing his daughter's quiet meditation. They travelled slowly, but he was ready to assist, and she never worried, for she was an observant and lover of nature. The earth was clothed with its rich greenness, still green, but of infinitely varied tints. The younger corn was shooting forth—

the winter wheat already waved over many a fertile hill-side—the gardens were newly made, and clean, and full of promise—flowers, in this month of their abundance, perfumed the woods, and decked the gardens and court-yards; and where nothing else grew, there were lilacs and peonies in plenty. The young lambs were frolicking in the fields—the chickens peeping about the barn-yards; and birds, thousands of them, singing at their work.

Our travellers were descending a mountain where their view extended over an immense tract of country, for the most part richly cultivated.

"I declare," exclaimed Uncle Phil, "how much land there is in the world, and I don't own a foot on't, only our little half-acre lot—it don't seem hardly right." Uncle Phil was no agrarian, and he immediately added: "But, after all, I guess I am better off without it—it would be a dreadful care."

"Contentment with godliness is great gain," said Charlotte.

"You've hit the nail on the head, Lottie; I don't know who should be contented if I ain't—I always have enough, and everybody is friendly to me—and you and Susan are worth a mint of money to me. For all what I said about the land, I really think I have got my full share."

"We can all have our share in the beauties of God's earth without owning, as you say, a foot of it," rejoined Charlotte. "We must feel it is our Father's. I am sure the richest man in the world cannot take more pleasure in looking at a beautiful prospect than I do—or in breathing this sweet, sweet air. It seems to me, father, as if everything I look upon was ready to burst forth in a hymn of praise—and there is enough in my heart to make verses of if I only knew how."

"That's the mystery, Lottie, how they do it—I can make one line, but I can never get a fellow to it."

"Well, father, as Susy would say, it's a comfort to have the feeling, though you can't express it."

Charlotte was right. It is a great comfort and happiness to have the feeling, and happy would it be if those who live in the country were more sensible to the beauties of nature; if they could see something in the glorious forest besides "good wood and timber lots"—something in the green valley besides a "warm soil"—something in a water-fall besides a "mill-privilege." There is a susceptibility in every human heart to the ever-present and abounding beauties of nature; and whose fault is it that this taste is not awakened and directed? If the poet and the painter cannot bring down their arts to the

level of the poor, are there none to be God's interpreters to them—to teach them to read the great book of nature?

The laboring classes ought not to lose the pleasures that, in the country, are before them from dawn to twilight—pleasures that might counterbalance, and often do, the profits of the merchant, pent in his city counting-house, and all the honors the lawyer earns between the court-rooms and his office. We only wish that more was made of the *privilege* of country life; that the farmer's wife would steal some moments from her cares to point out to her children the beauties of nature, whether amid the hills and valleys of our inland country, or on the sublime shores of the ocean. Over the city, too, hangs the vault of heaven—"thick inlaid" with the witnesses of God's power and goodness—his altars are everywhere.

The rich man who "lives at home at ease," and goes irritated and fretting through the country because he misses at the taverns the luxuries of his own house—who finds the tea bad and coffee worse—the food ill cooked and table ill served—no mattresses, no silver forks—who is obliged to endure the vulgarity of a common parlor—and, in spite of the inward chafing, give a civil answer to whatever questions may be put to him, cannot conceive of the luxuries our travellers enjoyed at the simplest inn.

Uncle Phil found out the little histories of all the wayfarers he met, and frankly told his own. Charlotte's pale sweet face attracted general sympathy. Country people have time for little by-the-way kindnesses; and the landlady, and her daughters, and her domestics, inquired into Charlotte's malady, suggested remedies, and described similar cases.

## ALBERT BARNES.

This distinguished scholar and theologian was born at Rome, New York, December 1, 1798. He worked with his father in his tannery until he was seventeen years old, when he concluded to prepare for the profession of the law, and in 1817 he entered Fairfield Academy, Herkimer County, New York, where he continued nearly three years, teaching a district school, in the winter, as a means of support. In 1819, he entered the senior class in Hamilton College, and graduated

in July, 1820. At college, he was the subject of a "revival of religion," and became a decided Christian. Giving up, therefore, all idea of the law, and feeling it his duty to study theology, he went to Princeton, New Jersey, and entered the Theological Seminary. He continued there four years, and was licensed to preach, April 23, 1823, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. After preaching at various places, he received a call from the First Presbyterian Church at Morristown, New Jersey, and was ordained there, on the 25th of February, 1825. Here his ministry was highly prosperous, and his people became devotedly attached to him. In 1830, he received a call from the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which he accepted, and was installed on the 25th of June, of that year.<sup>1</sup>

Before leaving Morristown, Mr. Barnes had commenced a series of commentaries on the New Testament, designed not for theologians, but for Sunday school teachers and family reading. The volume upon Matthew was published in 1832, and had immediately a most extensive sale. This was followed by volume after volume, until he had published editions, with like commentaries, of every book of the New Testament. These works are eminently practical, and doubtless the best of the kind in our language. The high estimation in which they are held by the religious world is clearly evinced by the numerous editions which have been published in England as well as in this country.

In 1835, Rev. Dr. Junkin preferred against Mr. Barnes, before his Presbytery, charges of heresy, based on his commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans. The Presbytery sustained Mr. Barnes, and Dr. Junkin appealed to the Synod of Pennsylvania, soon to meet at York. The Synod sustained the appeal, and suspended Mr. Barnes from the ministry "until he should give evidence of repentance!" Mr. Barnes, in his turn, appealed to the General Assembly, that met at Pittsburgh, in May, 1836, and the Assembly restored him to his clerical functions, by a large majority.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Before leaving Morristown, he had preached a very able sermon, entitled "The Way of Salvation," which, on his being settled in Philadelphia, was attacked by the "Philadelphian," then edited by Rev. William P. Ingalls. The learned and venerable Dr. James Wilson replied to this attack, fully and ably sustaining all the theological views of the sermon.

<sup>2</sup> Some time after Mr. Barnes' suspension, and when he was accustomed to sit meekly in his own pulpit and listen to others, the Rev. George Duffield, D. D. (now of Detroit), the author of the able and profound work on "Regeneration," was invited to preach for him. Always happy in the selection of his texts upon special occasions, he was, in this instance, pre-eminently so; for, after reading it, there seemed hardly any need of the sermon, it being so pregnant with meaning itself. *Isaiah lxvi. 5:* "Hear the word of

Soon after Mr. Barnes had finished his "Notes" on the New Testament, he began a series of commentaries upon the Old Testament. Isaiah first appeared, in three volumes; then Job, in two volumes; then Daniel, in one volume; which have given him a still higher reputation for profound and varied scholarship. He has also published an edition of "Butler's Analogy," with an able "Introduction;" a volume of "Practical Sermons," richly prized in many a Christian household; and an able treatise entitled "Episcopacy Tested by Scripture." Another volume of his sermons, entitled "The Way of Salvation," has recently been published.

But Mr. Barnes is something more than a learned theologian; he is a conscientious, God-fearing man, having the moral courage to utter freely his convictions upon all moral questions; taking, of course, the unpopular side. He early became interested in the Temperance reformation, and his sermon upon that subject is one of the best and fullest tracts that have yet appeared upon it. He also came out very early, and with decided power, against the crime and curse of Slavery, and was almost the only one among his ministerial brethren "faithful found among the faithless," on what has become THE great question of the day. From the very commencement of his ministry, he lifted up his voice against our great national sin, and in his public prayers, did not conveniently forget to "remember those that are in bonds as bound with them." In 1838, when the yeids of the mob that burned Pennsylvania Hall had scarce died away, he preached a noble sermon on "The Supremacy of the Laws."<sup>1</sup> In 1846, appeared "An Inquiry into the Scriptural Views of Slavery;" a treatise so full and so faithful upon the whole subject, that to them who can read it, and then apologize for slavery on Bible-grounds, must be applied the words of the Saviour to the morally obtuse Jews: "Having eyes ye

the Lord, ye that tremble at his word. Your brethren that hated you, and cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified: but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." Time has proved, I believe, that what was then prophecy has become history.

<sup>1</sup> On the night of the 17th of May, 1838, that noble structure in Sixth Street, Philadelphia—Pennsylvania Hall—erected for the purpose of free discussion, and especially for the free discussion of slavery, was burnt by a mob. On the evening of the next regular monthly evening service, this able and fearless discourse was delivered. It was a sight bordering certainly upon the moral sublime to witness the mock and modest pastor, while the whole city was still deeply moved by the scenes that had occurred less than a month before, rise in his place amidst a verdict, and with no fear but the fear of God before his eyes, utter such a world-shaking, truth-defying truth. Those who were present on the occasion will never忘却 the sensation, the suppressed feelings of fear and wonder that pervaded throughout the church—feelings, too, that have not been entirely quieted with time.

see not, and having ears hear not." Mr. Barnes has also published an excellent volume, entitled "The Church and Slavery," showing, by arguments unanswerable, the duty of the whole Christian church to "come out and not touch the unclean thing."

It is truly wonderful how Mr. Barnes, with such laborious pastoral duties, has been able to prepare for the press so many works, and of such depth of learning. The secret lies in—method. He has always been a very early riser, and most of his works have been written while the greater part of his congregation were taking their morning slumbers.<sup>1</sup> So much may be accomplished by devoting a few hours, steadily, every day to one fixed purpose! What a lesson for every young man! As to his character—this is not the place to eulogize the living. But we must say, that few, if any, preachers of the gospel have ever lived, who have united so much meekness, simplicity of character, and sincere, unobtrusive piety, to profound and varied learning.

The following extracts will, I believe, fairly represent his various styles in all the subjects, theological and philanthropical, on which he has employed his pen.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE—HOME.

Many of us—most of us who are advanced beyond the period of childhood—went out from that home to embark on the stormy sea of life. Of the feelings of a father, and of his interest in our welfare, we have never entertained a doubt, and our home was dear because he was there; but there was a peculiarity in the feeling that it was the home of our mother. While she lived there, there was a place that we felt was *home*. There was one place where we would always be welcome; one place where we would be met with a smile; one place where we would be sure of a friend. The world might be indifferent to us. We might be unsuccessful in our studies or our business. The new friends which we supposed we had made might prove to be false. The honor which we thought we deserved might be withheld from us. We might be chagrined and mortified by seeing a rival outstrip us, and bear away the prize which we sought. But there was a place where no feelings of rivalry were found, and where those whom the world overlooked would be sure of

<sup>1</sup> The moment the clock struck nine, in the morning, he laid aside his labors on his commentaries, and devoted his time to his ministerial duties.

a friendly greeting. Whether pale and wan by study, care, or sickness, or flushed with health and flattering success, we were sure that we should be welcome there. Though the world was cold towards us, yet there was one who always rejoiced in our success, and always was affected in our reverses; and there was a place to which we might go back from the storm which began to pelt us, where we might rest, and become encouraged and invigorated for a new conflict. So have I seen a bird, in its first efforts to fly, leave its nest, and stretch its wings, and go forth to the wide world. But the wind blew it back, and the rain began to fall, and the darkness of night began to draw on, and there was no shelter abroad, and it sought its way back to its nest, to take shelter beneath its mother's wings, and to be refreshed for the struggles of a new day; but then it flew away to think of its nest and its mother no more. But not thus did we leave our home when we bade adieu to it to go forth alone to the manly duties of life. Even amidst the storms that then beat upon us, and the disappointments that we met with, and the coldness of the world, we felt still that there was one there who sympathized in our troubles, as well as rejoiced in our success, and that, whatever might be abroad, when we entered the door of her dwelling, we should be met with a smile. We expected that a mother, like the mother of Sisera, as she "looked out at her window," waiting for the coming of her son laden with the spoils of victory, would look out for our coming, and that our return would renew her joy and ours in our earlier days.

"Oh! in our sterner manhood, when no ray  
Of earlier sunshine climbers in our way,  
When girt with sin, and sorrow, and the toil  
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they soil;  
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain  
One link that knits us with young dreams again,  
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare to muse,  
On all the hoardèd raptures it reviews,  
Which seems each instant, in its backward range,  
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,  
And every spring untouched for years, to move,  
It is—THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE!"

It makes a sad desolation when from such a place a mother is taken away; and when, whatever may be the sorrows or the successes in life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The home of our childhood may be still lovely. The old family mansion—the green fields—the running stream—the moss-covered well—the trees—the lawn—the rose—the

sweetbrier—may be there. Perchance, too, there may be an aged father, with venerable locks, sitting in his loneliness, with everything to command respect and love, but she is not there. Her familiar voice is not heard. The mother has been borne forth to sleep by the side of her children who went before her, and the place is not what it was. There may be those there whom we much love, but she is not there. We may have formed new relations in life, tender and strong as they can be; we may have another home dear to us as was the home of our childhood, where there is all in affection, kindness, and religion, to make us happy, but *that* home is not what it was, and it will never be what it was again. It is a loosening of one of the cords which bound us to earth, designed to prepare us for our eternal flight from everything dear here below, and to teach us that there is *no* place here that is to be our permanent home.

#### THE TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

Every man is bound to pursue such a business as to *render a valuable consideration* for that which he receives from others. A man who receives in trade the avails of the industry of others, is under obligation to restore that which will be of real value. He receives the fruit of toil; he receives that which is of value to himself; and common equity requires that he return a valuable consideration. Thus, the merchant renders to the farmer, in exchange for the growth of his farm, the productions of other climes; the manufacturer, that which is needful for the clothing or comfort of the agriculturist; the physician, the result of his professional skill. All these are valuable considerations, which are fair and honorable subjects of exchange. They are a mutual accommodation; they advance the interest of both parties. But it is not so with the dealer in ardent spirits. He obtains the property of his fellow-men; and what does he return? That which will tend to promote his real welfare? That which will make him a happier man? That which will benefit his family? That which diffuses learning and domestic comfort around his family circle? None of these things. He gives him that which will produce poverty, and want, and cursing, and tears, and death. He asked an egg, and he receives a scorpion. He gives him that which is established and well known as a source of no good, but as tending to produce beggary and wretchedness. The dealer may look on his gains in this matter—on his houses, or mortgages, or

lands, obtained as the result of this business—with something like these reflections:—

"This property has been gained from other men. It was theirs, honestly acquired, and was necessary to promote their own happiness and the happiness of their families. It has become mine by a traffic which has not only taken it away from them, but which has ruined their peace, corrupted their morals, sent woe and discord into their families, and consigned them, perhaps, to an early and most loathsome grave. This property has come from the hard earnings of other men; has passed into my hands without any valuable compensation rendered; but has been obtained only while I have been diffusing want, and woe, and death, through their abodes." \*

A man is bound to pursue such a course of life as *not necessarily to increase the burdens and the taxes of the community*. The pauperism and crimes of this land grow out of this vice, as an overflowing fountain. Three-fourths of the taxes for prisons, and houses of refuge, and almshouses, would be cut off, but for this traffic and the attendant vices. Nine-tenths of the crimes of the country, and of the expenses of litigation for crime, would be prevented by arresting it.

What is done then in this traffic? You are filling our almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow-citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow-citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support this traffic. For, if every place where ardent spirits can be obtained, were closed in this city and its suburbs, how long might your splendid palaces for the poor be almost untenanted piles; how soon would your jails disgorge their inmates, and be no more filled; how soon would the habitations of guilt and infamy in every city become the abodes of contentment and peace; and how soon would reeling loathsomeness and want cease to assail your doors with importunate pleadings for charity!

Now we have only to ask our fellow-citizens, what right they have to pursue an employment tending thus to burden the community with taxes, and to endanger the dwellings of their fellow-men, and to send to my door, and to every other man's door, hordes of beggars loathsome to the sight; or to compel the virtuous to seek out their wives and children, amidst the squalidness of poverty, and the cold of winter, and the pinch-

ings of hunger, to supply their wants? Could impartial justice be done in the world, an end would soon be put to the traffic in ardent spirits. Were every man bound to alleviate all the wretchedness which his business creates, to support all the poor which his traffic causes, an end would soon be made of this employment. But, alas, you can diffuse this poison for gain, and then call on your industrious and virtuous countrymen to alleviate the wretchedness, to tax themselves to build granite prisons for the inmates which your business has made; and splendid palaces, at an enormous expense, to extend a shelter and a home for those whom your employment has turned from their own habitations. Is this a moral employment? Would it be well to obtain a living in this way in any other business?

#### MOSAIC SERVITUDE.

It now remains to ask, what sanction the Mosaic laws give to servitude as it exists in the United States? Scarcely any two systems could possibly be more directly in contrast; and how can it then be inferred that the Mosaic enactments are either proofs that Moses regarded slavery as desirable in order to promote the best interests of society, or that his institutions give a sanction to it as it exists in the United States? The sanction of Moses could be adduced only in favor of the system which *he* established, and not in favor of one which has scarcely a feature in common with his. The operation of *his* laws was to modify a system which he found in existence, and which could not at once be extirpated; to soften all its hard features; to bring it as far as possible into conformity with the privileges of freedom, and as soon as practicable to abolish it altogether. The operation of the system here is to rivet the fetters of the slave; to deny to him all the privileges and rights of an intellectual and a moral being, and to perpetuate the system for ever. The application of the laws of Moses to this country would make servitude at once a mild and gentle institution, and would abolish it wholly in half a century; the regular operation of the laws now existing here would perpetuate it for ever. Here are no laws *designed* to modify and ameliorate the system; there are none which contemplate emancipation. Of all the abuses ever applied to the Scriptures, the most intolerable and monstrous are those which pervert them to the support of American slavery. Sad is it that the mild and benignant enactments of the Hebrew legislator should ever be

appealed to, to sanction the wrongs and outrages of the poor African in "this land of freedom;" said, that the ministers of religion should ever prostitute their high office to give countenance to such a system, by maintaining or even conceding for a moment that the Mosaic laws sanction the oppressions and wrongs existing in the United States!

#### THE CHURCH TO DETACH ITSELF FROM SLAVERY.

The defence of slavery from the Bible is to be, and will ~~ever~~ be abandoned, and men will wonder that any defence of such a system could have been attempted from the word of God. If the authors of these defences could live a little longer than the ordinary term of years allotted to man, they would themselves wonder that they could ever have set up such a defence. Future generations will look upon the defences of slavery drawn from the Bible, as among the most remarkable instances of mistaken interpretation and unfounded reasoning furnished by the perversities of the human mind.

From the whole train of reasoning which I have pursued, I trust it will not be considered as improper to regard it as a position clearly demonstrated, that the fair influence of the Christian religion would everywhere abolish slavery. Let its principles be acted out; let its maxims prevail and rule in the hearts of all men, and the system, in the language of the "Princeton Repertory," "would SPEEDILY come to an end." In what way this is to be brought about, and in what manner the influence of the church may be made to bear upon it, are points on which there may be differences of opinion. But there is one method which is obvious, and which, if everywhere practised, would certainly lead to this result. It is, *for the Christian Church to cease all connection with slavery.*

Let every religious denomination in the land *detach itself* from all connection with slavery, without saying a word against others; let the time come when, in all the mighty denominations of Christians, it can be announced that the evil has ceased with them FOR EVER; and let the voice from each denomination be lifted up in kind, but firm and solemn testimony against the system; with no "mealy" words; with no attempt at apology; with no wish to blink it; with no effort to throw the sacred shield of religion over so great an evil, and the work is done. There is no public sentiment in this land, there could be none created, that would resist the power of such testimony. There

is no power *out* of the church that could sustain slavery an hour if it were not sustained *in* it. Not a blow need be struck. Not an unkind word need be uttered. No man's motive need be impugned ; no man's proper rights invaded. All that is needful is, for each Christian man, and for every Christian church, to stand up in the sacred majesty of such a solemn testimony ; to free themselves from all connection with the evil, and utter a calm and deliberate voice to the world, **AND THE WORK WILL BE DONE.**

## WAR.

Who has ever told the evils, and the curses, and the crimes of war? Who can describe the horrors of the carnage of battle? Who can portray the fiendish passions which reign there? Who can tell the amount of the treasures wasted and of the blood that has flowed, and of the tears that have been shed over the slain? Who can register the crimes which war has originated and sustained? If there is any thing in which earth, more than in any other resembles *hell*, it is in its *wars*. And who, with the heart of a man—of a lover of human happiness—of a hater of carnage and crime—can look but with pity, who can repress his *contempt* in looking on all the trappings of war—the tinsel—the nodding plumes—even the animating music—designed to cover over the reality of the contemplated murder of fathers, and husbands, and sons?

## INVITATIONS TO THE GOSPEL.

The "bride" says, "Come." But what is this? "I, John," said the disciple in Patmos, "saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared *as a bride* for her husband." It is the voice of the bride, "the Lamb's wife"—of the church triumphant, the church in heaven—that speaks and invites you to come. It is not merely that the church, by her ministry, her ordinances, and her friends; by her appeals and persuasions in the sanctuary invites—though that is true ; it is that the church redeemed, the church in heaven, the church in white robes before the throne, the church now adorned in heaven *as a bride*, invites you to come. And what is that church that thus invites you? What claims has she on your attention? Why should her voice be heard?

Who compose the church? The church in heaven is composed of those who on earth tried both religion and the world; and who can now speak from deep experience alike of the trials and the joys of the Christian faith. It is a triumphant church that has been exposed to fiery persecutions, and that has survived them all. A church that has known what it is to be poor and persecuted on earth, and what it is in heaven to be blessed—and that as the result of all now invites you to come and share its triumphs and its joys bought with blood. Whom does the eye of faith see in that church in heaven that invites you? A father may be there; a mother; a sister; a lovely babe. The venerated father, whose cold remains you bedewed with tears, and over whose grave you still go to weep, is there, and says: "Come, my son, and take the water of life freely." That tender mother, that often spoke to you in childhood of Jesus and of heaven, still says: "Come, my daughter, and take the water of life freely." That much-loved sister, now clothed in white, and walking beside the river of salvation, says still: "Come, my brother, and take the water of life freely." That sweet smiling babe stretches out its hands from the world of glory, and speaks and says: "Come, father, mother, come and take the water of life freely." All that church redeemed—that church made up of prophets, apostles, confessors, martyrs—that church that is now amidst the glories of heaven—still says: "Come, there yet is room. Heaven's ample mansions shall furnish other places of rest. There are harps unstrung which your hands may strike. There are eternal fountains where you may drink. There are blest spirits there that will hail your coming, and rejoice in your joy." All heaven invites. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—the one living and one blessed God—says, "Come." The angels, the spirits of just men made perfect, and all your departed pious kindred, all unite in the invitation, and say, "Come, come, and take the water of life freely."

Need I say that this voice of invitation is echoed back in your ears from this world? So speaks to you a pious father, a tender mother, a sister, a friend. So speak the living to you, and so addresses you the remembered voice of the dead. Go walk among the graves. Beneath your feet, in the sacred sweet slumbers of a Christian's death, lies a much-loved mother. How still! How lovely a mother's grave! How the memory delights to go back to the nursery; the fireside; the sick-bed; the anxious care of a mother! How it loves to recall the gentle look; the eye of love; the kiss at night of a mother. She sleeps now in death, but from that grave is it fancy that we

still hear a voice, "My beloved son! my much-loved daughter! Come—come, and take the water of life freely." No. Of all the departed pious dead, of every living Christian, of all holy beings, there is not one who does not invite you to come. There is not one who would not rejoice in seeing *you* clothed in white, and with palms of victory in your hands in heaven. Yes, in their hearts, and in their eternal dwelling-places, there yet is room—room—ample room for all to come.

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#### GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New Jersey, was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on the 27th of May, 1799. At the age of nineteen, he graduated at Union College, and soon after, commenced the study of theology. He officiated, for four years, as assistant minister in Trinity Church, and, in 1824, was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres and Oratory in Washington College, Hartford, Connecticut. This chair he resigned in 1828, and accepted an invitation from Trinity Church, Boston, as an assistant minister. The next year, he was married to Mrs. Eliza Greene Perkins, and, in 1830, was elected the rector of the church in which, for two years, he had officiated as assistant. On the 31st of October, 1832, he was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New Jersey, and the next year became rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, where he now resides.

Besides attending to the arduous duties of his official position, Dr. Doane has interested himself very much in the cause of education, and has labored assiduously to promote its best interests. In 1837, he founded St. Mary's Hall, Burlington—a school for young ladies of a high character; and, in 1846, Burlington College, both of which are highly flourishing.

Dr. Doane has published no large work upon any one subject, and yet his publications have been numerous; consisting mostly of sermons, charges, and literary addresses. In 1824, he published a small volume of poetry, entitled "Songs by the way, chiefly devotional," and, from time to time, occasional pieces of singular beauty. Indeed, throughout all his writings, both prose and poetry, there is seen a

pure taste and a classic finish, that give him a rank among purest writers.

## ON AN OLD WEDDING-RING.

THE DEVICE.—Two hearts united.

THE MOTTO.—Dear love of mine, thy heart is mine.

I like that ring—that ancient ring,  
Of massive form, and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love;  
How youthful fondness persevered,  
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—  
How warmly *he* his suit preferred,  
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,  
Till soften'd and subdued, at last,  
He won his “fair and blooming bride.”—

Now, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—  
How, then, the white-robed maiden train  
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood, in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,  
Which bind the husband to his bride :

All this it tells; the plighted troth—  
The gift of every earthly thing—  
The hand in hand—the heart in heart—  
For this I like that ancient ring.  
I like its old and quaint device;  
“Two blended hearts”—though time may wear them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
“Till death,” shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two the world's rough pathway trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail, mid life's bleak weather,  
Still, hand in hand, they triv'd on—  
Kind souls' they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too :  
 " Mine own dear love, this heart is thine ! "  
 Thine, when the dark storm howls along,  
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
 " This heart is thine, mine own dear love ! "  
 Thine, and thine only, and forever ;  
 Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,  
 Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,  
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
 Of heartfelt, holy love the token :—  
 What varied feelings round it cling ! —  
 For these I like that ancient ring.

## THE WATERS OF MARAH.

By Marah's stream of bitterness  
 When Moses stood and cried,  
 JEHOVAH heard his fervent prayer,  
 And instant help supplied :  
 The prophet sought the precious tree  
 With prompt, obedient feet ;  
 'Twas cast into the fount, and made  
 The bitter waters sweet.

Whene'er affliction o'er thee sheds  
 Its influence malign,  
 Then, sufferer, be the prophet's prayer  
 And prompt obedience, thine,  
 'Tis but a Marah's fount, ordain'd  
 Thy faith in God to prove,  
 And prayer and resignation shall  
 Its bitterness remove.

## WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?

What is that, Mother ? — The lark, my child ! —  
 The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble grassy nest,  
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,  
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,  
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.  
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays  
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother ? — The dove, my son :—  
 And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return :  
    Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,  
        In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother ?—The eagle, boy !—  
Proudly careering his course of joy ;  
Firm, on his own mountain vigor relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
He swerves not his hair, but bears onward, right on.  
    Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
        Outward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother ?—The swan, my love !—  
He is floating down from his native grove ;  
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,  
He is floating down, by himself to die ;  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.  
    Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
        Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Lift not thou the wailing voice,  
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth—  
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,  
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth ;  
High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,  
Full the song of triumph swelleth ;  
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,  
Lift for her no voice of wailing !

Pour not thou the bitter tear ;  
Heaven its book of comfort opeth ;  
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,  
But, as one who alway hopeth,  
Humbly here in faith relying,  
Peacefully in Jesus dying,  
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing—  
Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

**They who die in Christ are bless'd—**  
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !  
**Sweetly with their God they rest,**  
All their toils and troubles leaving :  
So be ours the faith that saveth,  
Hope that every trial braveth,

Love that to the end endureth,  
And, through CHRIST, the crown secureth!

## THOU ART THE WAY.

Thou art the WAY—to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm,  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the WAY—the TRUTH—the LIFE;  
Grant us that WAY to know,  
That TRUTH to keep—that LIFE to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

## LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS, though born in Massachusetts, spent the early portion of her youth in Maine. Being on a visit to her brother, the Rev. Conyers Francis, of Watertown, in the latter part of 1823, she was inspired to write her first work by reading, in a number of the "North American Review," by Rev. Dr. Palfrey, an article on Yamoyden, in which he eloquently describes the adaptation of early New England history to the purposes of fiction: and in less than two months her first work, "Hobomok," appeared—a tale founded upon the early history of New England. It was received with very great favor, for it contains passages of pathos and power which are certainly extraordinary, coming from so young and untried a hand. The next year appeared the "Rebels," a tale of the Revolution. In 1826 she was married to David Lee Child, Esq., a lawyer of Boston, and subsequently the editor of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard." In 1827, she commenced the "Juvenile Miscellany," a monthly magazine for children.

It was an admirable work, and some of Mrs. Child's best pieces are to be found in it. She next issued the "Frugal Housewife," a work on domestic economy, designed for families of limited means, and a most useful book for all. In 1831, appeared "The Mother's Book," full of excellent counsel for training children; and, in 1832, "The Girl's Book." Soon after, she prepared the lives of Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Madame Guyon, and Lady Russell, for the "Ladies' Family Library," which were followed by the "Biography of Good Wives," and "The History of the Condition of Women in all Ages," in two volumes.

The year 1833 is an important era in the history of this accomplished lady, as in it she took her stand, nobly and ably, upon the side of the great anti-slavery movement, and published "An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," a work of great power, and which produced much sensation. In doing this, she acted according to the generous impulses and conscientious convictions of her own pure heart, and high-toned moral principle, instead of being governed by those base motives of interest which rule the actions of too many women as well as men.<sup>1</sup> In 1835, appeared "Philothea," a classical romance of the days of Pericles and Aspasia. This is the most scholarly and elaborate of her productions, and shows an intimate acquaintance with the history and the literature of that age.

In 1841, Mr. and Mrs. Child removed from Boston to New York, and became the editors of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard." It need hardly be said that the paper was conducted with signal ability, as well as faithfulness to the righteous cause. But in this wicked world the righteous cause has never been, and probably never will be, the popular one. In the same year she commenced a series of letters for the "Boston Courier," which were afterwards republished in two volumes, with the title of "Letters from New York;" a pleasant series of descriptions of every-day life in that great city, and abounding with philosophical and thoughtful truth. In 1846, Mrs. Child published a collection of her magazine stories under the title of "Fact and Fiction." Her last work, one of the most elaborate she has undertaken, is entitled "The Progress of Religious Ideas, embracing a view of every form of belief, from the most ancient Hindoo records, to the complete establishment of the Papal Church."

Of Mrs. Child's writings, an English reviewer thus speaks: "Whatever comes to her from without, whether through the eye or the ear,

<sup>1</sup> When this work of Mrs. Child's appeared, Dr. Channing, it is said, was so delighted with it that he at once walked from Boston to Roxbury to see the author, though a stranger to him, and thank her for it.

whether in nature or art, is reflected in her writings with a halo of beauty thrown about it by her own fancy; and thus presented, it appeals to our sympathies and awakens an interest which carves it upon the memory in letters of gold. But she has yet loftier claims to respect than a poetical nature. She is a philosopher, and, better still, a religious philosopher. Every page presents to us scraps of wisdom, not pedantically put forth, as if to attract admiration, but thrown out by the way in seeming unconsciousness, and as part of her ordinary thoughts."

## MARIUS.

Suggested by a painting by Vanderlyn, of Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage.

Pillars are fallen at thy feet,  
Fanæ quiver in the air,  
A prostrate city is thy seat—  
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,  
Though ruin is around thee,  
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,  
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,  
Though friends and fame depart;  
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,  
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And Genius hath electric power,  
Which earth can never tame;  
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—  
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life  
May melt like mist away;  
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,  
Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart  
May be to ruin hurled,  
Like mouldering monuments of art  
Heaped on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,  
Where life hath once been fair;  
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,  
Some Roman lingers there!

## LINES

On hearing a Boy mock the sound of a Clock in a Church-Steeple, as it rung the hour of twelve.

Aye, ring thy shout to the merry hours :  
Well may ye part in glee ;  
From their sunny wings they scatter flowers,  
And, laughing, look on thee.

Thy thrilling voice has started tears :  
It brings to mind the day  
When I chased butterflies and years—  
And both flew fast away.

Then my glad thoughts were few and free ;  
They came but to depart,  
And did not ask where heaven could be—  
'Twas in my little heart.

I since have sought the meteor crown,  
Which fame bestows on men :  
How gladly would I throw it down,  
To be so gay again !

But youthful joy has gone away ;  
In vain 'tis now pursued ;  
Such rainbow glories only stay  
Around the simply good.

I know too much to be as blessed  
As when I was like thee ;  
My spirit, reasoned into rest,  
Has lost its buoyancy.

Yet still I love the winged hours :  
We often part in glee—  
And sometimes, too, are fragrant flowers  
Their farewell gifts to me.

## A STREET SCENE.

The other day, as I came down Broome Street, I saw a street musician playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman's Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and the melancholy to the lively

"trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder; and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected round the organist; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully toward the window, waved their hats, and called out, "More, if you please!" One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute, four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave such a look! "Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered, in tones expressing the deepest emotion: "No, sir, God bless you all; God bless you *all*," (making a courtesy to the young lady, who had stepped back, and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window;) "I will play no more to-day; I will go *home*, now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and, as she walked away, she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her, then, turning toward the now closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed, better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus repress our sympathies, and chill the genial current of nature, by formal observances and restraints?

## UNSELFISHNESS.

I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Everything seemed moving to the vernal tune of

"Brignal banks are fresh and fair,  
And Gretna woods are green."

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl." She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed earnestly, "And he is a nice little boy, too!" It was a simple, child-like act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness! on all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Here lies the secret of universal harmony; this is the diapason which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the hymn of joy it sings, whenever we witness an unselfish deed, or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little one! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry. The sparkling waters swarmed with boats, some of which had taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea, as the prattle of childhood often guides wisdom into the deepest and broadest thought.

#### POLITENESS.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *golden rule* contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but, unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

#### BEAUTY.

Perhaps there is no gift with which mortals are endowed, that brings so much danger as beauty, in proportion to the usefulness and happiness it produces. It is so rare for a belle

to be happy, or even contented, after the season of youth is past, that it is considered almost a miracle. If your daughter is handsome, it is peculiarly necessary that she should not be taught to attach an undue importance to the dangerous gift; and if she is plain, it certainly is not for her happiness to consider it as a misfortune.

It certainly is natural to admire beauty, whether it be in human beings, animals, or flowers; it is a principle implanted within the human mind, and we cannot get rid of it. Beauty is the outward form of goodness; and that is the reason we love it instinctively, without thinking why we love it. The truth is, beauty is really of *some* consequence; but of very small consequence compared with good principles, good feelings, and good understanding. In this manner children ought to hear it spoken of. There should be no *affected* indifference on this or any other subject. If a child say, "Everybody loves Jane Snow—she is so pretty;" I would answer, "Is Jane Snow a good, kind little girl?" I should be pleased with her pretty face, and should want to kiss her, when I first saw her; but if I found she was cross and selfish, I should not love her; and I should not wish to have her about me." In this way the attention will be drawn from the subject of beauty, to the importance of goodness; and there is no affectation in the business—the plain truth is told. We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.

#### OLD AGE.

Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.

How I love the mellow sage,  
Smiling through the veil of age!  
And whene'er this man of years  
In the dance of joy appears,  
Age is on his temples hung,  
But his heart—*his heart is young!*

Here is the great secret of a bright and green old age. When Tithonus asked for an eternal life in the body, and found, to his sorrow, that immortal *youth* was not included in the bargain, it surely was because he forgot to ask the perpetual gift of loving and sympathizing.

Next to this, is an intense affection for nature, and for all simple things. A human heart can never grow old, if it takes

a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the reproduction of flowers, and the changing tints of autumn ferns. Nature, like other friends, has an exhaustless meaning, which one sees and hears more distinctly, the more they are enamored of her. Blessed are they who *hear* it; for through tones come the most inward perceptions of the spirit. Into the ear of the soul which reverently *listens*, Nature whispers, speaks, or *reveals* most heavenly arcana.

And even they who seek her only through science, receive a portion of her own tranquillity and perpetual youth. The happiest old man I ever saw was one who knew how the mason-bee builds his cell, and how every bird lines her nest: who found pleasure in a sea-shore pebble, as boys do in new marbles; and who placed every glittering mineral in a frame of light, under a kaleidoscope of his own construction. The effect was like the imagined riches of fairy land; and when a admiring group of happy young people gathered round it, the heart of the good old man leaped like the heart of a child. The laws of nature, as manifested in her infinitely various operations, were to him a perennial fountain of delight; and to her, he offered the joy to all. Here was no admixture of the bad excitement attendant upon ambition or controversy; but all was serenely happy, as are an angel's thoughts, or an infant's dreams.

Age, in its outward senses, returns again to childhood; and thus should it do spiritually. The little child enters a rich man's house, and loves to play with the things that are new and pretty, but he thinks not of their market value, nor does he pride himself that another child cannot play with the same. The farmer's home will probably delight him more; for he will love living squirrels better than marble greyhounds, and the merry bob-o'-lincoln better than stuffed birds from *Araby* the blest; for *they* cannot sing into his heart. What *he* wants is life and love—the power of giving and receiving joy. To this estimate of things, wisdom returns, after the intuitions of childhood are lost. Virtue is but innocence on a higher plane, to be attained only through severe conflict. Thus life completes its circle; but it is a circle that *rises* while it *revolves*; for the path of spirit is ever spiral, containing *all* of truth and love in each revolution, yet ever tending upward. The virtue which brings us back to innocence, on a higher plane of wisdom, may be the childhood of another state of existence; and through successive conflicts we may again complete the ascending circle, and find it holiness.

The ages, too, are rising spirally; each containing all, yet ever ascending. Hence, all our new things are old, and yet they are new. Some truth known to the ancients meets us on a higher plane, and we do not recognize it, because it is like a child of earth which has passed upward and become an angel. Nothing of true beauty ever passes away. The youth of the world, which Greece embodied in immortal marble, will return in the circling Ages, as innocence comes back in virtue; but it shall return filled with a higher life; and that, too, shall point upward. Thus shall the Arts be glorified. Beethoven's music prophesies all this, and struggles after it continually; therefore, whosoever hears it (with the *inward*, as well as the *outward* ear) feels his soul spread its strong pinions, eager to pass "the flaming bounds of time and space," and circle all the infinite.

## GEORGE BANCROFT.

This distinguished historian was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1800. His father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, was the minister of a congregational church, in that town, for more than half a century, and had a high reputation as a theologian of learning and piety. At the early age of thirteen, Mr. Bancroft entered Harvard College, and graduated in 1817, with the highest honors of his class. His first inclinations were to study theology; but in the following year he went to Germany, and spent two years at Gottingen, in the study of history and philology, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He then visited in succession Berlin, Heidelberg, Italy, France, and London, and returned home, in 1822, one of the most accomplished scholars for his age our country had produced. He was at once appointed tutor of Greek in Harvard College, and those who had the benefit of his instructions remember well his zeal and faithfulness, and varied learning as a teacher. Desirous, however, to introduce into our country the system of education that obtained at the German gymnasia, he established, in conjunction with Joseph G. Cogswell,<sup>1</sup> a school of a high classical character at "Round

<sup>1</sup> Now the learned librarian of the Astor Library, and one of the first bibliographers in our country.

Hill," Northampton, Massachusetts. Here he prepared many admirable Latin text-books for schools, much in advance of anything then used in our country. In 1828, he gave to the public a translation of Heeren's "Histories of the States of Antiquity." Before this he had given some attention to politics, and ranked himself with the Whig party, but he now went over to the Democratic party, and was in the high road to political preferment.

In 1834, Mr. Bancroft published the first volume of "The History of the United States," a work to which he had long devoted his thoughts and researches. The first and two succeeding volumes of the work, comprising the colonial history of the country, were received with great satisfaction by the public, as being in advance of anything that had been written on the subject in brilliancy of style, picturesque sketches of character and incident, compass of erudition, and generally fair reasoning. We must, however, express the doubt whether, for a stern recital of facts, it will be considered as *the history of our country*.

In 1838, Mr. Bancroft received from President Van Buren the appointment of Collector of the Port of Boston, which situation he retained till 1841. During this time he was busily engaged upon the third volume of his history, which was published in 1842. In 1844 he was the "Democratic" candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was unsuccessful. In the fall of that year, Mr. Polk was elected President, who, early the next year, appointed him Secretary of the Navy. In 1846, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and there represented the United States until succeeded by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in 1849. On his return, this year, to his country, he made New York his place of residence, and resumed more actively the prosecution of his historical labors. The fourth volume of his history, which appeared in 1852, includes the opening scenes of the great drama of American Independence: the fifth and sixth volumes were published in 1854, and fully sustain the character of the previous portions of the work.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I regret that Mr. Bancroft, in the third edition of his history, after he had entered upon the line of political preferment, should not pass from the calm dignity of history, and introduce six new pages, introductory to the colonization of Virginia, apologetical of slavery.

## CHARACTER OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

While the state was thus connecting by the closest bonds the energy of its faith with its form of government, there appeared in its midst one of those clear minds which sometimes bless the world by their power of receiving moral truth in its purest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, "a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious" gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a Puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding; in the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would blot from the statute-book the felony of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle; the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards, those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects, he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines; and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the

sanctity of conscience was the great tenet which, with all consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system on which Massachusetts was founded; and gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prone as he was to concede everything which honesty permitted, he always asserted his belief with temperate firmness and unceasing benevolence.

#### THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

The nobler instincts of humanity are the same in every age and in every breast. The exalted hopes that have dignified former generations of men will be renewed as long as the human heart shall throb. The visions of Plato are but review in the dreams of Sir Thomas More. A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family: and every heart contains an incorruptible seed, capable of springing up and producing all that man can know of God, and duty, and the soul. An inward voice, uncreated by schools, independent of refinement, opens to the unlettered mind, not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway into the enfranchisements of immortal truth. This is the faith of the people called Quakers. Their rise is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birth-right. To the masses in that age, all reflection on politics and morals presented itself under a theological form. The Quaker doctrine is philosophy, summoned from the cloister, the college and the saloon, and planted among the most despised of all people. As poetry is older than critics, so philosophy is older than metaphysicians. The mysterious question of the purpose of our being is always before us and within us: and the little child, as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning cannot solve. The method of the solution adopted by the Quakers was the natural consequence of the origin of the sect. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity: and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word—The Inner Light, the voice of God in the soul. That light is a reality, and therefore in its freedom the highest revelation of truth: it is kindred

with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue: it shines in every man's breast, and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement—these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history.

#### CHIVALRY AND PURITANISM.

Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans of liberty. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

#### THE POSITION OF THE PURITANS.

To the colonists the maintenance of their religious unity seemed essential to their cordial resistance to English attempts at oppression. And why, said they, should we not insist upon this union? We have come to the outside of the world for the privilege of living by ourselves; why should we open our asylum to those in whom we can repose no confidence? The world cannot call this persecution. We have been banished to the wilderness; is it an injustice to exclude our oppressors,

and those whom we dread as their allies, from the place which is to shelter us from their intolerance? Is it a great cruelty to expel from our abode the enemies of our peace, or even the doubtful friend? Will any man complain at being driven from among banished men, with whom he has no fellowship; of being refused admittance to a gloomy place of exile? The wide continent of America invited colonization; they claimed their own narrow domains for "the brethren." Their religion was their life: they welcomed none but its adherents; they could not tolerate the scoffer, the infidel, or the dissenter; and the presence of the whole people was required in their congregation. Such was the system inflexibly established and regarded as the only adequate guarantee of the rising liberties of Massachusetts.

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GEORGE P. MORRIS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, "to whom the common voice of the country has given the title of THE SONG-WRITER OF AMERICA," was born in the city of New York, in 1802. He early commenced his literary career, and in 1822 became the editor of "The New York Mirror," which remained under his control till 1843, when pecuniary difficulties, occasioned by the storm of financial embarrassment which had but shortly before passed over the country, compelled him to relinquish its publication. During this long period, this periodical was very ably conducted, and became the vehicle of introduction to the public of some of the best writers in the country. In 1844, he established "The New Mirror," in conjunction with his friend N. P. Willis, which was soon after changed into "The Evening Mirror." This, after being continued a year as a daily paper, with great spirit and taste, was sold out, and in November, 1846, these two gifted authors started a weekly paper, called "The Home Journal," which has been continued from year to year with increasing popularity—a popularity richly deserved from the taste, elegance, and enterprise with which it is conducted.

General Morris (for so he is generally called, as holding the rank of brigadier-general) has published the following works: "The Deserted Bride, and other Poems," 1843; "The Whip-poor-will, a Poem;" "American Melodies;" two or three Dramas; and in conjunction with his friend Willis, an admirable book entitled "The Prose and Poetry

of Europe and America." But it is as a writer of Songs, which exert so wide an influence upon national character and manners, and of a few short pieces which, by their elevated moral sentiment and touching pathos, go right to the heart, that Mr. Morris (for we love better the plain citizen's title) will hold an enduring place in American literature.'

## LIFE IN THE WEST.

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—  
 Merry and brief will the narrative be:  
 Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—  
 Master am I, boys, of all that I see.  
 Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling—  
 The meadow and moorland are marshes no more,  
 And there curlis the smoke of my cottage, beguiling  
 The children who cluster like grapes at the door.  
 Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest,  
 The land of the heart is the land of the west.  
 Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,  
 Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free;  
 Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,  
 Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.  
 A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;  
 With proud independence we season our cheer,  
 And those who the world are for happiness ranging  
 Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.

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"General Morris's fame as 'The Song-writer of America' belongs to two hemispheres, and is greater now than it has ever been before. 'You ask me,' says a recent letter from an English gentleman, now representing in the House of Commons one of the most ancient of the English boroughs, 'whether I have seen Gen. Morris's last song, 'Jenny Marsh of Cherry Valley.' You can hardly know, when you put such a question, the place he has built himself in the hearts of all classes here. His many songs and ballads are household words in every home in England, and have a dear old chair by every circle in which kindly friends are gathered; and parents smile with pleasure to see brothers and sisters join their voices in the evening song, and twine closer those loving chords—the tenderest of the human heart. It is no mean reward to feel that the child of one's brain has a chair in such circles, and that the love for the child passes in hundreds of hearts into love for its unseen parent. After all, what are all the throat-warblings in the world to one such heart-song as 'My Mother's Bible?' It possesses the true test of genius, touching with sympathy the human heart, equally in the palace and the cottage."

For a most beautifully written critical essay upon Mr. Morris's genius and poems, read "Literary Criticisms and other Papers, by the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esq., of Philadelphia"—a volume which does the highest credit to the author as himself a man of true taste, correct judgment, and finished scholarship.

Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;  
 I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the west.  
 Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,  
 We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own ;  
 We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,  
 And care not a fig for the king on his throne.  
 We never know want, for we live by our labor,  
 And in it contentment and happiness find ;  
 We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,  
 And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.  
 Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;  
 You know how we live, boys, and die in the west !  
 Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

## I LOVE THE NIGHT.

I love the night when the moon streams bright  
 On flowers that drink the dew,  
 When cascades shout as the stars peep out,  
 From boundless fields of blue ;  
 But dearer far than moon or star,  
 Or flowers of gaudy hue,  
 Or murmuring trills of mountain rills,  
 I love, I love, love—you !

I love to stray at the close of day,  
 Through groves of linden trees,  
 When gushing notes from song-birds' throats,  
 Are vocal in the breeze.  
 I love the night—the glorious night !  
 When hearts beat warm and true ;  
 But far above the night I love,  
 I love, I love, love—you !

## UP WITH THE SIGNAL.

*Up, up with the signal ! The land is in sight !*  
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !  
 The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've passed,  
 And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.  
 In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,  
 To soothe us in absence of those left behind.  
 Land !—land-ho ! All hearts glow with joy at the sight !  
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !

*The signal is waving ! Till morn we'll remain,*  
 Then part in the hope to meet one day again

Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,  
 The holiest spot on the face of the earth !  
 Dear country ! our thoughts are as constant to thee  
 As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.  
 Ho !—land-ho ! We near it—we bound at the sight.  
 Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !

*The signal is answer'd !* The foam-sparkles rise  
 Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes !  
 May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care  
 Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair !  
 One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells,  
 To woman—God bless her !—wherever she dwells !  
 THE PILOT'S ON BOARD !—and, thank Heaven, all's right !  
 So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.<sup>1</sup>

Woodman, spare that tree !  
 Touch not a single bough  
 In youth it shelter'd me,  
 And I'll protect it now.  
 'Twas my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his cot ;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea,  
 And wouldest thou hew it down ?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke !  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;  
 Oh spare that aged oak,  
 Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy,  
 I sought its grateful shade ;  
 In all their gushing joy,  
 Here too my sisters play'd.  
 My mother kiss'd me here ;  
 My father press'd my hand—  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
 But let that old oak stand !

<sup>1</sup> "After I had sung the noble ballad of *Woodman, spare that tree*, at Boulogne," says Mr. Henry Russell, the vocalist, "an old gentleman, among the audience, who was greatly moved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell; but was the tree really spared?' 'It was,' said I. 'I am very glad to hear it,' said he, as he took his seat amidst the unanimous applause of the whole assembly. I never saw such excitement in a concert-room."

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now!  
Tears will unbidden start—  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree:  
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;  
She, dying, gave it me.  
  
Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear,  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!  
  
My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who lean'd God's word to hear!  
Her angel face—I see it yet!  
What thronging memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home!  
  
Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried;  
Where all were false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasure give  
That could this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

## LEONARD BACON.

REV. LEONARD BACON, D. D.,<sup>1</sup> was born in Detroit, Michigan, on the 19th of February, 1802. His father was, for several years, a missionary to the Indians, and in the new settlements, sent by the Missionary Society of Connecticut. He died in 1817, leaving three sons and four daughters. At the age of ten, Dr. Bacon was sent to Hartford, to prepare for college, and in the fall of 1817 he entered the sophomore class in Yale College, where he so distinguished himself as a scholar and writer, that a high position was predicted for him in the profession he had chosen, that of the ministry. In the autumn of 1820, he entered the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, where he prosecuted his studies for four years. Soon after leaving Andover, he was invited by the First Congregational Church of New Haven, whose building is known by the name of the "Centre Church," to preach to them; and over this church he was ordained pastor in March, 1825, when he was but twenty-three years of age; and at this important post he has remained ever since.

Though Dr. Bacon's life has been a quiet one, and barren of incident, he has filled a large space in the eye of the Christian public, especially of the Congregational Church in New England; and the high estimation in which he is there held is evident from the frequency with which he is invited to deliver addresses before literary societies or sermons at ordinations. As has been well said, he embodies to a remarkable degree the distinctive features of New England character and New England theology, having the New England self-reliance, energy, and adaptation. He turns his hand, or rather his head, to a variety of topics, and is successful in all. He has the New England firmness and compactness of mental structure, while susceptible of the highest polish. If a congress of representative men were to assemble in London, New England might well send Leonard Bacon of New Haven.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller account of this distinguished clergyman, read "Fowler's American Pulpit"—an excellent work.

<sup>2</sup> The following are Dr. Bacon's chief published works: "Select Practical Writings of Richard Baxter, with a Life of the Author," 2 vols. 8vo., New Haven, 1831; "Manual for Young Church Members," 18mo., New Haven, 1833. This is an exposition of the principles of Congregational Church order. "Thirteen Historical Discourses on the Completion of Two Hundred Years, from the beginning of the First Church in New Haven," 8vo., New Haven, 1839. Besides these volumes, about twenty-five of his sermons and addresses

JOHN DAVENPORT'S<sup>1</sup> INFLUENCE UPON NEW HAVEN.

If we of this city<sup>2</sup> enjoy, in this respect, any peculiar privileges—if it is a privilege that any poor man here, with ordinary health in his family, and the ordinary blessing of God upon his industry, may give to his son, without sending him away from home, the best education which the country affords—if it is a privilege to us to live in a city in which learning, sound and thorough education, is, equally with commerce and the mechanic arts, a great public interest—if it is a privilege to us to record among our fellow-citizens some of the brightest names in the learning and science, not of our country only, but of the age, and to be conversant with such men, and subject to their constant influence in the various relations of society—if it is a privilege that our young mechanics, in their associations, can receive instruction in popular lectures from the most accomplished teachers!—if, in a word, there is any

have been published, delivered on various public occasions, such as ordinations, meetings of temperance societies, literary societies, &c., among which are the Phi Beta Kappa at Yale and at Harvard. His first contribution to the "Christian Spectator," on "The Peculiar Characteristics of the Benevolent Spirit of our Age," was in March, 1822, when he was a student at Andover; and for every year down to 1838, there was scarcely a number of that celebrated magazine that was not enriched by his pen. To the "New Engander," also, since its commencement in 1843, he has been a constant contributor, and all his papers are marked with an ability, earnestness, and directness that make them among the most readable articles of that able review.

This holy and fearless man of God was not afraid of "preaching politics," nor of counselling his people to give succor to the fugitive from tyranny and oppression. Among those who signed the death-warrant of Charles I., found guilty of treason against his people, were Edward Whalley and William Goffe. On the Restoration they fled to this country, and came first to Boston and then to New Haven. On the Sunday after they arrived at the latter place, Mr. Davenport, knowing that they would be pursued by the king's officers, boldly went into the pulpit, and instructed his people in their duties in the matter, from the following text—a text which was of itself a sermon for the occasion. "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth; let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." —ISAIAH xvi. 3, 4.

<sup>1</sup> New Haven.

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to the munificence of James Brewster, Esq., of New Haven, whose heart to do good equals his means of doing it—a rare union in men of wealth. He founded with his own means an institute for popular instruction comprising a lecture room of five dimensions, a chemical laboratory, a meteorological cabinet, and a collection of well scientifically arranged—all designed for the intellectual and moral improvement of the mechanics of the place.

privilege in having our home at one of the fountains of light for this vast confederacy—the privilege may be traced to the influence of John Davenport, to the peculiar character which he, more than any other man, gave to this community in its very beginning. Every one of us is daily enjoying the effects of his wisdom and public spirit. Thus he is to-day our benefactor; and thus he is to be the benefactor of our posterity through ages to come. How aptly might that beautiful apostrophe of one of our poets have been addressed to him:—

“The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven’s immortal bowers.”

## NEW ENGLAND.

What then do we claim for the Pilgrims of Plymouth—what for the stern old Puritans of the Bay and of Connecticut—what for the founders of New Haven? Nothing, but that you look with candor on what they have done for their posterity and for the world. Their labors, their principles, their institutions, have made New England, with its hard soil and its cold long winters, “the glory of all lands.” The thousand towns and villages—the decent sanctuaries not for show but for use, crowning the hill-tops, or peering out from the valleys—the means of education accessible to every family—the universal diffusion of knowledge—the order and thrift, the general activity and enterprise, the unparalleled equality in the distribution of property, the general happiness resulting from the diffusion of education and of pure religious doctrine—the safety in which more than half the population sleep nightly with unbolted doors—the calm, holy Sabbaths, when mute nature in the general silence becomes vocal with praise, when the whisper of the breeze seems more distinct, the distant waterfall louder and more musical, the carol of the morning birds clearer and sweeter—this is New England; and where will you find the like, save where you find the operation of New England principles and New England influence? This is the work of our fathers and ancient lawgivers. They came hither, not with new theories of government from the labora-

tories of political alchymists; not to try wild experiments upon human nature, but only to found a new empire for God, for truth, for virtue, for freedom guarded and bounded by justice. To have failed in such an attempt had been glorious. Their glory is that they succeeded.

## THE PRESENT AGE.

The present age is eminently an age of progress, and therefore of excitement and change. It is an age in which the great art of printing is beginning to manifest its energy in the diffusion of knowledge and the excitement of bold inquiry; and therefore it is an age when all opinions walk abroad in quest of proselytes. It is an age of liberty, and therefore of the perils incidental to liberty. It is an age of peace and enterprise, and therefore of prosperity, and of all the perils incidental to prosperity. It is an age of great plans and high endeavors for the promotion of human happiness; and therefore it is an age in which daring but ill-balanced minds are moved to attempt impracticable things, or to aim at practicable ends by impracticable measures. If we could exorcise the spirit that moves men to do good by associated effort on the grandest scale, perhaps we might be rid of some few ill-concerted enterprises that importune us for co-operation. If we had war instead of peace, and robbery instead of commerce, we should soon be rid of the evils attendant on national prosperity and this vast accumulation of the outward means of human happiness. If our liberty were abolished, our free schools, our equal rights, our elective government, we should be rid of the perils of this constant political agitation. If the universal circulation of books and newspapers were taken away, and the waking up of mind in all directions were quieted, if all religious worship and instruction were regulated by the sovereign and made to conform to one standard, if intellectual culture and general knowledge could be confined to the "better classes," and they would be content to take everything by tradition; we might have a very tranquil state of things—all calm as the sea of Sodom. But so long as we have liberty, civil, intellectual, and religious; so long as we have enterprise and prosperity; so long as the public heart is warm with solicitude for human happiness; so long we must make up our minds to encounter something of error and extravagance; and our duty is not to complain or despair, but to be thankful that

we live in times so auspicious, and to do what we can in patience and love, to guide the erring and check the extravagant.

When the car rushes with swift motion, he who looks only downward upon the track, to catch if he can some glimpses of the glowing wheel, or to watch the rocks by the wayside, that seem whirling from their places, soon grows sick and faint. Look up, man! Look abroad! The earth is not dissolved, not yet dissolving. Look on the tranquil heavens, and the blue mountains. Look on all that fills the range of vision—the bright, glad river, the smooth meadow, the village spire with the clustering homes around it, and yonder lonely, quiet farmhouse, far up among the hills. You are safe; all is safe; and the power that carries you is neither earthquake nor tempest, but a power than which the gentlest palfrey that ever bore a timid maiden, is not more obedient to the will that guides it.

What age, since the country was planted, has been more favorable to happiness or to virtue than the present? Would you rather have lived in the age of the revolution? If in this age you are frightened, in that age you would have died with terror. Would you rather have lived in the age of the old French wars, when religious enthusiasm and religious contention ran so high, that ruin seemed impending? How would your sensibilities have been tortured in such an age! Would you rather have lived in those earlier times, when the savage still built his wigwam in the woody valleys, and the wolf prowled on our hills? Those days, so Arcadian to your fancy, were days of darkness and tribulation. The "temptations in the wilderness" were as real and as terrible as any which your virtue is called to encounter.

The scheme of Divine Providence is one, from the beginning to the end, and is ever in progressive development. Every succeeding age helps to unfold the mighty plan. There are, indeed, times of darkness; but even then it is light to faith, and lighter to the eye of God; and even then there is progress, though to sense and fear all motion seems retrograde. To despond now, is not cowardice merely, but atheism; for now, as the world in its swift progress brings us nearer and nearer to the latter day, faith, instructed by the signs of the times, and looking up in devotion, sees on the blushing sky the promise of the morning.

## CHRISTIANITY IN HISTORY.

The more we study Christ and the influence of Christianity in history, the deeper, also, and more cheering will be our conviction that Christianity, as one of the forces that control the progress of nations and of the human race, has never demonstrated all its efficacy. In the ages past, the various and complicated moral forces that move the world have been in opposition to its influence, or have acted to corrupt it. Its mission in the world is to work itself free from the corruptions that have soiled its purity and impaired its efficacy, and iningling itself with all that acts on human character—literature, art, philosophy, education, law, statesmanship, commerce—to bring all things into subordination to itself, and to sway all the complicated elements of power for the renovation of the world.

We, brethren in the commonwealth of letters, all of us, from the most gifted to the humblest, are workers in history. Christianity, if we are true to our position and our nurture, is working through us upon the destinies of our country and of our race. Not the missionary only who goes forth, in the calm glow of apostolic zeal, to labor and to die in barbarous lands for the extension of Christ's empire—not the theologian only who devotes himself to the learned investigation and the scientific exposition of the Christian faith—not the preacher and the pastor only—but all who act in any manner, or in any measure, on the character and moral destiny of their fellow-men, are privileged to be the organs and the functionaries of Christianity. The senator, whose fearless voice and vote turn back from the yet uncontaminated soil of his country the polluting and blighting barbarism of slavery, and consecrate that soil eternally to freedom—the patriot statesman, who, in defiance of the *ardor civium prava jubentium*, lifts up his voice like a prophet's cry against the barbarous and pagan policy of war and conquest—the jurist, who, like Granville Sharp, by long and patient years of toil, forces the law to recognize at last some disregarded principle of justice—the teacher, the author, the artist, the physician, and the man of business, who, in their various places of duty and of influence, are serving their generation under the influence of Christian principles—these all are in their several functions the anointed ministers of Christianity, "kings and priests to God."

In the all-embracing scheme of the eternal Providence, no act, or effort, or aspiration of goodness shall be in vain. No rain-drop mingles with the ocean, or falls upon the desert sand, no particle of dew moistens the loneliest and baldest cliff, but God sees it and saves it for the uses of his own beneficence. The vanished aspirations of the youth who fell and was forgotten—whose early promise sparkled for a moment and exhaled—are not wholly lost ; he has not lived nor died in vain.

Let these thoughts cheer us as we labor, and bear us up in our discouragements.

“ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

“ Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”

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#### RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, one of the most original writers in our country, was born in Boston in the year 1803, and graduated at Harvard College in 1821. On leaving college, he devoted his time to theological studies, and was settled as pastor of the second Unitarian church in his native city. But his views respecting some of the Christian ordinances undergoing a change, he gave up the ministry, and retired to the quiet village of Concord, Mass., devoting himself to his favorite studies—the nature of man and his relations to the universe.

The following are Mr. Emerson's chief publications : “ Man Thinking,” an oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1837; “ Literary Ethics,” an oration; and “ Nature—an Essay,” in 1838; “ The Dial,” a magazine of literature, philosophy, and history, which he commenced in 1840, and continued for four years; “ The Method of Nature,” “ Man the Reformer,” three lectures on the times, and the first series of his essays, in 1841; a volume of poems, in 1846, and the lectures, delivered during his visit to England in 1849, which form the volume called “ Representative Men.”

Such are Mr. Emerson's principal writings. As an author he never can be popular, for he is too abstruse and too metaphysical, and has too little of human sympathy to reach the heart; while he is at times so quaint or so obscure, that one is no little puzzled to find out his exact meaning.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occu-

<sup>1</sup> An English critic thus speaks of him. "Mr. Emerson possesses so many characteristics of genius that his want of universality is the more to be regretted; the leading feature of his mind is intensity; he is deficient in heart sympathy. Full to overflowing with intellectual appreciation, he is incapable of that embracing reception of impulses which gives to Byron so large a measure of influence and fame. Emerson is elevated, but not expansive; his flight is high, but not extensive. He has a magnificent vein of the purest gold, but it is not a mine. To vary our illustration somewhat, he is not a world, but a district; a lofty and commanding eminence we admit, but only a very small portion of the true poet's universe. What, however, he has done is permanent, and America will always in after times be proud of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and consider him one of her noblest sons."

pation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

#### TRAVELLING.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean, and follow the past and the distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need

we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

## SELF-RELIANCE.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspere? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspere will never be made by the study of Shakspere. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-eleven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice: for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

## GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!

Good bye, proud world! I'm going home:  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean's brine.

Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
To supple Office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and hastening feet;  
To those who go, and those who come;  
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;  
Where arches green, the live-long day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet!

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RUFUS DAWES.

RUFUS DAWES was born in Boston, on the 26th of January, 1803. His father, Thomas Dawes, was a member of the State Convention, called to ratify the Constitution,<sup>1</sup> and was for many years one of the

<sup>1</sup> It is well known that, in many of the conventions called to ratify the Constitution, strong objections were made against it, because it did not contain a distinct clause for the abolition of slavery. To meet this objection, Judge Dawes referred to Article 1, Section IX., Clause (1)—"The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to 1808." From this he went to show that by "importation" was intended the foreign slave trade, and by "migration" the domestic slave trade, and that slavery thus restricted could not live. He closed his speech with these words: "We may say, therefore, that although slavery is not smitten by an apoplexy, yet it has received a mortal wound, and will die of consumption." Judge Wilson, in the Pennsylvania Convention, and others, took the same ground; and

Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, distinguished by learning, eloquence, wit,<sup>1</sup> and spotless integrity. Our poet left Harvard College in 1820. On leaving it, he entered the office of William Sullivan as a law student, and after completing his studies was admitted a member of the Suffolk County bar. The profession however, was not congenial to his feelings, and he has never pursued practice. Early in 1828, he published a prospectus of "The Essex and Baltimore Literary Gazette," of which he was to be the editor; and on the 29th of March, of that year, appeared the first number. In 1829, he was married to a daughter of Chief Justice Cranch, of Washington. In 1830, he published "The Valley of the Nachaney, & other Poems;" and in 1839, "Athenia of Damascus," "Geraldine" and his miscellaneous poetical writings. In the winter of 1844 he delivered a course of literary lectures in New York, before the American Institute.

## SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;  
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;  
Then she mounts again, and round her flings  
A shower of light from her crimson wings ;  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,  
Where bowering elms over waters meet ;  
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,  
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,

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no one who reads carefully the history of the times can doubt that not a great and leading man of the Revolution, but the mass of the people looked forward to a speedy extinction of this crime and curse.

<sup>1</sup> He was remarkable for his quickness of repartee. He was very short stature, and one day standing in State Street, Boston, with six very tall men among whom were Garrison Gray Otis and Josiah Quincy, Mr. Otis said to "Judge Drane, how do you bear looking down on him at the same time to signify unity?" when in the company of such great men as we?" "Just a four-pence half penny" among six cents, was his prompt reply.

\* The New England "four-pence half penny" is the York "expence," or the Pennsylvania "fp."



When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,  
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky  
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,  
And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold  
She paints a border of purple and gold,  
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,  
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;  
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream  
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;  
Then wheeling her flight through the gladden'd air,  
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

#### SUNRISE, FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing hours have chased away the night,  
Plucking the stars out from her diadem :—  
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,  
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,  
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.  
And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain  
Of borrow'd beauty, how she yields her charms,  
And, pale with envy, steals herself away!  
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,  
Attendant on the day : the mountain tops  
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below  
Send up a welcoming : no song of birds,  
Warbling to charm the air with melody,  
Floats on the frosty breeze ; yet Nature hath  
The very soul of music in her looks !  
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,  
Temple of Nature ! and look down with awe  
On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen ;  
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,  
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued ;  
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise  
Unrifled to the Thunderer : now they seem  
A family of mountains, clustering round  
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching  
To meet the partial glances of the day.  
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,  
Mellow'd by distance, with the blue sky blending,  
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up ! away the shadows fling  
From the broad hills ; and, hurrying to the West,  
Sport in the sunshine till they die away.

The many beauteous mountain streams leap down,  
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light  
Dances along with their perennial flow.  
And there is beauty in you river's path,  
The glad Connecticut! I know her well,  
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms :  
At times she loiters by a ridge of hills,  
Sportfully hiding ; then again with glee,  
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place,  
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,  
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes, and woods,  
And all that hold the faculty entranced,  
Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,  
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,  
A Presence that forbids to break the spell,  
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.  
But I must drink the vision while it lasts ;  
For even now the curling vapors rise,  
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace  
These towering summits—bidding me away :  
But often shall my heart turn back again,  
Thou glorious eminence ! and when oppress'd,  
And aching with the coldness of the world,  
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

## TO AN INFANT SLEEPING IN A GARDEN.

Sleep on, sweet babe ! the flowers that wake  
Around thee are not half so fair;  
Thy dimpling smiles unconscious break,  
Like sunlight on the vernal air.

Sleep on ! no dreams of care are thine,  
No anxious thoughts that may not rest ;  
For angel arms around thee twine,  
To make thy infant slumbers bleas'd.

Perchance her spirit hovers near,  
Whose name thy infant beauty bears,  
To guard thine eyelids from the tear  
That every child of sorrow shares.

Oh ! may thy life like hers endure,  
Unsullied to its spotless close :  
And bend to earth as calm and pure  
As ever bowed the summer rose.

## GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

THIS distinguished author as well as eloquent divine was born in New York, on the 18th of March, 1805. He is the only son of Mr. Divie Bethune, a native of Ross-shire, Scotland; who, for many years, was an eminent merchant in New York—eminent not only for business qualifications, but for an intelligent, ever-active piety, that made him the first, or among the first, in every religious charitable movement.<sup>1</sup>

He prepared for college under private tutorship, and in 1819 entered Columbia College. After being here three years, he entered the senior class of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penna., where his brother-in-law, the Rev. George Duffield, had been for some years settled as the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that place. During that year (1822), a remarkable revival of religion took place in Dickinson College, of which he was a subject, and he, therefore, resolved to devote his life to the Christian ministry.<sup>2</sup> After graduating, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and, in 1827, was ordained by the Second Presbytery of New York, and settled over the Reformed Dutch Church, Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New York. In 1830, he was settled at Utica, over the new Reformed Dutch Church, which he gathered and built up; and in 1834, he was called to the First Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. After laboring in this field two years, a number of his friends and admirers in that city determined to build a new house of worship for him; and, accordingly, in 1837, he was settled over the Third Reformed Dutch Church, worshipping

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bethune's mother, Mrs. Joanna Bethune, was the daughter of the celebrated Isabella Graham, and inherited much of her mother's earnest philanthropy. She was very active in founding the Widow's Society and Orphans' Asylum in New York, and was among the first in laying the foundation of many benevolent institutions, such as the Sunday School, the Society for the Promotion of Industry, &c. &c.

<sup>2</sup> Another subject of that revival was the late distinguished Erskine Mason, D.D., for twenty-one years pastor of the Bleeker Street Church, who died May 14, 1851. His sermons were distinguished for great compactness of thought, and severe logical arrangement, united to a fervid and often impassioned eloquence, that made him one of the first, if not *the* first preacher in New York. An octavo volume of his sermons, entitled "The Pastor's Legacy," has been published since his death, prefixed to which is an excellent memoir, by Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D. Read also a very discriminating and beautifully written article on his character, by the late Rev. R. S. Storrs Dickinson, for two years Assistant Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, whose early death was a great loss to the Christian church.

at the corner of Tenth and Filbert Streets. Here he remained two years, when he left to take charge of the Reformed Dutch Church on Brooklyn Heights, New York, where he now resides.

From his varied learning, as well as for his power as a writer and orator, Dr. Bethune has received many invitations to posts of honor and trust. The chair of Moral Philosophy at West Point was offered to him by President Polk; he was elected Chancellor of the University of New York, to succeed Mr. Frelinghuysen; and was invited by a unanimous vote of the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History & Pastoral Theology in their Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey; but he declined all these honors, feeling it to be his duty to remain in the pulpit as the pastor of a people who are devotedly attached to him.

The following are Dr. Bethune's chief publications: "The Free Spirit," a volume of Christian ethical essays, published in 1837; "Early Lost Early Saved," on the death and salvation of man, 1846; a volume of "Sermons," 1847; "History of a Penitent, or Letters to an Enquirer," 1847; an edition of "Walton's Angler," with copious literary and bibliographical notes, 1848; "Lays of Love and Famine, with other Fugitive Poems," 1848; "The British Female Poets," a biographical and critical notices, 1848.

For twenty years Dr. Bethune has been continually invited to deliver orations and lectures at various colleges, and before societies in different parts of the Union. A few of these he has accepted, and the following orations and lectures have been published: 1837, "The Genius," delivered at Union College; 1839, "Leisure, its Uses and Abuses," a lecture before the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia; 1840, "The Age of Pericles," before the Athenian Institute, Philadelphia; 1840, an oration before the literary societies of the University of Pennsylvania; and the "Prospects of Art in the United States," before the Artists' Fund Society, Philadelphia; 1842, "The Eloquence of the Pulpit," at Andover Theological Seminary; and "The Duties of Educated Men," at Dickinson College; 1845, "Discourse on the Death of Andrew Jackson," Philadelphia; and "A Plea for Study," at Yale College; 1849, "The Claims of our Country on its Literary Men," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College.

The writings of this eloquent Christian scholar are all so rich and instructive, that it is difficult to make selections; but the following, I believe, will give some idea of his power, eloquence, and classic grace of style.

## THE NEW ENGLANDER.

We all claim a common history, and, whatever be our immediate parentage, are proud to own ourselves the grateful children of the mighty men who declared our country's independence, framed the bond of our Union, and bought with their sacred blood the liberties we enjoy. Nor is it an insincere compliment to assert, that, go where you will, New England is represented by the shrewdest, the most enlightened, the most successful, and the most religious of our young population. Nearly all our teachers, with the authors of our school-books, and a very large proportion of our preachers, as well as of our editors (the classes which have the greatest control over the growing character of our youth), come from, or receive their education in New England. Wherever the New Englander goes, he carries New England with him. New England is his boast, his standard of perfection, and "So they do in New England!" his confident answer to all objectors. Great as is our reverence for those venerable men, he rather wearies us with his inexhaustible eulogy on the Pilgrim Fathers, who, he seems to think, have begotten the whole United States. Nay, enlarging upon the somewhat complacent notion of his ancestors, that God designed for them, "*his chosen people*," this Canaan of the aboriginal heathen, he looks upon the continent as his rightful heritage, and upon the rest of us as Hittites, Jebusites, or people of a like termination, whom he is commissioned to root out, acquiring our money, squatting on our wild lands, monopolizing our votes, and marrying our heiresses. Whence, or how justly, he derived his popular *sobriquet*, passes the guess of an antiquary; but certain it is, that, if he meets with a David, the son of Jesse has often to take up the lament in a different sense from the original—"I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan!" Better still, his sisters, nieces, female cousins, flock on various honorable pretexts to visit him amidst his new possessions, where they own with no Sabine reluctance the constraining ardor of our unsophisticated chivalry; and happy is the household over which a New England wife presides! blessed the child whose cradle is rocked by the hand, whose slumber is hallowed by the prayers of a New England mother! The order of the Roman policy is reversed. He conquered, and then inhabited; the New Englander inhabits, then gains the mastery, not by force

of arms, but by mother-wit, steadiness, and thrift. That there should be, among us of the other races, a little occasional petulance, is not to be wondered at; but it is only superficial. The New Englander goes forth not as a spy or an enemy, and the gifts which he carries excite gratitude, not fear. He soon becomes identified with his neighbors, their interests are soon his, and the benefits of his enterprising cleverness swell the advantage of the community where he has planted himself, thus tending to produce a moral homogeneousness throughout the confederacy. Yet let it be remembered that this New England influence, diffusing itself, like noiseless but transforming leaven, through the recent and future States, while it makes them precious as allies, would also make them formidable as rivals, terrible as enemies. The New Englander loses little of his main characteristics by migration. He is as shrewd, though not necessarily as economical a calculator in the valley of the Mississippi, as his brethren in the East, and as brave as his fathers were at Lexington or Charlestown. It were the height of suicidal folly for the people of the maritime States to attempt holding as subjects or tributaries, directly or indirectly, the people between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains; but those who have not travelled among our prairie and forest settlements can have only a faint idea of the filial reverence, the deferential respect, the yearning love, with which they turn to the land where their fathers sleep, and to you who guard their sepulchres. The soul knows nothing of distance; and, in their twilight musings, they can scarcely tell which is dearer to their hearts—the home of the kindred they have left behind them, or the home they have won for their offspring.

*Phi Beta Kappa Oration.*

#### OUR COUNTRY.

What has God done, what is He doing, what is He about to do, in this land? He has set it far away to the west, and made it so circumstantially independent, that, if all the rest of the habitable earth were sunk, we should feel no serious curtailment of our comforts. The products of the whole world are, or may soon be, found within our confederate limits. He brought here first the sternest, most religious, most determined representatives of Europe's best blood, best faith, best intellect; men, ay, and women (it is the mother makes the child), who, because they feared God, feared no created power—who,

bowing before His absolute sovereignty, would kneel to no lord spiritual or temporal on earth—and who, believing the Bible true, demanded its sanction for all law. To your Pilgrim Fathers, the highest place may well be accorded; but forget not that, about the time of their landing on the Rock, there came to the mouth of the Hudson men of kindred faith and descent—men equally loving freedom—men from the sea-washed cradle of modern constitutional freedom, whose union of free burgher-cities taught us the lesson of confederate independent sovereignties, whose sires were as free, long centuries before *Magna Charta*, as the English are now, and from whose line of republican princes Britain received the boon of religious toleration, a privilege the States-General had recognized as a primary article of their government when first established; men of that stock, which, when offered their choice of favors from a grateful monarch, asked a University;<sup>1</sup> men whose martyrs had baptized their land with their blood; men who had flooded it with ocean-waves rather than yield it to a bigottyrant; men, whose virtues were sober as prose, but sublime as poetry;—the men of Holland! Mingled with these, and still farther on, were heroic Huguenots, their fortunes broken, but their spirit unbending to prelate or prelate-ridden king. There were others (and a dash of cavalier blood told well in battle-field and council);—but those were the spirits whom God made the moral substratum of our national character. Here, like Israel in the wilderness, and thousands of miles off from the land of bondage, they were educated for their high calling, until, in the fulness of times, our confederacy with its Constitution was founded. Already there had been a salutary mixture of blood, but not enough to impair the Anglo-Saxon ascendancy. The nation grew morally strong from its original elements. The great work was delayed only by a just preparation. Now God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to “make of them all *one new MAN*;” not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the AMERICAN. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from Eastern

<sup>1</sup> After the eventful issue of the siege of Leyden, the Prince of Orange and the States-General, grateful to the heroic defenders of that city, offered them their choice of an Annual Fair or a University. They chose the University; but, struck with the nobleness of the choice, the high authorities granted them both. The University was established in 1575, and became the *Alma Mater* of Grotius, Scaliger, Boerhaave, and many other renowned men.

to Western ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter-action of the rest. Nay, though for a time the newly come may retain their foreign vernacular, our tongue, so rich in ennobling literature, will be the tongue of the nation, the language of its laws, and the accent of its majesty. ETERNAL GOD! who seest the end with the beginning, thou alone canst tell the ultimate grandeur of this people!

*Ibid*

#### VICTORY OVER DEATH.

As the Redeemer is glorified in his flesh, so shall the believer be raised up to glory at the last day. What then to him, whose faith can grasp things hoped for and unseen, are all the passing ignominies, and pangs, and insults, which now afflict the follower of the man of sorrows, the Lord of life and glory? Every revolution of the earth rolls on to that fulness of adoption, "when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption shall put on incorruption, and shall be brought to pass this saying, Death is swallowed up in victory;" when these eyes, now so dim and soon to be closed in dust, shall behold the face of God in righteousness; when these hands, now so weak and stained with sin, shall bear aloft the triumphant palm, and strike the golden harp that seraphs love to listen to; and these voices, now so harsh and tuneless, shall swell in harmony ineffable to the song of Moses and the Lamb, responsive to the Trisagion, the thrice holy of the angels. Yes, beloved Master, we see thee, "who wast made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor;" and thou hast promised that we shall share thy glory and thy crown!

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Us?" And who are included in that sublime and multitudinous plural? "Not to me only," says the apostle, "but to all them that love his appearing." Ye shall share it, ancient believers, who, from Adam to Christ, worshipped by figure, and under the shadow! Ye shall share it, ye prophets, who wondered at the mysterious promises of glory following suffering! Ye shall share it, ye mighty apostles, though ye doubted when ye heard of the broken tomb!

Ye, martyrs, whose howling enemies execrated you, as they slew you by sword, and cross, and famine, and rack, and the wild beast, and flame! And ye, God's humble poor, whom men despised, but of whom the world was not worthy, God's angels are watching, as they watched the sepulchre in the garden, over your obscure graves, keeping your sacred dust till the morning break, when it shall be crowned with princely splendor! Yes, thou weak one, who yet hast strength to embrace thy Master's cross! Thou sorrowing one, whose tears fall like rain, but not without hope, over the grave of thy beloved! Thou tempted one, who, through much tribulation, art struggling on to the kingdom of God! Ye all shall be there, and ten thousand times ten thousand more! Hark! the trumpet! The earth groans and rocks herself as if in travail! They rise, the sheeted dead; but how lustrosly white are their garments! How dazzling their beautiful holiness! What a mighty host! They fill the air; they acclaim hallelujahs; the heavens bend with shouts of harmony; the Lord comes down, and his angels are about him; and he owns his chosen, and they rise to meet him, and they mingle with cherubim and seraphim, and the shoutings are like thunders from the throne —thunderings of joy: "O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

## CLING TO THY MOTHER.

Cling to thy mother; for she was the first  
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;  
The hope of thee through many a pang she nurst;  
And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,  
Her babe was in her arms, the agony  
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother; long she bore  
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;  
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er  
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisplings truth.  
Yes, she is old; yet on thine adult brow  
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother; close to her warm heart  
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;  
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,  
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest:  
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,  
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother; brief perchance the time  
 May be that she will claim the care she gave;  
 Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime  
 Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave:  
 But for her children, she could lay her head  
 Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother; words unkind,  
 Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang  
 To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined  
 In love unutterable, more than fang  
 Of venomous serpent.<sup>1</sup> Wound not that strong trust,  
 As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust.

O mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,  
 Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,  
 The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt  
 I owe thy love; but make my sweet employ,  
 Ever through thy remaining days to be  
 To thee as faithful, as thou wert to me.

## SONG OF THE TEE-TOTALLER.

Let others sing the ruby bright  
 In the red wine's sparkling glow;  
 Dearer to me is the diamond light  
 In the fountain's purer flow.  
 The feet of earthly men have trod  
 The juice from the bleeding vine,  
 But the stream comes pure from the hand of God,  
 To fill this cup of mine.  
 Then give me the cup of cold water,  
 The pure sweet cup of cold water;  
 His arm is strong, though his toil be long,  
 Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The dewdrop lies in the floweret's cup,  
 How rich is its perfume now!  
 And the thirsty earth with joy looks up,  
 When Heav'n sheds rain on her brow.  
 The brook goes forth with a cheerful voice,  
 To gladden the vale along;  
 And the bending trees on her banks rejoice  
 To listen her quiet song.  
 Then give me the cup of cold water,  
 The pure sweet cup of cold water,  
 For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,  
 Who drinks but the clear cold water.

<sup>1</sup> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
 To have a thankless child!" — *Lear.*

The lark springs up with a lighter strain,  
 When the wave has washed her wing ;  
 And the steed flings back his thundering mane  
 In the might of the crystal spring.  
 This was the drink of Paradise,  
 Ere blight on its beauty fell ;  
 And the buried streams of its gladness rise  
 In every moss-grown well.  
 Then here's for the cup of cold water,  
 The pure sweet cup of cold water ;  
 Unto all that live will Nature give,  
 But a drink of clear cold water.

## LIVE TO DO GOOD.

Live to do good ; but not with thought to win  
 From man return of any kindness done ;  
 Remember Him who died on cross for sin,  
 The merciful, the meek, rejected One ;  
 When He was slain for crime of doing good,  
 Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do good to all ; but while thou servest best,  
 And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,  
 When thine own heart with anguish is oppress,  
 The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,  
 From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,  
 And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good ; but for His holy sake  
 Who died for thine ; fixing thy purpose ever  
 High as His throne no wrath of man can shake ;  
 So shall He own thy generous endeavor,  
 And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,  
 When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good ; for such the noble strife  
 Of virtue is, against wrong to venture love,  
 And for thy foe devote a brother's life,  
 Content to wait the recompense above ;  
 Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,  
 In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

## EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

Within her downy cradle, there lay a little child,  
 And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled ;  
 When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,  
 Which should shed the richest blessing over the newborn life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,  
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of am'rous hue;  
Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight  
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical  
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;  
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,  
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,  
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined;  
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good  
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,  
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth;  
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,  
She became, though we thought fondly heart could not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,  
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast:  
"Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,  
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face:

"Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,  
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung;  
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within  
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense of sin.

"Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,  
Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay;  
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—  
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,  
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was Death!

#### CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND, whose maiden name was Stansbury, is a native of the city of New York, where her father was a bookseller and publisher. After his death the family removed to the western part of the State, where she was married to Mr. William Kirkland.<sup>1</sup> After

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Kirkland was the son of the Hon. Joseph Kirkland, who lived in New Hartford, near Utica, New York. He was at one time a professor in Hamilton College, and is the author of "Letters from Abroad," written after a residence in Europe. He was also a contributor to "The Columbian," and to "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine." He died in October, 1846.

residing in Geneva for some years, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland removed to Detroit, Michigan, where they resided for two years, and for six months in the interior, about sixty miles west of Detroit. This gave our authoress an opportunity to observe Western life and manners; and how well she improved it was soon seen in her "New Home, Who'll Follow, or Glimpses of Western Life, by Mrs. Mary Clavers," published in 1839, which made an immediate impression upon the public, by its keen observation and delightful humor. In 1842, appeared "Forest Life," soon after which, she returned with her husband to New York, where he commenced, in conjunction with Rev. Wm. H. Bellows, a weekly journal, called the "Christian Inquirer," while she received into her family, for instruction, a small class of young ladies. Early in 1846, she published "Western Clearings," a collection of tales and sketches illustrative of Western life. Losing her husband, the latter part of this year, the whole care and education of her children devolved upon herself, and her energies as a writer were called forth in a new manner. After publishing "An Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser," she commenced, in July, 1847, the editorship of the "Union Magazine," which the next year was transferred to Philadelphia, where it was published under the title of "Sartain's Magazine," edited jointly by Prof. John S. Hart and Mrs. Kirkland. In 1848, she visited Europe, and has recorded her impressions in a work entitled "Holidays Abroad, or Europe from the West." In 1853, she published "The Evening Book; or Fireside Talk, on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life;" and the same year appeared "The Book of Home Beauty," a gift for the holidays, containing the portraits of twelve American ladies; the text of which, however, has no reference to the "portraits," but consists of a story of American society, with occasional poetical quotations.

## ENGLAND.

Who shall describe the exquisite delight with which the land is welcomed at the termination of a first voyage across the ocean! To see mere earth, though it were but a handful, enough to smell and to feel, were something! but to see land, and know that it is the land towards which your curiosity, gratitude, and affections, your nursery songs, your school stories, your academic education, your studies in history, your whole literary experience, have been directing and drawing you from your cradle; to see before you the shores of "merry England,"

the country of Alfred, and old Canute, and Robin Hood, and Mother Goose—the land whose Christmas and Twelfth-night revels Washington Irving made so unspeakably fascinating to our imagination—the land of Shakspeare, and of Shakspeare's creatures—the only Englishmen of the ages gone as much alive now as they ever were; England! the country to which appertain the glorious ages of Anne and Elizabeth, and the splendid names that are blazing round those queens, and lending them a more substantial royalty in the imaginations of men, than they ever exercised in their own right; England! the Old country, the Mother-country—land of our fathers—fountain of our liberties—source of our laws; from whose full bosom we have not ceased to draw the milk of gentle letters, though we spurned her maternal claim to rule us; England! the home of the noblest race earth has ever borne; the scene of a civilization without a parallel since time was. What educated American can first see the coast of England, without such a thrill as life is too short, and the heart too narrow, to afford many as keen, and deep, and universal!

#### ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

English landscape has a minutely-finished look; it lacks grandeur; its features are delicate, and the impression left is that of softness and gentle beauty. The grass grows to the very rim of the water, like carpet to a rich drawing-room, which must not betray an inch of unadorned floor. The fields are rolled to a perfect smoothness; the hedges look as if they had no use but beauty; the trees and multitudinous vines have a draped air, and strike the eye rather as part of the charming whole than as possessing an individual interest. We have seen woodlands in the far west that were far more gracefully majestic than any we have yet seen in England; but we have no such miles of cultured and close-fitted scenery. Nature with us throws on her clothes negligently, confident in beauty; in England she has evidently looked in the glass until not a curl strays from its fillet, not a dimple is unschooled.

#### A TRULY PERMANENT GOVERNMENT—PARIS.

It must be allowed that soldiers, puppets as they are, add much to the mere display of such occasions, and the presence

of the various military bands is very enlivening ; but when we think of our French brethren as being in the midst of a noble struggle for liberty, and desirous of founding their Republic on immutable principles, these soldiers are the most discouraging sight that meets our eyes. We are told that it would be exceedingly unsafe for France to be unarmed in the midst of the nations of Europe, who would be very likely to take advantage of her defenceless state; but without quoting the pacific wisdom of Mr. Cobden, who repudiates this barbarous and degrading notion, we reply, that no republic founded upon military force will stand. The idea of a republic is the result of the general progress of the world, which has outlived the monarchical age; further progress will as surely leave behind the idea of brute force. We shall never see a permanent government until we see one absolutely Christian. Christianity is immutable, uncompromising ; and He who has said that by it alone the world shall be saved, will surely overturn, and overturn, and overturn, till mankind shall submit in truth, as they now do in profession, to the rule of Christ.

Here lies our chief fear for the new French Republic. The accursed military spirit, which has been inbred in the people for generations, is still predominant; the bayonet may be wreathed with flowers, but it glitters through them ; and the world applauds the folly under the name of prudence. The men whose counsels have prevailed, though wise and good, are not in advance of their age, as were the founders of our Republic. Their sentiments are fine in the way of poetry, generosity, bravery ; but fall far short of Christian principle, which recognizes no modifying power in expediency, declines all compromise with the spirit of the world, sees no safety but in a rigid adherence to the law and to the testimony. Our hopes prophesy the best for France ; our fears have been increased by a visit to Paris at this juncture. Every third man is a soldier; you are waked in the morning by the beat of the drum and the trumpet of cavalry ; in every street is a *corps de garde*; if you ask the name of a fine building, ten to one you are told it is a *caserne* (barrack) or a military hospital. The public reliance is not on wisdom, on virtue, on justice, on the spirit of peace; but on fighting, a quickness to resent, and ability to revenge an injury. Herein is fatal weakness.

## PATRIOTISM.

From this auspicious commencement may be dated Mr. Jenkins's glowing desire to serve the public. Each successive election-day saw him at his post. From eggs he advanced to pies, from pies to almanacs, whiskey, powder and shot, for balls, playing-cards, and at length—for ambition ever "grows with what it feeds on"—he brought into the field a live turkey, which was tied to a post and stoned to death at twenty-five cents a throw. By this time the still youthful aspirant had become quite the man of the world; could smoke twenty-five cigars per diem, if any body else would pay for them; play cards in old Hurley's shop from noon till day-break, and be a winner; and all this with suitable trimmings of gin and bad words. But he never lost sight of the main-chance. He had made up his mind to serve his country, and he was all the time convincing his fellow-citizens of the disinterested purity of his sentiments.

## A BREAKFAST IN THE "OPENINGS."

She soon after disappeared behind one of the white screens I have mentioned, and in an incredibly short time emerged in a different dress. Then taking down the comb I have hinted at, as exalted to a juxtaposition with the spoons, she seated herself opposite to me, unbound her very abundant brown tresses, and proceeded to comb them with great deliberateness, occasionally speering a question at me, or bidding Miss Irene (pronounced Ireen) "mind the bread." When she had finished, Miss Irene took the comb and went through the same exercise, and both scattered the loose hairs on the floor with a coolness that made me shudder when I thought of my dinner which had become, by means of the morning's ramble, a subject of peculiar interest. A little iron "wash-dish," such as I had seen in the morning, was now produced; the young lady vanished—reappeared in a scarlet Circassian dress, and more combs in her hair than would dress a belle for the court of St. James; and forthwith both mother and daughter proceeded to set the table for dinner.

The hot bread was cut into huge slices, several bowls of milk were disposed about the board, a pint bowl of yellow pickles

another of apple sauce, and a third containing mashed potatoes, took their appropriate stations, and a dish of cold fried pork was brought out from some recess, heated and redished, when Miss Irene proceeded to blow the horn.

The sound seemed almost as magical in its effects as the whistle of Roderick Dhu; for, solitary as the whole neighborhood had appeared to me in the morning, not many moments elapsed before in came men and boys enough to fill the table completely. I had made sundry resolutions not to touch a mouthful; but I confess I felt somewhat mortified when I found there was no opportunity to refuse.

After the "wash dish" had been used in turn, and various handkerchiefs had performed, not for that occasion only, the part of towels, the lords of creation seated themselves at the table, and fairly demolished in grave silence every eatable thing on it. Then, as each one finished, he arose and walked off, till no one remained of all this goodly company but the redfaced, heavy-eyed master of the house. This personage used his privilege by asking me five hundred questions, as to my birth, parentage, and education; my opinion of Michigan, my husband's plans and prospects, business and resources; and then said, "he guessed he must be off."

#### BORROWING "OUT WEST."

Your true republican, when he finds that you possess anything which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with, "Are you going to use your horses *to-day?*" if horses happen to be the thing he needs.

"Yes, I shall probably want them."

"O, well; if you want them—I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece."

Or, perhaps, the desired article comes within the female department.

"Mother wants to get some butter: that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'."

And away goes your golden store, to be repaid, perhaps, with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with, "Here's your butter!"

A girl came in to borrow a "wash-dish," "because we've got company." Presently she came back: "Mother says you've forgot to send a towel."

"The pen and ink, and a sheet o' paper and a wafer," is no

unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent "an awful bad pen."

I have been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's famous sketches. A man returning a broken wheelbarrow to a Quaker with, "Here, I've broke your rotten wheelbarrow usin' on't. I wish you'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon;" the Quaker is made to reply, "Friend, it shall be done;" and I wished I possessed more of his spirit.

#### HOSPITALITY.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich *did their share*, how would the woes of this world be lightened! how would the diff<sup>n</sup> blessing irradiate a wider and a wider circle, until the ~~var~~ confines of society would bask in the reviving ray! If every forlorn widow whose heart bleeds over the recollection of past happiness made bitter by contrast with present poverty and sorrow, found a comfortable home in the ample establishment of her rich kinsman; if every young man struggling for a foothold on the slippery soil of life were cheered and aided by the countenance of some neighbor whom fortune had endowed with the power to confer happiness; if the lovely girls shrinking and delicate, whom we see every day toiling timidly for a mere pittance to sustain frail life and guard the sacred remnant of gentility, were taken by the hand, invited and encouraged, by ladies who pass them by with a cold nod—where shall we stop in enumerating the cases in which true genial hospitality, practised by the rich ungrudgingly, without a selfish drawback—in short, practised as the poor practise it—would prove a fountain of blessedness, almost an antidote to half the keener miseries under which society groans!

Yes: the poor—and children—understand hospitality after the pure model of Christ and his apostles.

The forms of society are in a high degree inimical to true hospitality. Pride has crushed genuine social feeling out of too many hearts, and the consequence is a cold sterility of intercourse, a soul-stifling ceremoniousness, a sleepless vigilance for self, totally incompatible with that free, flowing, genial intercourse with humanity, so nourishing to all the better feelings. The sacred love of home—that panacea for many of life's ills—suffers with the rest. Few people have homes now.

adays. The fine, cheerful, every-day parlor, with its table covered with the implements of real occupation and real amusement—mamma on the sofa, with her needle—grand-mamma in her great chair, knitting—pussy winking at the fire between them, is gone. In its place we have two gorgeous rooms, arranged for company, but empty of human life; tables covered with gaudy, ostentatious, and useless articles—a very mockery of anything like rational pastime—the light of heaven as cautiously excluded as the delicious music of free, childish voices; every member of the family wandering in forlorn loneliness, or huddled in some “back room” or “basement,” in which are collected the only means of comfort left them under this miserable arrangement. This is the substitute which hundreds of people accept in place of home! Shall we look in such places for hospitality? As soon expect figs from thistles. Invitations there will be occasionally, doubtless, for “society” expects it; but let a country cousin present himself, and see whether he will be put into the state apartments. Let no infirm and indigent relative expect a place under such a roof. Let not even the humble individual who placed the stepping-stone which led to that fortune ask a share in the abundance which would never have had a beginning but for his timely aid. “We have changed all that!”

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ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THIS accomplished female writer, whose maiden name was Prince, was born in a village near Portland, Maine, and traces her descent, both on her father's and mother's side, to the early Puritans. She early showed uncommon powers of mind, and before she could write she would compose little stories, and print them in her rude way. At an early age she was married to Mr. Seba Smith, a lawyer and distinguished scholar, and at that time editor of the “Portland Advertiser,” but since then better known throughout the country as the original “Jack Downing.” In 1839, Mr. Smith removed to New York, and having become somewhat embarrassed in his business, Mrs. Smith, who had before written a good deal anonymously, now entered upon the profession of authorship openly, as the means of supporting the family. Her first published book was entitled “Riches without

"Wings," written for the young, but interesting to readers of all ages. In 1842, she published a novel, "The Western Captive," founded on traditions of Indian life. In 1844, appeared "The Sinless Child, and other Poems," which were very favorably received, and passed through several editions. She then turned her attention to tragedy, and published "The Roman Tribute," founded on a period in the history of Constantinople when Theodosius saved it from being sacked by paying its price to Attila, the Hun; and "Jacob Leisler," founded upon a dramatic incident in the colonial history of New York in 1680. In 1848, appeared a fanciful prose tale, "The Salamander, a Legend for Christmas;" and in 1851, "Woman and Her Needs," a volume on the "Woman's Rights" question, of which Mrs. Smith has been a prominent advocate. Her last publication, entitled "Bertha and Lily, or the Parsonage of Beech Glen, a Romance," is a story of American country life. Mrs. Smith now resides in Brooklyn, New York.

## THE DROWNED MARINER.

A mariner sat on the shrouds one night,  
    The wind was piping free;  
Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,  
    And the phosphor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,  
        As he flounder'd in the sea;  
The scud was flying athwart the sky,  
    The gathering winds went whistling by,  
And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,  
    Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.  
  
The mariner sway'd and rock'd on the mast,  
    But the tumult pleased him well:  
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,  
    And the monsters watch'd as they hurried past,  
        Or lightly rose and fell—  
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,  
    And they lash'd as they pass'd the vessel's side,  
And their flinty eyes, all huge and grim,  
    Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.  
  
Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes  
    Like an uncurb'd steed along;  
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,  
    As her gallant prow the water ploughs,  
        But the ship is fleet and strong;  
The topsails are reef'd, and the sails are furl'd,  
    And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,  
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;  
    But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,  
And holds him by the shroud;  
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,  
The gaping deep the mariner sees,  
    And the surging hearth loud.  
Was that a face, looking up at him,  
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?  
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?  
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, and he saw, with dread,  
    A face he knew too well;  
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,  
And its long hair out on the wave was spread—  
    Was there a tale to tell?

The stout ship rock'd with a reeling speed,  
And the mariner groan'd, as well he need—  
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,  
The dead face gleam'd from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past;  
    A voice calls loud for thee:  
There's a stifed prayer, the first, the last;  
The plunging ship on her beam is cast—  
    O, where shall thy burial be?  
Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken;  
Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken;  
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,  
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,  
    To buffet the storm alone;  
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,  
To struggle and feel there is none to save!  
    God shield thee, helpless one!  
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;  
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;  
The white brow gleams a moment more,  
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hush'd to sleep,  
    Where the sea its dirge shall swell;  
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,  
And the rose-lipp'd shell her music keep;  
    There thou shalt slumber well.  
The gem and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side;  
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,  
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,  
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;  
    The mother and child are there:  
The fervent youth and the hoary head,  
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,  
    The babe, with its silken hair:

As the water moveth, they lightly sway,  
And the tranquil lights on their features play:  
And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,  
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

## THE WIFE.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing  
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—  
And ever and anon will upward spring  
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,  
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,  
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.  
Light household duties, evermore inwrought  
With placid fancies of one trusting heart  
That lives but in her smile, and turns  
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,  
With tenderness, that heavenward over yeарns  
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.  
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,  
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife

## THE UNATTAINED.

And is this life? and are we born for this?  
To follow phantoms that elude the grasp,  
Or whatso'er secured, within our clasp,  
To withering lie, as if each earthly kiss  
Were doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to meet  
O Life! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?  
Must still THE UNATTAINED beguile our feet?  
The UNATTAINED with yearnings fill the breast,  
That rob, for aye, the spirit of its rest?  
Yes, this is Life; and everywhere we meet,  
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat;  
Yet faint thou not, thou dost apply a test  
That shall incite thee onward, upward still—  
The present cannot sate nor e'er thy spirit fill.

## RELIGION.

Alone, yet not alone, the heart doth brood  
With a sad fondness o'er its hidden grief;  
Broods with a miser's joy, wherein relief  
Comes with a semblance of its own quaint mood.  
How many hearts this point of life have passed!  
And some a train of light behind have cast,

To show us what hath been, and what may be;  
That thus have suffered all the wise and good,  
Thus wept and prayed, thus struggled and were free.  
So doth the pilot, trackless through the deep,  
Unswerving by the stars his reckoning keep;  
He moves a highway not untried before,  
And thence he courage gains, and joy doth reap,  
Unfaltering lays his course, and leaves behind the shore.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THIS popular author and beautiful writer was born in Salem, Massachusetts, about the year 1805. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and graduated there in 1825, Professor Longfellow being one of his classmates. In 1837, he published the first, and in 1842 the second volume of his "Twice Told Tales," so called because they had before appeared in annuals and periodicals.<sup>1</sup> His next publication was "The Journal of an African Cruiser," which he prepared and edited from the manuscript of Horatio Bridge, of the United States Navy. In 1843, he went to reside in Concord, in the "Old Manse;" and, in 1846, appeared a collection of his papers, which he wrote during his three years' residence there, for several magazines, under the title of "Mosses from an Old Manse." The following is a portion of the Introduction, describing

## THE OLD MANSE.

A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly

<sup>1</sup> Of the character of these "Twice Told Tales," the "Christian Examiner" thus speaks: "These tales abound with beautiful imagery, sparkling metaphors, novel and brilliant comparisons. They are everywhere full of those bright gems of thought, which no reader can ever forget. They have also a high moral tone. It is for this, for their reverence for things sacred, for their many touching lessons concerning faith, Providence, conscience, and duty, for the beautiful morals so often spontaneously conveyed, not with purpose prepose, but from the fulness of the author's own heart, that we are led to notice them in this journal."—xxv. 188. Read also an enthusiastic review of them in the "North American," xiv. 59.

character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons had been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides better, if not the greater number, that gushed living fountains. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro at the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind, among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterance he could find something accordant with every passage of a sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to trust that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue; and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse, well worth those hoards of long hid gold, which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profess treatises of morality—a layman's unprofessional, and therefore unprejudiced views of religion—histories (such as Bancroft might have written, had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed) bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought—these were the works that might have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest even I resolved at least to achieve a novel, that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote "Nature;" for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise, from the summit of our eastern hill.

In 1846, Mr. Hawthorne was appointed by the President, Mr. Polk, surveyor in the custom-house at Salem, which post he held for a year, discharging its duties with great fidelity, at the same time carefully observing and noting, as it proved for future use, the scenes and characters with which he was daily conversant: for, on being dismissed from that post, on a change of administration, he published "The Scarlet Letter," in the preface of which he gives some of his custom-house experiences. Soon after he took up his residence in

Lenox, Massachusetts, and, in 1851, appeared his "House with Seven Gables," the scene of which is laid in Salem, and connected with its earliest history. Since that, he has published the following: "True Stories from History and Biography," 1851; "The Blithedale Romance," 1852; "A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," 1852; "The Snow Image, and other Twice Told Tales," 1852; "Tanglewood Tales, for Boys and Girls," 1853.

"Hawthorne's style is of rare beauty and finish. He writes with perfect correctness—hardly any living writer, English or American, is equal to him in this respect—and yet without any stiffness or appearance of elaboration. The music of his delicious cadence never palls upon the ear, because it is always natural, and never monotonous. He has a poet's sense of beauty, and his descriptions of natural scenes have all the elements of poetry except the garb of verse."<sup>1</sup>

#### A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

SCENE.—The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer

<sup>1</sup> George S. Hillard.

or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noon tide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall, at muster day, I call aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and drink again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. Your friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of his throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shawl. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; as like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt him without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a July fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who sent my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most reverend sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy upon you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature top-knot which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time in these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to set your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps on the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from

Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout? \* \* \*

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper. \* \* \* \*

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the

nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so on the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of its beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the world. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its vice and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of hell still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my chief confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall put down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, & finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squabbling may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she does not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the phœbe's hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation by the draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and so—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At last there will be no war of households. The husband and wife drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down at last reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of sea moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toll the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, we shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your countless rats and liquor-earns into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you reverence my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon

the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. \* \* \* \* \*

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

*From Twice Told Tales.*

#### SPRING.

Thank Providence for Spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth-place—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed, that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken, that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness! From such a soul, the world must hope no reformation of its evil—no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; Autumn is a rich conservative; Winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but Spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the Movement!

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#### ISAAC M'LELLAN.

ISAAC M'LELLAN is a native of Portland, Maine, and was born about the year 1806. In early life, his father, Isaac M'Lellan, removed to

Boston, where for many years he was a prominent merchant, distinguished for his integrity and success in business. The son was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1826. After receiving his degree, he returned to Boston, completed a course of legal study, and was admitted to practice in the courts of that city. But the Muses and general literature had more charms for him than clients and briefs, and for many years he contributed, both in prose and poetry, to several magazines and papers published in the city and vicinity, and had the entire management of two or three of them. About the year 1840, he made a tour abroad, and passed about two years in Europe. On his return he gave a description of his journeyings, in a series of letters published in the Boston Daily Courier. Since that period, he has been engaged chiefly in literary pursuits, and now resides in the city of New York.

Mr. M'Lellan's published works are, "The Fall of the Indians," in 1830; "The Year and other Poems," in 1832; and "Mount Ahab and other Poems," in 1843. Though the Muse of Mr. M'Lellan is at no ambitious flight, yet in the middle region of the descriptive and the lyrical in which she delights chiefly to play, she moves with even and graceful wing, bearing such offerings as the following:—

#### NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.<sup>1</sup>

New England's dead! New England's dead!  
 On every hill they lie;  
 On every field of strife, made red  
 By bloody victory.  
 Each valley, where the battle poured  
 Its red and awful tide,  
 Behold the brave New England sword  
 With slaughter deeply dyed.  
 Their bones are on the northern hill,  
 And on the southern plain,  
 By brook and river, lake and till,  
 And by the roaring main.

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. President: I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves.—There is her history. The world know it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever." — Webster's Speech in Reply to Hayne, 1830.

The land is holy where they fought,  
 And holy where they fell ;  
 For by their blood that land was bought,  
 The land they loved so well.  
 Then glory to that valiant band,  
 The honored saviours of the land !  
 O, few and weak their numbers were—  
 A handful of brave men ;  
 But to their God they gave their prayer,  
 And rushed to battle then.  
 The God of battles heard their cry,  
 And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,  
 Their flocks and herds without a fold,  
 The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
 The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,  
 And mustered, in their simple dress,  
 For wrongs to seek a stern redress,  
 To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,  
 To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men ?  
 And where are ye to-day ?  
 I call :—the hills reply again  
 That ye have passed away ;  
 That on old Bunker's lonely height,  
 In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,  
 The grass grows green, the harvest bright,  
 Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast  
 Shall muster them no more ;  
 An army now might thunder past,  
 And they heed not its roar.  
 The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,  
 In many a bloody day,  
 From their old graves shall rouse them not,  
 For they have passed away.

#### THE LAST WISH.<sup>1</sup>

In some wild forest shade,  
 Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,  
 Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,  
 Let me be laid.

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The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be laid near some sunny spot, where the birds would come and sing over his grave.

In this dim, lonely grot,  
No foot, intrusive, ever will be found,  
But o'er me, songs of the wild bird shall sound,  
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones  
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,  
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,  
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose,  
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume,  
Above the spot, where, in my grassy tomb,  
I take repose.

Year after year  
Within the silver birch-tree, o'er me hung,  
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,  
Shall build her dwelling near.

There, at the purple dawn of day,  
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,  
And the shrill quail, when the eve grows dim and gray,  
Shall pipe her hymn of love.

The blackbird and the thrush,  
And golden oriole, shall sit around,  
And waken, with a mellow gush of sound,  
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea  
Shall sometimes hither flock, on snowy winds,  
And soar above my dust in airy rings,  
Singing a dirge to me.

#### WHAT IS LIFE?

What is Life?—a bubble dancing  
On the sparkling fountain's brim,  
Painted by the sunbeam glancing  
O'er its evanescent rim.  
Soon its soft reflected glories,  
Images of colored skies,  
Vanish—when the haze of evening  
O'er the panorama dies.  
Life, with all its bliss and troubles,  
Melts like unsubstantial bubbles!

What is life?—a little journey,  
Ending ere 'tis well begun;  
'Tis a gay disastrous tourney,  
Where a mingled tilt is run;

And the head that wears a crown  
 'Neath the meanest lance goes down.  
 Walk, then, on life's pathway, mortal !  
 With a pure and steadfast heart ;  
 So that through death's frowning portal,  
 Peacefully thou may'st depart !

What are honors, what are riches,  
 What the haughty trump of fame ?  
 Dazzling meteors, vain delusions,  
 Echoes of an empty name.  
 What the spangled robes of grandeur,  
 Jewelled sceptre, gilded crown,  
 What the plaudits won by genius,  
 What the poet's wide renown ?  
 What but vain and idle breath,  
 Frosted by the chills of death !

What is beauty but the image  
 Of the gay cloud in the stream,  
 Fading from its crystal mirror  
 With the evanescent beam ?  
 What is pleasure but the phantom  
 Luring o'er the marshy waste ?  
 The false mirage of the desert,  
 Fleeting with deceitful haste.  
 Trust not life above Life's sod ;  
 Trust in Heaven's smile—trust in God !  
*Prelude to Mount Auburn.*

## LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

The tender Twilight with a crimson cheek  
 Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind  
 Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down  
 To slumber by the darken'd woods—the herds  
 Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green  
 And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,  
 And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar  
 Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade  
 And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound ;  
 While answering Echo, from the distant hill,  
 Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.  
 How tenderly the trembling light yet plays  
 O'er the far-waving foliage ! Day's last blush  
 Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,  
 With a strange beauty—like the yellow flush  
 That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.  
 Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass

Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,  
 'Twre sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,  
 With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast  
 And happy palaces, and lead a life  
 Of peace in some green paradise like this.  
 The brazen trumpet and the lond war-drum  
 Ne'er startled these green woods :—the raging sword  
 Hath never gather'd its red harvest here!  
 The peaceful summer-day hath never closed  
 Around this quiet spot, and caught the gleam  
 Of War's rude pomp :—the humble dweller here  
 Hath never left his sickle in the field,  
 To slay his fellow with unholy hand :  
 The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,  
 The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,  
 And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,  
 Have never broke its Sabbath-solitude.

## NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS was born in Portland, Maine, January 21. After being fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, he entered Yale, at sixteen years of age, and soon distinguished himself as poet of true genius by writing a series of pieces on Scriptural subjects which have not been surpassed, if equalled, by anything he has subsequently written, and which gave him at once a wide-spread enviable reputation. On leaving college, in 1827, he was engaged by Mr. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") to edit the "Legendary" and "Token." In 1828, he established the "American Monthly Magazine" which he conducted two years and a half, when it was merged in the "New York Mirror," and Mr. Willis went to Europe, and travelled through Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Turkey, and England, in the latter country he married. The letters he wrote while abroad were first published in the "New York Mirror," under the title of "Pilings by the Way." In 1833, he published "Inklings of Adventure," a series of tales which appeared originally in a London magazine. In 1837, he returned home, and retired to a beautiful place on the Susquehanna, near Owego, New York, which he named Glenmary in

<sup>1</sup> His father was Nathaniel Willis, who, a few years after the birth of Nathaniel, removed to Boston, and projected and edited the "Boston Courier," one of the first weekly religious journals published in this country.

pliment to his wife. In 1839, he became one of the editors of the "Corsair," a literary gazette in New York city, and towards the close of that year again went to London, where he published "Loiterings of Travels," and two tragedies, entitled "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband." In 1840 appeared an illustrated edition of his poems, and "Letters from under a Bridge." In 1843, in conjunction with Mr. George P. Morris, he revived the "New York Mirror;" but withdrew from it upon the death of his wife in 1844, and again visited England. On his return home the next year, he issued a complete edition of his works, in an imperial octavo of eight hundred pages. In October, 1846, he married a daughter of the Hon. Mr. Grinnell, and is now settled at his country home Idlewild, and is associated with Mr. Morris as editor of the "Home Journal," a weekly literary paper, which is always enriched, more or less, with pieces from his pen, and which is hailed by thousands every week as the purest and richest of fireside companions.

However full of beauty, and wit, of rich paintings of natural scenery, and delicate and humorous touches of the various phases of social life, Mr. Willis's prose writings are, it is by his poetry, and especially by his sacred poetry, that he will be most known and prized by posterity. There is a tenderness, a pathos, and a richness of description in it which give him a rank among the first of American poets.<sup>1</sup>

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' No man has appeared in our literature, endowed with a greater variety of fine qualities. He possesses an understanding quick, acute, distinguishing even in excess; enriched by culture, and liberalized and illuminated by much observation. He commands all the resources of passion; at the same time that he is master of the effects of manner. The suggestions of an animated sense are harmonized by feeling, and are adorned by finished wit. His taste is nice, but it is not narrow or bigoted, and his sympathies with his reader are intimate and true. His works exhibit a profusion of pointed and just comment on society and life; they sparkle with delicate and easy humor; they display a prodigality of fancy, and are fragrant with all the floral charm of sentiment. He possesses surprising saliency of mind, which in his hasty effusions often fatigues, but in his matured compositions is controlled to the just repose of art. But distinct from each of these, and sovereign over them all, is the vivifying and directing energy of a fine poetical talent—that prophetic faculty in man whose effects are as vast as its processes are mysterious; whose action is a moral enchantment that all feel, but none can fathom. This influence it is which, entering into and impregnating all his other faculties, gives force to some, elevation to others, and grace and interest to them all.—*Literary Criticisms, by Horace Binney Wallace.*

Read a good review of Willis's writings—prose and poetry—in the "North American Review," xlvi. 384, in which he is ably defended from the attack in the 54th volume of the "London Quarterly." This paper was written by Lockhart, who, in condemning Willis for his personalities in his "Pencillings by the Way," forgot that he himself was far more offensively open to the same charge in his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," in which he makes very free with the society at Edinburgh.

## HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds  
With a strange beauty. Earth received again  
Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,  
And everything that bendeth to the dew,  
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light  
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad  
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth  
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,  
And the young birds were singing as if life  
Were a new thing to them ; but oh ! it came  
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt  
How cruelly it tries a broken heart  
To see a mirth in anything it loves.  
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were press'd  
Till the blood started ; and the wandering veins  
Of her transparent fore-head were swell'd out,  
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye  
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,  
Which made its language legible, shot back  
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.  
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand  
Clasp'd in her own, and his round, delicate feet,  
Scarce train'd to balance on the tented floor,  
Sandall'd for journeying. He had look'd up  
Into his mother's face until he caught  
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling  
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form  
Straighten'd up proudly in his tiny wrath,  
As if his light proportions would have swell'd,  
Had they but match'd his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now  
Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard  
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,  
So written with the converse of his God,  
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.  
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step  
Of vigor is not there ; and, though the morn  
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes  
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.  
Oh ! man may bear with suffering : his heart  
Is a strong thing, and go like, in the grasp  
Of pain that wrings mortality ; but tear  
One chord affection clings to—part one tie

That binds him to a woman's delicate love—  
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,  
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself  
To look upon her face, but laid his hand  
In silent blessing on the fair-hair'd boy,  
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,  
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?  
O no! by all her loveliness—by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!  
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek  
By needless jealousies; let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;  
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.  
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—  
By wrong or silence—anything that tells  
A change has come upon your tenderness—  
And there is not a feeling out of heaven  
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—  
Her press'd lip arch'd, and her clear eye undimm'd,  
As if it were a diamond, and her form  
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.  
Her child kept on in silence, though she press'd  
His hand till it was pain'd; for he had caught,  
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed  
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning pass'd, and Asia's sun rode up  
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.  
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,  
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay  
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.  
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found  
No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
She kept her weary way, until the boy  
Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips  
For water; but she could not give it him.  
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—  
For it was better than the close, hot breath  
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;  
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes  
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know  
Why God denied him water in the wild.  
She sat a little longer, and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.

It was too much for her. She lifted him,  
 And bore him further on, and laid his head  
 Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;  
 And, shrouding up her face, she went away,  
 And sat to watch, where he could see her not,  
 Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourn'd:—

“God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!  
 I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook  
     Upon thy brow to look,  
 And see death settle on my cradle joy.  
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!  
     And could I see thee die?

“I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,  
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;  
     Or wiling the soft hours,  
 By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,  
     So beautiful and deep.

“Oh no! and when I watch'd by thee the while,  
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,  
     And thought of the dark stream  
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
 How pray'd I that my father's land might be  
     An heritage for thee!

“And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!  
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;  
     And oh! my last caress  
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.  
 How can I leave my boy, so pillow'd there  
     Upon his clustering hair!”

She stood beside the well her God had given  
 To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed  
 The forehead of her child until he laugh'd  
 In his reviving happiness, and lisp'd  
 His infant thought of gladness at the sight  
 Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,  
 Of wild and careless play,  
 And persuade myself that I am not old,  
     And my locks are not yet gray;  
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
     And makes his pulses fly.  
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
     And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore years ;  
 And they say that I am old,  
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,  
 And my years are well-nigh told.  
 It is very true ; it is very true ;  
 I'm old, and "I 'bide my time;"  
 But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,  
 In the midst of your merry ring ;  
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
 And the rush of the breathless swing.  
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
 And I whoop the smother'd call,  
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
 And I shall be glad to go ;  
 For the world at best is a weary place,  
 And my pulse is getting low :  
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
 In treading its gloomy way ;  
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness  
 To see the young so gay.

## REVERIE AT GLENMARY.

I have enough, O God ! My heart to-night  
 Runs over with its fulness of content ;  
 And as I look out on the fragrant stars,  
 And from the beauty of the night take in  
*My* priceless portion—yet myself no more  
 Than in the universe a grain of sand—  
 I feel His glory who could make a world,  
 Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness  
 Leave not a flower unfinish'd !

Rich, though poor !  
 My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven.  
 Music is in it—and the song she sings,  
 That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear  
 Of my young child awake upon her knee ;  
 And with his calm eye on his master's face,  
 My noble hound lies couchant ; and all here—  
 All in this little home, yet boundless heaven—  
 Are, in such love as I have power to give,  
 Blessed to overflowing.

Thou, who look'st  
 Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,

Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew  
 Sent to the hidden violet by Thee ;  
 And, as that flower, from its unseen abode,  
 Sends its sweet breath up, duly, to the sky,  
 Changing its gift to incense, so, oh God !  
 May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
 Find their far way from heaven, send up, to Thee,  
 Fragrance at thy throne welcome !

## LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

Look not upon the wine when it  
 Is red within the cup !  
 Stay not for Pleasure when she fills  
 Her tempting beaker up !  
 Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,  
 A spell of madness lurks below.  
 They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,  
 And merry on the brain ;  
 They say it stirs the sluggish blood,  
 And dulls the tooth of pain—  
 Ay ! but within its glowing deeps  
 A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.  
 Its rosy lights will turn to fire,  
 Its coolness change to thirst ;  
 And, by its mirth, within the brain  
 A sleepless worm is nursed.  
 There's not a bubble at the brim  
 That does not carry food for him.  
 Then dash the brimming cup aside,  
 And spill its purple wine ;  
 Take not its madness to thy lip,  
 Let not its curse be thine.  
 'Tis red and rich—but grief and wo  
 Are hid those rosy depths below.

## THE CLIMATES OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It is almost a matter of course to decry the climate of England. The English writers themselves talk of *suicidal* month and it is the only country where part of the livery of a mount groom is his master's great coat, strapped about his waist. It is certainly a damp climate, and the sun shines less in England than in most other countries. But to persons of full habit this moisture in the air is extremely agreeable; and the big condition of all animals in England, from man downwar

proves its healthfulness. A stranger who has been accustomed to a brighter sky will at first find a gloom in the gray light so characteristic of an English atmosphere; but this soon wears off, and he finds a compensation, as far as the eye is concerned, in the exquisite softness of the verdure, and the deep and enduring brightness of the foliage. The effect of this moisture on the skin is singularly grateful. The pores become accustomed to a healthy action, which is unknown in other countries; and the bloom by which an English complexion is known all over the world, is the index of an activity in this important part of the system, which, when first experienced, is almost like a new sensation. The transition to a dry climate, such as ours, deteriorates the condition and quality of the skin, and produces a feeling, if I may so express it, like that of being *glazed*. It is a common remark in England that an officer's wife and daughters follow his regiment to Canada at the expense of their complexions; and it is a well-known fact that the bloom of female beauty is, in our country, painfully evanescent.

The habit of regular exercise in the open air, which is found to be so salutary in England, is scarcely possible in America. It is said, and said truly, of the first, that there is no day in the year when a lady may not ride comfortably on horseback; but with us the extremes of heat and cold, and the tempestuous character of our snows and rains, totally forbid to a delicate person anything like regularity in exercise. The consequence is, that the habit rarely exists; and the high and glowing health so common in England, and consequent, no doubt, upon the equable character of the climate, in some measure, is with us sufficiently rare to excite remark. "Very English-looking!" is a common phrase, and means very healthy-looking. Still, our people *last*; and though I should define the English climate as the one in which the human frame is in the highest condition, I should say of America, that it is the one in which you could get the most work out of it.

#### UNWRITTEN POETRY.

There is poetry that is not written. It is living in the hearts of many to whom rhyme is a mystery. As I here use it, it is delicate perception; something which is in the nature, enabling one man to detect harmony, and know forms of beauty, better than another. It is like a peculiar gift of vision; not creating a new world, but making the world we live in more

visible; enabling us to combine and separate and arrangements of beauty into the fair proportions of a picture. The poet hears music in common sounds, and sees loveliness by a wayside. There is not a change in the sky, nor a noise of water, nor a sweet human voice, which does not bring him pleasure. He sees all the light and hears all the music about him—and this is poetry.

To one thus gifted, nature is a friend of many sweet consolations and true consolations. Call it visionary if you will, she is glad fellowship for the happy, and medicine for the wretched spirit, and calm communion for gentle thoughts, which is the life of his moral being. Let him seek her when he will; if his heart be anything but dead, the poor sympathy of the world is a mockery to her ministering influences. I dare not farther. The power of nature over such a mind as I have described is, in cases of extreme mental suffering, or abandonment, stronger than any other moral influence. There is something in its deep and serene beauty inexpressibly soothing the diseased mind. It steals over it silently, and gradually like an invisible finger, erasing its dark lines and removing brooding shadows, and before he is aware, he is loving, enjoying, and feeling, as he did in better days when his spirit was untroubled. To those who see nothing about them in physical convenience, these assertions may seem extravagant; but they are nevertheless true; and blessed be the Author of our faculties, there are some who know, by experience, that nature is a friend and a physician to the sick and fallen spirit of her worshipper.

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#### HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW is the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, Portland, Maine, and was born in that city on the 27th of February 1807. At the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, and graduated there in 1825. Soon after, being offered a professorship of modern languages in his own college, he resolved to prepare himself thoroughly for his new duties, and accordingly left home for Europe, and passed three years and a half in travelling or residing in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. He returned in 1829, and entered upon the duties of his office. In 1831

on the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, he was elected professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College, Cambridge. Again, therefore, he went abroad, to become more thoroughly acquainted with the languages and literature of modern Europe, and passed more than twelve months in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland. He returned in 1836 to enter upon his new duties, and has ever since resided at Cambridge, in the faithful and honorable discharge of the same.

Mr. Longfellow's literary career, which has been so highly creditable to him, began very early. Before leaving college, he wrote a few carefully finished poems for the "United States Literary Gazette," and while professor at Bowdoin he contributed some valuable criticisms to the "North American Review." In 1833, he published his translation from the Spanish of the celebrated poem of Don Joze Manrique, on the death of his father, together with an introductory essay on Spanish poetry. In 1835, appeared his "Outre-Mer," a collection of travelling sketches and miscellaneous essays; in 1839, "Hyperion, a Romance," and "Voices of the Night," his first collection of poems; in 1841, "Ballads and other Poems;" in 1842, "Poems on Slavery;" in 1843, "The Spanish Student," a play; in 1845, the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," and the "Belfry of Bruges;" in 1847, "Evangeline;" in 1848, "Kavanagh, a Tale;" in 1849, "The Seaside and the Fireside;" in 1851, "The Golden Legend;" and in 1855, "The Song of Hiawatha."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Longfellow is a most prolific writer, and the many editions of his works that are called for show that he is also a very popular one. And his popularity he richly deserves, for his poetry, and indeed his prose, are marked by great tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, and deep human interest. His genius is versatile, for he has trodden almost every path of polite literature, and gathered flowers from them all; and if his strength has failed to carry him to the topmost eminence, he has the satisfaction of knowing that many of his writings have become, as they deserve, "household words," and have so touched the heart, that posterity will not willingly let them die.

#### A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
 And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
 "Have naught but the bearded grain?  
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he once was a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

#### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor-wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

#### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !  
What loud lament and dismal Misère  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its blazèn portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

#### AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year !  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,



And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds,  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer lark,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate voice,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up, far  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-purple,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits low  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch  
That on wild-cherry and red-cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive wail,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst alone  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated strokes,  
Sounls from the threshing-floor the busy flocks.

O, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent.  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent speech.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Deity  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting place without a tear.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.<sup>1</sup>

The pages of thy book I read,  
As I sit here in Boston,  
My heart responding, ever wild,  
"Servant of God, well beloved!"

Well done! Thy words are not in vain!  
At times they seem to me  
Like Luther's in the days of old,  
Held fast by a firm hold,

Conquering the land, they break  
The iron bands of sin,  
The timid ones, whose whispers and yokes  
Plead faithfully.

<sup>1</sup> The author was greatly interested in the progress of the cause of freedom in the United States, and in the efforts of the New England Unitarian Society to aid the slaves. He often spoke on the subject in his pulpit, and in his lecture room, and in his study, where he wrote his "Poem on the Slave."

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice that cried  
To John in Patmos, "Write!"  
  
Write! and tell out this bloody tale!  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

## THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore  
The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,  
Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow  
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made  
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;  
The poor blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,  
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this commonweal,  
Till the vast temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

## EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide."  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and fair,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

## SPRING.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated muses, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. The toads, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like a web. This is the prelude which announces the opening of

scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

## GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

GEORGE BARRELL CHEEVER was born at Hallowell, Maine, on the 17th of April, 1807, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and studied theology at Andover, Massachusetts. He was licensed to preach in 1830, and in 1832 was ordained as pastor of the Howard Street Church, Salem, Massachusetts. He commenced his ministry with an uncompromising spirit against everything that hindered the spread of the Gospel of Christ, of the object of which "Gospel"<sup>1</sup> he seemed to have a clear understanding. Such a spirit would not long need a subject against which to direct its energies. Accordingly, when the tempe-

<sup>1</sup> Every man, "Good-will to man."

rance reformation began, he was found the foremost and the boldest in the van of those who enlisted in this great moral warfare. In February, 1835, appeared in the "Salem Landmark" a piece entitled "Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery," that quite electrified that quiet community: for, under the guise of "a dream," it depicted, in the most appalling colors, the hateful, soul-destroying business of distilling and vending intoxicating drinks. Every one immediately or remotely engaged in it meditated revenge against the author, and a prosecution was instituted against him for libel, alleging that, under the name of "Deacon Giles," the writer really meant a certain "deacon" long and notoriously engaged in distilling, and who was also "a treasurer to a Bible Society, and had a little counting-room in one corner of the distillery where he sold Bibles." Mr. Cheever pleaded his own cause, and in his defence thus remarked upon the

## NATURE OF A DISTILLER'S BUSINESS.

Could the amount of misery, in time and eternity, which any one distillery in Salem has occasioned, be portrayed before your honor, I should feel no solicitude for the result. Let the mothers who have been broken-hearted, the wives that have been made widows, the children that have been made fatherless, the parents borne down with a bereavement worse than death, in the vices of their children, be arrayed in your presence; let the families reduced to penury, disgraced with crime, and consumed with anguish, that the owners of one distillery might accumulate their wealth, be gathered before you. Let the prosecutor in this suit go to the graveyards, and summon their shrouded tenants; let him summon before you the ghosts of those whose bodies have been laid in the grave from that one distillery; let him call up, if he could, the souls that have been shut out from heaven and prepared for hell, through the instrumentality of the liquor manufactured there; and let him ask what is *their* verdict.—Need I suppose the judgment? Surely it would be said: Let the defendant be shielded. Even if he has overstepped the limits of exact prudence, in his efforts to portray the evils of intemperance; in the name of mercy, let the great object of the effort shield *him*, and let the law be turned against that *dreadful business* whose nature he has aimed to delineate."

To the lasting disgrace of that judiciary, the defendant was con-

demned, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment—an honor to which his children may well look back with pride.

In 1836, Mr. Cheever went to Europe, and was absent about two years and a half. On his return he was installed pastor of the Allen Street Church, New York. In 1844, he again visited Europe, and remained there a year. In 1846, he was installed pastor of the "Church of the Puritans," in New York, in which he still remains.

Mr. Cheever is the author of a great number of works, all excellent in their kind, evincing genius, scholarship, and industry in an eminent degree.<sup>1</sup> But he has what all scholars have not—ardent philanthropy and pure Christian patriotism, taking a deep interest in everything that pertains to the well-being of his brother man. As in the first years of his ministry, Mr. Cheever entered heartily the lists against our one giant vice—intemperance—over which almost the whole community were sleeping, so for the past few years his vigorous pen and eloquent preaching have been directed against our great national sin, slavery. To the columns of that ablest of papers, the "New York Independent," he has been a regular contributor since its establishment in 1840, and all his pieces, whether in literature, politics, practical morals, or religion, show great power and genius, but above all the pure Christian patriot. Within the last year, his heart has been more especially enlisted in the anti-slavery cause, in which he has signally distinguished himself. His views upon the religious aspect of the subject he has embodied in a work just published, en-

<sup>1</sup> The following list, I believe, comprises all his works:—American Common-place Book of Prose, 1828; American Common-place Book of Poetry, 1829; Studies in Poetry, with Biographical Sketches of the Poets, 1830; Selections from Archbishop Leighton, with an Introductory Essay, 1832; God's Hand in America, 1841; The Argument for Punishment by Death, 1842; Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress, 1843; Hierarchical Lectures, 1844; Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp, 1846; The Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1848; The Hill Difficulty, and other Allegories, 1849; The Windings of the River of the Water of Life, 1849; Voices of Nature to her Foster Child, the Soul of Man, 1852; Right of the Bible in our Common Schools, 1854; Lectures on Cowper, 1856; The Powers of the World to Come, 1856; God Against Slavery, 1857.

Dr. Cheever, in earlier years, was a contributor to the "United States Literary Gazette," "The Quarterly Register," and "The New Monthly Magazine." He has written articles of great ability for "The Biblical Repository," "The New-Englander," "The Bibliothea Sacra," and "The Quarterly Observer." He was a valuable correspondent of the "New York Observer" when in Europe, and editor of the "New York Evangelist" during 1845 and 1846. He is now writing a series of articles for "The Bibliothea Sacra," on the Judgment of the Old Testament against Slavery, which evince characteristic argumentation combined with remarkable philological investigation.

titled "God Against Slavery," in which he rises, occasionally, to the sublimity of the ancient prophets in his denunciation of oppression.<sup>1</sup>

The following extracts from Dr. Cheever's various writings will, it is believed, give a fair and just view of the character of his most subjects in which he is most deeply interested, and the quality of his style.

#### THE BENEFIT OF GREEK CULTURE.<sup>2</sup>

With the exception of Shakspeare, on whom was bestowed one of the greatest minds God ever gave to man, the purest and best of English poetry is that which Greek scholars have written. Every page shows the power of an early familiar with the treasures of antiquity. Spenser, that romantic and harmonious mind, grew up with Sir Philip Sidney, under the influence of classical studies. A greater than these, and all Shakspeare,<sup>3</sup> it may be the greatest of all poets, was one of profoundest Greek scholars that ever lived. He does not know the true power of Milton's poetry, who is ignorant of Miles Greek. His genius, it is true, was baptized in a paper for

<sup>1</sup> "The fundamental trait of Dr. Cheever's character, which is the basis of his preaching, is his sense of RIGHT. He detests compromises; he abhors oppression; he magnifies justice; he contends with all systems which would enslave, or deteriorate, whether of governments, or forms, or human institutions. He does not regard expediency, or consult consequences. Fear is a feeling utterly unknown to him. He becomes fired with indignation against all Autocrats and Judge Jeffries. His fullest sympathies go towards the oppressed Bunyan, or the pilloried Baxter, or the exiled Sutches, or the imprisoned Williamsons."—*Fowler's American Pulpit*.

<sup>2</sup> "It was not an accident that the New Testament was written in the language which can best express the highest thoughts and most delicate feelings of the intellect and heart, and which is adapted to be the instrument of education for all nations." Again, "How great has been the benefit of the Greek and Latin tongues! associated together, as they are, in the cause of Christian education, and made the instruments for training the mind of the young in the greatest nations of the earth."—*Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul*, Chap. I.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Cheever must mean "after" in point of time, for surely he can doubt the immense superiority of Milton over Shakespeare in learning, poetical affluence and grandeur of thought, varied power, sublimity, and above all in that humble piety, united to that high, dauntless spirit that led him those perilous times to buckle on his armor, and throw himself into the front rank, and take the lead of the hosts of freemen to do battle not for the liberties of England only, but of the race.

\* He alludes to the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, of Philadelphia, Judge Kane, for an assault upon a Negro—a act so tyrannical that it universalized the cause.

tain ; it was familiar with the infinite, the eternal, the religiously sublime, in the poetry of the Bible ; his mind was nourished and moulded more by the sacred writers than by all his other studies put together. Next to these came the orators, poets, and historians of Greece. He was wont to prepare himself for composition by the perusal of his Hebrew Bible, or of some Greek poet :

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
(So were I equalled with them in renown !)  
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mœonides :  
And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers.

He had "unsphered the spirit of Plato," and held companionship with Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, and in thought and imagination was all fragrant with the richness of Grecian mind : his exquisite language was moulded on those ancient models, not less in its great strength in *Paradise Lost*, than in the lightness and harmony of the *Allegro* and *Pense-roso*. Andrew Marvell, that rare example of virtuous patriotism, one of Milton's most intimate friends, and one of our best prose writers, as well as most pleasant poets, grew up under the same kind of discipline. Gray has been called the most learned man in Europe ; he was certainly one of the most finished classical scholars. The spirit of the Grecian mind pervades his poetry, so elaborately wrought, so pure in its moral influence, abounding in such rich personifications, such lofty images, and often such sweet thoughts. Collins, too, that child of imagination and tenderness, was a superior Greek scholar, as any man would judge, from his exquisite lyrical productions. It would be pleasant to recall our associations through the whole compass of English poetry in an examination of this sort, but it is not necessary. Watts, Young, Addison, Goldsmith, Blair, the poet of the grave, Akenside, Home, Warton, Cowper, the youthful Michael Bruce, Logan, the author of that sweet ode to the cuckoo, Campbell, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, and Bowles—all grew up under the influence of a classical education ; and the loftiest of these familiar names are the names of deep Greek scholars. Is it not a little remarkable that the purest and the most valued of all English poetry should happen to be the produc-

tion of minds thus severely disciplined? Our best men, our wisest, most virtuous, and practical scholars, are few. Let it be remembered, who in early life, and through a university course, *lost much time upon the classics*. It is curious to think of becoming a true scholar, even in English literature merely, without a knowledge of Greek.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE MER DE GLACE.

At Montanvert, you find yourself on the extremity of a plateau, so situated, that on one side, you may look down into the dread frozen sea, and on the other, by a few steps, into the lovely, green vale of Chamonix! What astonishing variety of contrast in the spectacle! Far beneath, a smiling and sunny valley, watered by the Arve, with hamlets, fields and vineyards—the abode of life, sweet children and flowers;—far above, an and inaccessible crags of ice and granite, and a cataract of foaming billows, stretching away beyond sight—the abode of Death and Winter.

From the bosom of the tumbling sea of ice, enormous green needles shoot into the sky, objects of singular sublimity, some of them rising to the great height of thirteen thousand feet, or even more than double the height of Mount Washington in our country, and this amazing pinnacle of rock looks like the spire of an interminable colossal Cathedral, with other pinnacles around it. No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires; the lightning does not splinter them; the tempests rave round them; and at their base, those eternal drifts of snow are formed, that sweep down into the frozen sea, and feed the perpetual, immeasurable masses of the glacier. Meanwhile, the laughing verdure, sprinkled with flowers, plays upon the edges of the enormous masses of ice—so near that you may almost touch the ice with one hand, and with the other pluck the violet. So, oftentimes, the ice and the verdure are mingled in our earthly pilgrimage:—so, sometimes, in the same family you may see the exquisite refinements, and the crabbish repugnances of human nature. So, in the same house of God, on the same bench, may sit an angel and a murderer; a villain, like a glacier, and a man with a heart like a sweet running brook in the sunshine.

The impetuous arrested cataract seems as if it were ploughing the rocky gorge with its turbulent surges. Indeed, t

ridges of rocky fragments along the edges of the glacier, called *moraines*, do look precisely as if a colossal iron plough had torn them from the mountain, and laid them along in one continuous furrow on the frozen verge. It is a scene of stupendous sublimity. These mighty granite peaks, hewn and pinnacled into the Gothic towers, and these rugged mountain walls and buttresses—what a Cathedral! with this cloudless sky, by starlight, for its fretted roof—the chanting wail of the tempest, and the rushing of the avalanche for its organ. How grand the thundering sound of the vast masses of ice tumbling from the roof of the Arve-cavern at the foot of the glacier! Does it not seem, as it sullenly and heavily echoes, and rolls up from so immense a distance below, even more sublime than the thunder of the avalanche above us?

## BUNYAN IN HIS CELL.

Now let us enter his little cell. He is sitting at his table to finish by sunlight the day's work, for the livelihood of his dear family, which they have prepared for him. On a little stool, his poor blind child sits by him, and with that expression of cheerful resignation with which God seals the countenance when He takes away the sight, the daughter turns her face up to her father as if she could see the affectionate expression with which he looks upon her and prattles to her. On the table and in the grated window there are three books, the Bible, the Concordance, and Bunyan's precious old copy of the Book of Martyrs. And now the day is waning, and his dear blind child must go home with the laces he has finished, to her mother. And now Bunyan opens his Bible and reads aloud a portion of Scripture to his little one, and then encircling her in his arms and clasping her small hands in his, he kneels down on the cold stone floor, and pours out his soul in prayer to God for the salvation of those so inexpressibly dear to him, and for whom he has been all day working. This done, with a parting kiss he dismisses her to her mother by the rough hands of the gaoler.

And now it is evening. A rude lamp glimmers darkly on the table, the tagged laces are laid aside, and Bunyan, alone, is busy with his Bible, the Concordance, and his pen, ink, and paper. He writes as though joy did make him write. His pale, worn countenance is lighted with a fire, as if reflected from the radiant jasper walls of the Celestial City. He writes,

and smiles, and clasps his hands, and looks upward, and thanks God for his goodness, and then again turns to his work and then again becomes so entangled with a passage of Scripture, the glory of which the Holy Spirit lets in upon him that he is forced, as it were, to lay aside all his labor to give himself to the sweet work of his closing evening's devotions. The last you see of him for the night, he is seen kneeling on the floor of his prison; he is alone with God.

#### THE DIVINE RETRIBUTION AGAINST NATIONS.

Nations have their time and scene of probation as well as individuals. They form character, habits, and fixed principles of conduct, that, in the end, however things may seem to go for a season, come out according to eternal justice. If that is violated by a nation, to secure a present seeming temporal prosperity or power, there will be a divine vengeance and retribution. The course of crime strikes back, and that which was pleasure, luxury, and power, in the forward career, is wretchedness, ruin, and death in the reaction. The time must come; it cannot wait for eternity; and whatever distance there may be between the actors of a present generation, when the judgment for national crime overtakes, and those who began the crime, or set its causes in the national policy, the stroke of vengeance is not lightened, but falls with a renewed and accumulated, as well as original righteousness and force, the present actors having adopted for themselves the sins of their fathers, woven them in the life of the nation, and made the perpetuity which might have been temporary. That upon us may come all the righteous blood, from that of Abel down to the last man murdered for his principles.

There are awful unseen junctures, unseen, because men choose to be blinded; and there are days of unknown visitation, unknown, because men scoff at the thought of being thus under the judgment of a present God. There are seasons of difficult choice forever, where two ways meet, and nations, as individuals, come to the point, decide, and from that step, go steadily downward or upward, according to that decision. We ourselves, as a nation, have come to such a point. We are to choose for an empire between wrong and righteousness, between injustice and justice, between oppression and benevolence, between slavery and freedom. It is a point, in which all the characters and wills in this country come to a convergence,

one side or other, good or bad. It is a point where the choice will be determined by individual adopted opinions and preferences, under motives and principles which in every case God unerringly traces and judges, as he alone can do.

It is a spectacle, and a national issue, such as there never was before in all the world; a decision affecting at present and in prospect, more millions of men, and greater varieties of interest in this world, and more solemn eternal results, than any movement of any nation's policy ever on record.

#### MAN CANNOT BE PROPERTY.

The Jewish law strictly forbade any one from ever returning unto his master that servant that had fled from his master to him. If an ox or an ass had strayed from its owner, any one finding the beast was commanded to restore it to its owner, as his property; but if a man's *servant* had fled away, every one was in like manner *forbidden* to restore him; demonstrating in the strongest manner that a servant was never regarded as property, and could not be treated as such. A man's ox belonged to him, and must be restored to him as his property; but a man's servant did not belong to him, and could not be his property, and if he chose to take himself away, was not considered as taking away anything that belonged to his master, or could be claimed and taken back by him.

It is not possible for an incidental demonstration to be stronger than this. If the possibility of property in man had been admitted, if servants had been regarded as slaves, and masters as owners, then the law of God would no more have permitted any two-legged property to run away from the owner, to steal itself from the master, than a four-legged property; a biped would have no more right of property in himself than a quadruped; and the law would no more have permitted any man to secrete, protect, and keep back from the owner a strayed or runaway biped in the shape of a man, than a strayed or runaway quadruped in the shape of an ox or an ass.

"If thou meet even thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again."<sup>1</sup> But "thou shalt *not* deliver unto his master the servant which has escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even

<sup>1</sup> Ex. xxiii. 4.

among you, in that place which he shall choose in any of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not opp him." He is a freeman, as any of you, free to choose his independence, free to go and come as he pleases, free to stay as long as he lists in whatever place he may prefer, and there is no one to him, no creature that has any power to interfere with his liberty, no law binding him as any man's property, but explicit, divine law, recognizing, guarding, and establishing beyond possibility of denial or interference, his sole right to property and ownership in himself.

"STEP TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE AND SETTLE."

This old watchword, so often heard by travellers in the stages of steam navigation, is now and then ringing in our ears with a very pointed and pertinent application. It is a truth that belongs to all the responsibilities of this life for ever. There is a day of reckoning, a day for the settlement of accounts. All unpaid bills will then have to be paid; all balanced books will have to be settled. There will be no memorandums forgotten; there will be no heedless commissioners for the convenience of careless consciences; there will be no proxies; there will be no bribed auditors.

Neither will there be such a thing as a hesitating conscience, but the inward monitor, so often drugged and silenced by the world, will speak out. There will be no doubt nor question as to the right and the wrong. There will be no vain excuses nor any attempt to make them. There will be no more strategy, no more considerations of expediency, no more plans of the laws of men and the customs of society, no more about organic sins being converted into constructive righteousness, or collective and corporate frauds releasing men from individual responsibilities.

When we see a man in any sphere of responsibility, appealing as his Lord's steward, but saying to himself, My Lord delays his coming, and beginning to smite his fellow-servants, to play the heedless prodigal with his Lord's goods, we hear a sound of the call, Step to the Captain's office and settle!

When we see a man, a professed Christian, running away with the worshippers of wealth and fashion, absorbed in the vanities of the world, or endeavoring to serve both God

Mammon, we hear the voice, Step to the Captain's office and settle!

When we see a man spending his whole time and energies in getting ready to live, but never thinking how he shall learn to die, endeavoring even to forget that he *must* die—poor man, he must step to the Captain's office and settle!

When we see editors and politicians setting power in the place of goodness, and expediency in the place of justice, and law in the place of equity, and custom in the place of right, putting darkness for light, and evil for good, and tyranny for general benevolence, we think of the day when the issuers of such counterfeit money will be brought to light, and their sophistries and lies exposed; for among the whole tribe of unprincipled politicians there will be great consternation when the call comes to *step to the Captain's office and settle*.

When we see unjust rulers in their pride of power fastening chains upon the bondmen, oppressing the poor, and playing their pranks of defiant tyranny before high heaven, then also come these words to mind, like a blast from the last trumpet, Step to the Captain's office and settle!

*Independent, June 26, 1856.*

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RICHARD HILDRETH.

RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian of the United States, was born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, on the 28th of June, 1807. When four years old, his father, the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, was called to preside over the English department of Phillips Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, and the family removed thither. At the age of ten, Richard entered the academy, to prepare for college, and remained in it till August, 1822, when he entered Cambridge University, where he was distinguished not only for his high class rank, but for his great attainments in general literature. After graduating, in 1826, he kept a school in Concord, Massachusetts, one year, and then studied law at Newburyport and Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1830. In 1832, while engaged in his profession, he was one of a small number who founded the "Boston Atlas," of which he was induced to become the editor. The signal ability with which this paper was conducted while under his control is well known to all familiar with

New England journalism. While editing the "Atlas," he contributed many papers of interest and value to Buckingham's "New England Magazine."

In consequence of feeble health, induced by over-exertion, Mr. Hildreth went to the South in 1834, and remained there two years. While there, he wrote that powerful novel, "Archy Moore," showing a few of the features of slavery in their true light. On his return to New England, he was published anonymously, was republished in England, and received deserved praise from the critics.<sup>1</sup> He did not now resume the study of law, but became again connected with the "Boston Atlas." In 1837-8, he was the Washington correspondent. On his return to Boston, in the spring of 1838, he became the chief editor of the paper, and furnished a series of very able articles upon Texas. These were among the first efforts to arouse the North to a true sense of the iniquitous scheme of "Annexion," as it was called. Being now in favor of the enactment by the Legislature of Massachusetts of a prohibitive liquor law, and thus differing from the proprietors of the "Atlas," he left that paper at the end of 1839. In 1840, he published "Despotism in America," a very able work on the moral, political, and social character of slavery, showing conclusively that there was a great degree of despotism existing in our slave States as in no other country upon the earth, European or Asiatic. In the same year he published a "History of Banks," advocating a system of banking, with security to bill-holders; and a translation, from the French of Dumont, of "Bentham's Theory of Legislation."

Feeble health making another visit to a warmer climate necessary, Mr. Hildreth went, in 1840, to Demerara (in British Guiana), where he spent three years, employing his time in editing successively three newspapers in Georgetown, the capital, and in writing his "Theory of Morals," which was published in 1844, soon after his return to Boston. In 1843, appeared the first volume of the great work on which his fame will chiefly rest—his "History of the United States," of which five more volumes appeared in the course of the three succeeding years, bringing down the narrative to the close of the first term of Mr. Monroe's administration. In 1853, appeared his "Theory of Politics," one of his ablest and most acute treatises. In 1854, he gave a new edition of "Despotism in America," with a "continuation," as well as the significant events that had occurred since the appearance of the first edition enabled him to make. The latest work of Mr. Hildreth's is "Japan as it Was and as it Is," published in 1855. In the

<sup>1</sup> This was republished in 1852, under the title of "The White Slave."

year he became a regular contributor or co-editor of the "New York Tribune," and at the close of the year removed to New York, where he now resides.

The following extracts from some of Mr. Hildreth's able works will give a fair idea of his strong, manly style, and his power of description and narration as an historian. The prominent qualities of his mind are courage and honesty. He is never afraid to speak out the deep convictions of his soul. Such a man all must honor, even if they do not coincide with his views; and by a grateful posterity will he ever be remembered as among the earliest and ablest of the opponents of slavery.

#### AN APPEAL FOR A "DELIVERER."

Ye who would know what evils man can inflict upon his fellow without reluctance, hesitation, or regret; ye who would learn the limit of human endurance, and with what bitter anguish and indignant hate the heart may swell, and yet not burst—peruse these Memoirs!

Mine are no silken sorrows, nor sentimental sufferings; but that stern reality of actual woe, the story of which may perhaps touch even some of those who are every day themselves the authors of misery the same that I endured. For, however the practice of tyranny may have deadened every better emotion, and the prejudices of education and interest may have hardened the heart, humanity will still extort an involuntary tribute; and men will grow uneasy at hearing of those deeds of which the doing does not cost them a moment's inquietude.

Should I accomplish no more than this; should I be able, through the triple steel with which the love of money and the lust of domination has encircled it, to reach one bosom—let the story of my wrongs summon up, in the mind of a single oppressor, the dark and dreaded images of his own misdeeds, and teach his conscience how to torture him with the picture of himself, and I shall be content. Next to the tears and the exultations of the emancipated, the remorse of tyrants is the choicest offering upon the altar of liberty!

But perhaps something more may be possible; not likely—but to be imagined—and it may be, even faintly to be hoped. Perhaps within some youthful breast, in which the evil spirits of avarice and tyranny have as yet failed to gain unlimited control, I may be able to rekindle the smothered and expiring

embers of humanity. Spite of habits and prejudices inculcated and fostered from his earliest childhood, spite of the enticements of wealth and political distinction, and the still stronger enticements of indolence and ease, spite of the pratings of hollow-hearted priests, spite of the arguments of time-serving sophists, spite of the hesitation and terrors of the weak-spirited and wavering, in spite of evil precept and evil example, he dares—that generous and heroic youth!—to cherish and avow the feelings of a man.

Another Saul among the prophets, he prophesies terrible things in the ear of insolent and luxurious tyranny; in the midst of tyrants, he dares to preach the good tidings of liberty; in the very school of oppression, he stands boldly forth the advocate of human rights!

He breaks down the ramparts of prejudice; he dissipates the illusions of avarice and pride; he repeals the enactments which, though wanting every feature of justice, have sacrilegiously usurped the sacred form of law! He snatches the whip from the hand of the master; he breaks forever the fetters of the slave!

In place of reluctant toil, drudging for another, he brings in smiling industry to labor for herself! All nature seems to exult in the change! The earth, no longer made barren by the tears and the blood of her children, pours forth her treasures with redoubled liberality. Existence ceases to be torture, and to live is no longer to millions the certainty of being miserable.

Chosen Instrument of Mercy! Illustrious Deliverer! Come: come quickly!

Come! lest, if thy coming be delayed, there come in thy place he who will be at once DELIVERER and ANGEL!

*Introduction to the "White Slave."*

#### THE TREATMENT OF SLAVES, CONSIDERED AS MEN.

There are some people whose sympathies have been excited upon the subject of slavery, who, if they can only be satisfied that the slaves have enough to eat, think it is all very well, and that nothing more is to be said or done.

If slaves were merely animals, whose only or chief enjoyment consisted in the gratification of their bodily appetites, there would be some show of sense in this conclusion. But, in fact, however crushed and brutalized, they are still men; men whose bosoms beat with the same passions as our own; whose

hearts swell with the same aspirations—the same ardent desire to improve their condition; the same wishes for what they have not; the same indifference towards what they have; the same restless love of social superiority; the same greediness of acquisition; the same desire to know; the same impatience of all external control.

The excitement which the singular case of Casper Hauser produced a few years since in Germany, is not yet forgotten. From the representations of that enigmatical personage, it was believed that those from whose custody he declared himself to have escaped, had endeavored to destroy his intellect, or rather to prevent it from being developed, so as to detain him forever in a state of infantile imbecility. This supposed attempt at what they saw fit to denominate the *murder of the soul*, gave rise to great discussions among the German jurists; and they soon raised it into a new crime, which they placed at the very head of social enormities.

It is this very crime, *the murder of the soul*, which is in the course of continuous and perpetual perpetration throughout the Southern States of the American Union; and that not upon a single individual only, but upon nearly one-half the entire population.

Consider the slaves as men, and the course of treatment which custom and the laws prescribe is an artful, deliberate, and well-digested scheme to break their spirit; to deprive them of courage and of manhood; to destroy their natural desire for an equal participation in the benefits of society; to keep them ignorant, and therefore weak; to reduce them, if possible, to a state of idiocy; to crowd them down to a level with the brutes.

#### HAMILTON, WASHINGTON, AND JAY.

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached, in our

history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth !

#### DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professional duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband, loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man. It was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occa-

sioned by misconstruction or misinformation ; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second ; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The bargemen, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon, mutually agreed upon, remained as usual at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces ; loaded the pistols ; made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved ; but, on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and bargemen already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound ;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A new work has recently appeared, entitled "The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, by J. Parton," of which an able review, deservedly severe, may be found in the "Atlantic Monthly," for March, 1858. "The New York Independent," at the close of a long, critical article upon it, thus speaks : "We do not say that it is a dull book. It is all the worse for not being dull ; it is a bad book, thoroughly bad ; being not so much a defence of Burr, as it is of wickedness itself."

## PAST AND PRESENT POLITICS.

With the reannexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognized extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been, first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe, had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognized as a distinct element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point, already beginning, indeed, to fade away in the distance, that our politics of to-day take their departure.

## MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

This lady is the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Charleston, S. C. She is the author of a volume of sweet religious and elegiac poetry, entitled "The Parted Family and other Poems," from which we take the following instructive piece, which was written soon after she had lost her husband and her only child.

## PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,  
Bedeck'd in her snowy array;  
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,  
And the future look'd blooming and gay;  
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart  
At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,  
By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw, when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,  
And the chain had been sever'd in two,  
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,  
And her bloom for the paleness of wo!  
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,  
And wiping the tears from her eyes,  
And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,  
And fasten'd it firm to the skies!  
There had whisper'd a voice—"twas the voice of her God :  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend  
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,  
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,  
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.  
O, sweet as a rosebud encircled with dew,  
When its fragrance is flung on the air,  
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd,  
As he lay in his innocence there.  
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,  
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,  
But paler and colder her beautiful boy.  
And the tale of her sorrow was told!  
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,  
And taken her treasure away;  
To allure her to Heaven, he has placed it on high,  
And the mourner will sweetly obey.  
There had whisper'd a voice—"twas the voice of her God :  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of love,  
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,  
And she hung on his arm, and breath'd soft in his ear,  
As he played with each graceful curl.  
O, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,  
Let her use it in sadness or glee;  
And he twined his arms round her delicate form,  
As she sat in the eve on his knee.  
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,  
And she breath'd not a word in his ear;  
And he clasped his arms round an icy-cold form,  
And he moistened her cheek with a tear.  
But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus,  
"Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"  
And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,  
And he made her his own cherish'd wife!  
There had whisper'd a voice—"twas the voice of his God :  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw too a father and mother who lean'd  
On the arms of a dear gifted son,  
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,  
As they saw the proud place he had won:

And the fast coming evening of life promis'd fair,  
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,  
And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end,  
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.  
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave,  
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,  
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,  
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.  
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,  
And he led them with tenderest care;  
And he show'd them a star in the bright upper world,  
'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there!  
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their Go  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

## GEORGE S. HILLARD.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD was born at Machias, Maine, on 1 of September, 1808, and after a due preparatory course of at the Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard College in 1824. I he was admitted to the Suffolk County (Boston) Bar, and has since been engaged in the practice of his profession in that cit 1845, he was elected to the city council of Boston, was subsequent representative in the State legislature, and was elected to the senate in 1850, where he exhibited abilities which elicited commendation from his friends.

But politics is evidently not the field congenial to the taste feelings of Mr. Hillard. It is in the higher and purer walks of nature that this polished and distinguished scholar shows himself at home, and here he has won a fame for refined taste, pure style, and elevation of moral sentiment scarcely second to any our country.

Mr. Hillard's publications are as follows: "Fourth of July before the City Authorities of Boston," 1835; "Discourse before Phi Beta Kappa Society," 1843; "Connection between Geographical History," 1846; "Address before the Mercantile Library Assoc of Boston," 1850; "Address before the New York Pilgrim Soc 1851; "Eulogy on Daniel Webster before City Authorities of Bo 1852; "Six Months in Italy,"<sup>1</sup> of which five editions have been

<sup>1</sup> "The mass of information contained in these two volumes is interesting, novel, and, in our humble opinion, judicious; the writer

lished; A series of "Class Readers," four in number, for schools, consisting of extracts in prose and verse, with biographical and critical notices of the authors;<sup>1</sup> Guizot's "Essay on the Character and Influence of Washington," translated from the French, 1840; an edition of Spenser, in five volumes, with a critical introduction and occasional notes; "Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor," 1856.

Mr. Hillard was also editor, for some time, of the "American Jurist," and has contributed valuable articles to the "North American Review," "Christian Examiner," and "New England Magazine." To him also we are indebted for the life of the leader of the first settlers in Virginia—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH—to be found in the second volume of Sparks' "Library of American Biography."

#### EXCURSION TO SORRENTO.<sup>2</sup>

On the morning of March 19th, I left Naples for Sorrento, making one of a party of five. The cars took us to Castellamare, a town beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, much resorted to by the Neapolitans in the heats of summer. A lover of nature could hardly find a spot of more varied attractions. Before him spreads the unrivalled bay—dotted with sails and unfolding a broad canvas, on which the most glowing colors and the most vivid lights are dashed—a mirror in which the crimson and gold of morning, the blue of noon, and the orange and yellow-green of sunset behold a lovelier image of themselves—a gentle and tideless sea, whose waves break upon the shore like caresses, and never like angry blows. Should he ever become weary of waves and languish for woods, he has only to turn his back upon the sea and climb the hills for an hour or two, and he will find himself in the depth of sylvan and mountain solitudes—in a region of vines, running streams, deep-shadowed valleys, and broad-armed oaks—where he will hear the ring-dove coo and see the sensitive hare dart across the forest aisles. A great city is within an hour's reach; and the shadow of Vesuvius hangs over the landscape, keeping the imagination awake by touches of mystery and terror.

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thoughts and feelings beautifully expressed. \* \* \* Mr. Hillard is evidently a scholar, a man of taste and feeling; something, we should opine, of a poet; and unmistakably a gentleman."—*Frazer's Magazine*.

<sup>1</sup> I consider these as among the very best reading-books for schools, evincing throughout great taste and judgment in the selection of pieces, and just views in the critical notices.

<sup>2</sup> About eighteen miles S. E. of Naples.

From Castellamare to Sorrento, a noble road has within a few years past been constructed between the mountains and the sea, which in many places are so close together that the width of the road occupies the whole intervening space. On the right, the traveller looks down a cliff of some hundred feet or more upon the bay, whose glossy floor is dappled with patches of green, purple, and blue; the effect of varying depth, of light and shade, of clusters of rock overgrown with sea-weed scattered over a sandy bottom.<sup>1</sup> The road combined rare elements of beauty; for it nowhere pursued a monotonous straight line, but followed the windings and turnings of this many-curved shore. Sometimes it was cut through solid ledges of rock; sometimes it was carried on bridges, over deep gorges and chasms, wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, where a slender stream tripped down to the sea. The sides of these glens were often planted with orange and lemon-trees and we could look down upon their rounded tops, presenting with their dark-green foliage, their bright, almost luminescent fruit, and their snowy blossoms, the finest combination of colors which the vegetable kingdom, in the temperate zone, at least can show. The scenery was in the highest degree grand, beautiful, and picturesque—with the most animated contrasts and the most abrupt breaks in the line of sight—yet never angry or scowling. The mountains on the left were not bare and scalped, but shadowed with forests, and thickly overgrown with shrubbery—such wooded heights as the genius of Greek poetry would have peopled with bearded satyrs and bushy wood-nymphs, and made vocal with the reeds of Pan and the hounds and horn of Artemis. All the space near the road was stamped with the gentle impress of human cultivation. Fruit-trees and vines were thickly planted; garden vegetables were growing in favorable exposures; and houses were nesting in the hollows or hanging to the sides of the cliff. Over the whole region there is a smiling expression of wooing and invitation to which the sparkling sea murmured a fitting accompaniment. No pitiless ice and granite chill or wound the eye; no funeral cedars and pines darken the mind with their Arctic shadows, but bloom and verdure, thrown over rounded surfaces, and tie

<sup>1</sup> The colors of the Bay of Naples were a constant surprise and delight to me, from the predominance of blue and purple over the grays and greens of our coast. I was glad to find that my impressions on this point were confirmed by the practised eye of Cooper. There seem to be some elements affecting the color of the sea, not derived from the atmosphere or the reflection of the heavens.

and gay forms of foliage mantling gray cliffs or waving from rocky ledges, give to the face of Nature that mixture of animation and softness which is equally fitted to soothe a wounded spirit or restore an overtired mind. If one could only forget the existence of such words as "duty" and "progress," and step aside from the rushing stream of onward-moving life, and be content with being, merely, and not doing; if these lovely forms could fill all the claims and calls of one's nature, and all that we ask of sympathy and companionship could be found in mountain breezes and breaking waves; if days passed in communion with nature, in which decay is not hastened by anxious vigils or ambitious toils, made up the sum of life—where could a better retreat be found than along this enchanting coast? Here are the mountains, and there is the sea. Here is a climate of delicious softness, where no sharp extremes of heat and cold put strife between man and nature. Here is a smiling and good-natured population, among whom no question of religion, politics, science, literature, or humanity is ever discussed, and the surface of the placid hours is not ruffled by argument or contradiction. Here a man could hang and ripen, like an orange on the tree, and drop as gently out of life upon the bosom of the earth. There is a fine couplet of Virgil, which is full of that tenderness and sensibility which form the highest charm of his poetry as they probably did of his character, and they came to my mind in driving along this beautiful road:—

"Hic gelidi fontes ; hic mollia prata, Lycori;  
Hic nemus ; hic ipso tecum consumerer aeo."1

There is something in the musical flow of these lines which seems to express the movement of a quiet life, from which day after day loosens and falls, like leaf after leaf from a tree in a calm day of autumn. But Virgil's air-castle includes a Lycoris; that is, sympathy, affection, and the heart's daily food. With these, fountains, meadows, and groves may be dispensed with; and without them, they are not much better than a painted panorama. To have something to do and to do it, is the best appointment for us all. Nature, stern and coy, reserves her most dazzling smiles for those who have earned them by hard work and cheerful sacrifice. Planted on these shores and lapped in

<sup>1</sup> "Here cooling fountains roll through flowing meads,  
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads,  
Here could I wear my careless life away,  
And in thy arms insensibly decay."  
*Virgil's Bucolics*, x. 42, *Wharton's version*.

pleasurable sensations, man would turn into an indolent dreamer and a soft voluptuary. He is neither a fig nor an orange, but he thrives best in the sharp air of self-denial and on the rack of toil.

#### THE ARTIST IN ROME.

Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where his visions may be realized; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms, and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city to pursue the study of art at Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world where everything is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies, but the stillness of a Sabbath morning reigns over the whole city. The figures whom he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dream, is the dash of a fountain in a neighboring square. When he opens his window, he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, gray with time and heavily freighted with tradition. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendor; and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon-trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee, a little girl glides in and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day, his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the nobility, with their stately architecture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind eas-

receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is everywhere varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk—a pine or a cypress—a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book—ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shovel-hats upon their heads—capuchins in robes of brown—peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday bodices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large brown eyes, and broad low foreheads—beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures, and then the infinite, inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually extend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings, he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and under a light which conceals all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive, may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb.

## BOOKS.

In that most interesting and instructive book, Boswell's Life of Johnson, an incident is mentioned which I beg leave to quote in illustration of this part of my subject. The Doctor and his biographer were going down the Thames, in a boat, to Greenwich, and the conversation turned upon the benefits of learning, which Dr. Johnson maintained to be of use to all men. “‘And yet,’ said Boswell, ‘people go through the world very well, and

carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning.' 'Why, sir,' replied Dr. Johnson, 'that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.' He then called to the boy, 'What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?' 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I would give what I have.' Johnson was much pleased with this answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, 'Sir,' said he, 'a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.'"

For the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses, and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt, is no impossible monster. But it is no overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations; if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime, for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he

is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.

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EMMA C. EMBURY.

AMONG American female writers, Mrs. Embury takes no mean rank. She is the daughter of Dr. James R. Manly, a distinguished physician of New York, and in 1828 was married to Daniel Embury, a gentleman of wealth, residing in Brooklyn, and distinguished for his intellectual and social qualities—having the taste to appreciate the talents of his gifted wife, and the good sense to encourage and aid her in her literary pursuits. But these pursuits, happily, have never caused her to neglect the duties of a wife or a mother.

Mrs. Embury's published works are—"Guido, and other Poems, by Ianthe;" a volume on "Female Education;" "The Blind Girl, and other Tales;" "Pictures of Early Life;" "Glimpses of Home Life, or Causes and Consequences;" "Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers;" "Love's Token Flowers;" "The Waldorf Family, or Grandfather's Legends."

All her writings exhibit good sense, true cultivation, and healthy natural feeling, united to much refinement.

THE ONE FAULT.

"You are unhappy, Charles," said his mother, one day, when they were alone. "Will you not tell me the cause of your trouble? Is it your business?"

"No, mother; my business was never in a more prosperous condition."

"Then something is wrong at home, my son; can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell; Mary is one of the best-hearted and good-tempered creatures in the world, but—"

"But what, Charles?"

"She has one fault, mother, and it is about the work we could have."

"The worst, Charles? Is she ill-tempered, or deficient in affection for you? Does she run into extravagant excesses for dress or company?"

"Why, mother, you know she has none of these defects?"

"Then, Charles, she has not the ~~worst~~ faults she might have."

"Well, well, perhaps I used too strong a term, but really I am heart-sick—I have a house, but no home—I have servants but no service for them—I have a wife, but no helpmeet: I cannot yet afford to keep a housekeeper, and until I can, I see no probability of finding comfort at home. Mary is as ignorant as a baby of all that the mistress of a family ought to know, and I am tired of living at the mercy of a pack of careless domestics."

"Mary has been unfortunate in not learning such duties in her early home, Charles; but certainly there is no difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them now. Did you ever try to teach her?"

"Try to teach housekeeping, mother? no, indeed; I should as soon think of teaching a woman how to put on her dress—who ever heard of a man teaching his wife how to keep house?"

"I will tell you, Charles, what you might have taught her: you have such habits of order, and are so systematic in your arrangement of time, that you could easily have imparted to her your notions on such subjects, without appearing to meddle with woman's affairs; and when she had once learned them, half her task would have been accomplished."

"A woman ought not to be married till she knows her duties. The parent who allows a daughter to marry, when conscious that she is utterly ignorant of these, is guilty of an actual imposition upon the luckless husband."

"You would scarcely expect a parent to blazon his child's defects, Charles; a man chooses a wife for himself—he marries with his eyes open."

"No, I'll be hanged if he does! he is blinded by a pretty face, at first, and then the lady and her friends take good care to noose him before he gets his eyes open."

"You are angry, Charles, and I am afraid you have used bitter words, rather than arguments, with poor Mary."

"Mother, I am as unhappy as ever was mortal man; I love home—I love my wife; but when I seek both, I am disgusted by the sight of a disordered house and a slovenly woman, and my feelings are instantly changed into anger and almost dislike. I shall break up housekeeping in the spring; I can't bear it any longer."

"I think I could remedy the evil of which you complain, if I was only sure that Mary would not resent my interference."

"Resent! why, mother, she never resents anything; I never heard an angry word from her in my life, and I have given her many a one." Mrs. Wharton looked significantly at her son as he made this acknowledgment, and smiled, as she promised to make the attempt.

It happened, not long after the conversation above narrated, that Charles Wharton was taken seriously ill, and his mother became an inmate of his family until his recovery. There is nothing which so effectually subdues wrathful feelings, and obliterates the recollection of past unkindness, as the touch of sickness. When death sits watching beside the bed of pain, the animosity of a life-long enemy seems like a sin against the charities of life, and how much more vain and wicked seem the angry bickerings of those whom love has bound together! Charles saw nothing of the sloven in the attentive and devoted nurse who untiringly ministered to his wants, and Mary felt more happiness, notwithstanding her apprehensions, than she had enjoyed for many months. But Mrs. Wharton, the mother, now obtained a clear insight into the difficulties which had marred their domestic comfort, and, no sooner was Charles restored to convalescence, than she set herself to the task of subduing them. Fortunately for her scheme, Mary possessed that perfect good temper which was not to be ruffled even by the interference of a mother-in-law, and Mrs. Wharton had sufficient tact to know just how far that interference could be carried with success. In the course of the frequent confidential conversations which occurred between the mother and wife, during the time when both were engrossed in the care of the invalid, Mary learned much of her husband's early tastes and habits, of which she had before been utterly ignorant. She heard, but not in the language of personal rebuke, of his peculiar notions of order and system, and her mind, which had unconsciously acquired habits of reflection and thought in her hours of solitude, began to understand the benefit of a regular

and well-ordered plan of life. But still she was at a loss to know exactly how to arrange such a plan, and it was not until she had summoned sufficient moral courage (smile not, reader, it required no small share of it) to explain her dilemma, and ask the aid of her mother-in-law, that she was enabled to enter upon her new course of life.

Following the advice of Mrs. Wharton, the first bad habit which she corrected was that of indulging in morning slumbers. Early rising afforded her the time to attire herself with neatness and propriety, while it also gave her the opportunity of visiting the important domain of the "Land of Cookery," and of inspecting the arrangement of the morning meal. It required a serious struggle with that hardest of all traits, Indolence; but Mrs. Wharton soon found that bad habits are like the bonds with which the Lilliputians fettered the staggering Gulliver—united, it was impossible to break the fragile threads, but if taken singly each could be severed by the movement of a finger. One by one she contended against her lesser faults. It required not only resolution, but the rarer virtue of perseverance, to carry all her good intentions into effect, for many a week and month elapsed ere she could fully uncoil the mechanism of her domestic concerns. In truth, it is a small task to regulate the microcosm of a household—to manage in such a manner as to bestow the greatest proportion of comfort upon each individual—to divide the duties of domesticity, so as to secure the performance of business in its proper time, and the enjoyment of leisure when the tasks are over—to remember and provide for the wants of all—to study the peculiar tastes of each—to preserve order and neatness throughout the multifarious departments of domestic life; and to do all this without neglecting the claims of friendship and society—without relinquishing the cultivation of one's mind, and the ease of one's own heart—without becoming a mere household drudge. It is no easy task, yet it may be done; the first step in this, as in all other labors, are the most difficult; only employ the aid of system in the beginning, and all may be easily accomplished.

#### THE WIDOW'S WOOR.

He woos me with those honeyed words  
That women love to hear,  
Those gentle flatteries that fall  
So sweet on every ear.

He tells me that my face is fair,  
Too fair for grief to shade:  
My cheek, he says, was never meant  
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me, when I sing  
The songs of other days,  
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,  
The words of heartfelt praise;  
And often in my eyes he looks,  
Some answering love to see—  
In vain! he there can only read  
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake,  
With every gentle word;  
How, by his looks and tones, the founts  
Of tenderness are stirred.  
The visions of my youth return,  
Joys far too bright to last;  
And while he speaks of future bliss,  
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,  
Amid my heart's deep gloom,  
Affection sheds its holiest light  
Upon my husband's tomb.  
And, as those lamps, if brought once more  
To upper air, grow dim,  
So my soul's love is cold and dead,  
Unless it glow for him.

#### THE MORAVIAN BURIAL-GROUND.

When in the shadow of the tomb  
This heart shall rest,  
Oh! lay me where spring flow'rets bloom  
On earth's bright breast.  
  
Oh! ne'er in vaulted chambers lay  
My lifeless form;  
Seek not of such mean, worthless prey  
To cheat the worm.  
  
In this sweet city of the dead  
I fain would sleep,  
Where flowers may deck my narrow bed,  
And night-dews weep.  
  
But raise not the sepulchral stone  
To mark the spot;  
Enough, if by thy heart alone  
'Tis ne'er forgot.



## ABSENCE.

Come to me, love ; forget each sordid duty  
That chains thy footsteps to the crowded mart.  
Come, look with me upon earth's summer beauty,  
And let its influence cheer thy weary heart.  
                        (Come to me, love.)

Come to me, love ; the voice of song is swelling  
From nature's harp in every varied tone,  
And many a voice of bird and bee is telling  
A tale of joy amid the forests lone.  
                        (Come to me, love.)

Come to me, love ; my heart can never doubt thee,  
Yet for thy sweet companionship I pine :  
Oh, never more can joy be joy without thee ;  
My pleasures, even as my life, are thine.  
                        (Come to me, love.)

## OH ! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

Oh ! tell me not of lofty fate,  
Of glory's deathless name ;  
The bosom love leaves desolate  
Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar—  
Love's height it may not reach,  
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore  
Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught,  
The altar may be cold ;  
But yet the chalice will be quaffed—  
The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away  
To seek ambition's goal !  
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,  
May charm his weary soul ;

But woman knows one only dream—  
That broken, all is o'er;  
For on life's dark and sinewy stream  
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

## JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THIS distinguished poet of freedom and humanity is of a Quaker family, and was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the year 1808. Until he was eighteen years of age, he remained at home, passing his time in the district school, in assisting his father on the farm, and writing occasional verses for the "Haverhill Gazette." After spending two years in the Academy at Haverhill, he went to Boston in 1828, and became editor of the "American Manufacturer," a newspaper devoted to the interest of a protective tariff. In 1830, he became editor of the "New England Weekly Review," published at Hartford, and remained connected with it for about two years; during which period he published a volume of poems and prose sketches, entitled "Legends of New England." He then returned home, and spent two or three years on his farm, during which time he was elected by the town of Haverhill a representative to the legislature of his native State. This was as creditable to the electors as the elected, as his strong anti-slavery feelings were then well known. In 1836, he was elected Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and defended its principles as editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," a weekly paper published in Philadelphia. About this time appeared his longest poem, "Mogg Megone," an Indian story, which takes its name from a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677.

In 1840, Mr. Whittier removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he still resides, and where all his late publications have been written. In 1845, appeared "The Stranger in Lowell," a series of sketches of scenery and character, which the varied character of the population of that famed manufacturing town might naturally suggest. In 1847, he became corresponding editor of the "National Era," published at Washington, and gave to that paper no small share of the celebrity which it has ever enjoyed of being one of the very ablest papers in the country. The next year a very elegant edition of all his poems, including his "Voices of Freedom," was published by Mussey, of Boston.<sup>1</sup> In 1849, appeared his "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," written in the antique style by the fictitious fair journalist, who visits New England in 1678, and writes letters to a gentleman in England, to whom she is to be married, descriptive of the manners

<sup>1</sup> It is of the octavo size, and elegantly illustrated by Billings.

and influences of the times. In delicate and happy description work is full of beauties, preserving most truthfully the style habits of thought of the time when it pretends to have been written. In 1850, appeared his volume "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," a series of prose essays on Bunyan, Baxter, &c.; and in the same year, "Songs of Labor and other Poems," in which he dignifies renders interesting the mechanic arts by the associations of his mind and fancy. Since that time he has published "Lays of Home," "The Chapel of the Hermits and other Poems;" while, during the whole period since 1847, he has almost every week enriched the columns of the "National Era" with some felicitous prose essay, or some stirring poem that, like the blast of a trumpet, denounces the curse and curse of slavery.

It is hardly possible to speak of Mr. Whittier in too strong terms both as a man and as a writer. At a time when to be an anti-slavery man was to be maligned, abused, and ostracized from society, Whittier stood forth the bold antagonist of the sin, and poured forth indignation in strains of exalted Christian patriotism, which, if now fully appreciated, will in after times give him rank as one of the very first of American poets.

But there is another side of the picture, scarcely less beautiful to behold. Though boldness and energy are Whittier's leading characteristics, and though many of his poems breathe a defiant tone against the oppressor, and show a hatred of slavery as intense, if possible, it deserves, yet both his prose works and his poetry exhibit pass that for tenderness, grace, and beauty, are not exceeded by those of any other American writer. He thus unites qualities seemingly opposite in a heart every pulsation of which beats warmly for humanity.

#### PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallow'd of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around and the valleys between;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod;  
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—  
Where His blessings were heard and his lessons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—  
These hills He toil'd over in grief, are the same—  
The founts where He drank by the way-side still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Were my spirit but tuned from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bow'd him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,  
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

#### CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of 9th month, 1835, published in the "Courier" of that city, it is stated: "The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTIONS TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene."]

Just God! and these are they  
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach, and kidnap men?  
 Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
 Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
 Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own  
 Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
 The homeless and the outcast—fettering down  
 The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!  
 Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
 Just God and holy! is that church, which lends  
 Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
 Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
 Of those high words of truth which search and burn  
 In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
 And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
 That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
 Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long  
 Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,  
 And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
 At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
 Visibly in the heavens, to awo and smite?  
 Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
 And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
 Their brethren of a common Father down!  
 To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
 Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe  
 To those whose hire is with the price of blood—  
 Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,  
 The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might  
 Shall perish; and their very names shall be  
 Vile before all the people, in the light  
 Of a world's liberty.

Oh! speed the moment on  
 When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty and Love,  
 And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known  
 As in their home above.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."—HOLY WRIT.

Yes—pile the marble o'er him ! It is well  
 That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,  
 And planted in the pathway of his life  
 The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,  
 Who clamored down the bold reformer when  
 He pleaded for his captive fellow men,  
 Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought  
 Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
 In party chains the free and honest thought,  
 The angel utterance of an upright mind—  
 Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
 The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
 For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
 Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame !

ICHABOD<sup>12</sup>

So fallen, so lost ! the light withdrawn  
 Which once he wore !  
 The glory from his gray hairs gone  
 Forevermore !

<sup>1</sup> This is Wm. Leggett, who in 1829 was invited by Wm. C. Bryant as associate editor of the "Evening Post." He was an able and fearless defender of truth, and in 1835, when the meetings of the abolitionists were dispersed in New York by mobs, their houses attacked, and their furniture burned in the streets, he defended with noble zeal and signal ability the right of liberty of speech, and became the warm and earnest friend of freedom. The following lines upon his memory, written by Mr. Bryant, do credit no less to the author than to the subject :—

The earth may ring, from shore to shore,  
 With echoes of a glorious name,  
 But he, whose loss our tears deplore,  
 Has left behind him more than fame.  
 For when the death-frost came to lie  
 On Leggett's warm and mighty heart,  
 And quench his bold and friendly eye,  
 His spirit did not all depart.  
 The words of fire that from his pen  
 Were flung upon the sacred page,  
 Still move, still shake the hearts of men  
 Amid a cold and coward age.  
 His love of truth, too warm, too strong  
 For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,  
 His hate of tyranny and wrong,  
 Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

<sup>2</sup> These lines, so full of tender regret, deep grief, and touching pathos, were written when the news came of the sad course of Daniel Webster in sup-

Revile him not—the Tempter hath  
     A snare for all!  
     And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
     Beset his fall.

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
     When he who might  
     Have lighted up and led his age  
     Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark  
     A bright soul driven,  
     Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
     From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
     Insult him now,  
     Nor brand with deeper shame his dim  
     Dishonored brow.

But, let its humbled sons, instead,  
     From sea to lake,  
     A long lament, as for the dead,  
     In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought  
     Save power remains—  
     A fallen angel's pride of thought  
     Still strong in chains.

All else is gone: from those great eyes  
     The soul has fled:  
     When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
     The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days  
     To his dead fame;  
     Walk backward with averted gaze,  
     And hide the shame!

## MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
     Raked the meadow sweet with hay.  
     Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
     Of simple beauty and rustic health.  
     Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
     The mock-bird echoed from his tree.  
     But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
     White from its hill-slope looking down,

porting the "Compromise Measures" (including the "Fugitive Slave Law" in his speech delivered in the U. S. Senate, on the 7th of March, 1850.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—  
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.  
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.  
He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid;  
And asked a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.  
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,  
And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.  
“Thanks!” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”  
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;  
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.  
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;  
And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.  
At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.  
Maud Muller looked and sighed: “Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!  
“He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.  
“My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.  
“I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.  
“And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door.”  
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.  
“A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.  
“And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay:  
"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,  
"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."  
But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.  
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.  
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;  
And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unrailed clover fell.  
He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.  
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go:  
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.  
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;  
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.  
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:  
"Ah, that I were free again!  
"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."  
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.  
But care, and sorrow, and childbirth pain  
Left their traces on heart and brain.  
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot,  
And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,  
In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.  
And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.  
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,  
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,  
A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.  
Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."  
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !  
God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : "It might have been!"  
Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

## DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—MATTHEW vii. 12.

Bearer of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,  
The foe of all which pains the sight,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God !  
The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of *all* divine—  
The pitying heart—the helping arm—  
The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine.  
Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of cast and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !  
Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.  
By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou see'st a MAN  
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place or name,  
 Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
 Through poverty and squalid shame,  
 Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
 Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
 The crown upon his forehead set—  
 The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;  
 For that frail form which mortals wear  
 The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
 And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
 I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
 And round a thousand altars stand  
 Thy banded Party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
 At Party's call, my gift I bring ;  
 But on thy ooden shrine I lay  
 A freeman's dearest offering ;

The voiceless utterance of his will—  
 His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
 That manhood's heart remembers still  
 The homage of its generous youth.

*Election Day, 1843.*

#### THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ask not now for gold to gild  
 With mocking shine a weary frame ;  
 The yearning of the mind is stilled—  
 I ask not now for Famo.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
 Melting in heaven's blue depths away—  
 O ! sweet, fond dream of human Love !  
 For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
 I make my humble wishes known—  
 I only ask a will resigned,  
 O Father, to thine own !

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,  
 I crave alone for peace and rest,  
 Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
 And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
 A miracle our Life and Death ;  
 A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
 Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan;  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day!

## MILTON.

Blind Milton approaches nearly to my conception of a true hero. What a picture have we of that sublime old man, as sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of friends, he still held fast his heroic integrity, rebuking with his unbending republicanism the treachery, cowardice, and servility of his old associates! He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth; he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the feet of the shameless, debauched, and perjured Charles the Second, crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forswearing at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends. Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves. Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting-place; for even in death the effeminate monarch hated and feared the conqueror of Naseby and Marston Moor. He was left alone, in age and penury and blindness; oppressed with the knowledge that all which his free soul abhorred had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken, realizing the truth of the language of his own *Samson Agonistes* :—

“——Patience is the exercise  
Of saints; the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each their own deliverer,  
And victor over all  
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.”

True, the overwhelming curse had gone over his country. Harlotry and atheism sat in the high places, and the “caresses of wantons and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of

a government which had just ability enough to detect, and religion enough to persecute." But, while Milton mourned over this disastrous change, no self-reproach mingled with his sorrow. To the last, he had striven against the oppressor; and when confined to his narrow alley a prisoner, in his mean dwelling, like another Prometheus on his rock of愁, he turned upon him an eye of unsubdued defiance; and who that has read his powerful appeal to his countrymen when they were on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule which at the expense of so much blood and treasure, had been driven off, can ever forget it?

## LORD BYRON.

I admire the sublimity of his genius. But I have learned and do still fear the consequences—the inevitable consequences of his writings. I fear that in our enthusiastic admiration of his genius, our idolatry of poetry, the awful impiety, and the staggering unbelief contained in those writings, are lightly passed over, and acquiesced in, as the allowable aberrations of a mighty intellect, which had lifted itself above the ordinary world, which had broken down the barriers of ordinary mind, and which revelled in a creation of its own: a world, over which the sun shine of imagination lightened at times with an almost ineffable glory, to be succeeded by the thick blackness of doubt and terror, and misanthropy, relieved only by the lightning flashes of terrible and unholy passion.

The blessing of that mighty intellect—the prodigal gift of Heaven—became, in his possession, a burthen and a curse. He was wretched in his gloomy unbelief, and he strove, with the selfish purpose which too often actuates the miserable, to drag his fellow beings from their only abiding hope; to break down in the human bosom, the beautiful altar of its faith, and to fix in other bosoms the doubt and despair which darkened his own; to lead his readers—the vast multitude of the beastly, the pure, and the gifted, who knelt to his genius as to the manifestations of a new divinity—into that ever darkening path which is trodden only by the lost to hope—the forsaken of Heaven—and which leads from the perfect light of Eternity down to the shadows of eternal death.

Genius! the pride of genius! What is there in it, after all, to take the precedence of virtue? Why should we wonder at the hideousness of vice, although the drapery of angelic

gathered about it? In the awful estimate of eternity, what is the fame of a Shakespeare, to the beautiful humility of a heart, sanctified by the approval of the Searcher of all bosoms? The lowliest taster of the pure and living waters of *religion* is a better and wiser man than the deepest quaffer at the fount of Helicon: and the humble follower of that sublime philosophy of Heaven, which the pride of the human heart accounteth foolishness, is greater and worthier than the skilled in human science, whose learning and glory only enable them "*Sapienter ad infernam descendere!*"

## HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

HANNAH F. GOULD was born in Lancaster, Vermont; but while yet a child her father removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts. Soon after this, she lost her mother, and thenceforth devoted her time to cheer and comfort her father, who was in feeble health, and to whom she touchingly alludes in two or three of her poems. She early wrote for several periodicals, and in 1832 her poetical pieces were collected in a volume. In 1835 and in 1841, a second and third volume appeared; and in 1846 she collected a volume of her prose compositions, entitled "Gathered Leaves." Of her poetry, a writer in the "Christian Examiner" remarks that it is impossible to find fault. It is so sweet and unpretending, so pure in purpose, and so gentle in expression, that criticism is disarmed of all severity, and engaged to say nothing of it but good. It is poetry for a sober, quiet, kindly-affectionated Christian heart. It is poetry for a united family circle in their hours of peace and leisure. For such companionship it was made, and into such it will find and has found its way.

## A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;  
A pearly shell was in my hand:  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
My name—the year—the day.

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. xiv. p. 320.

**As onward from the spot I passed,**  
**One lingering look behind I cast :**  
**A wave came rolling high and fast,**  
**And washed my lines away.**

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
 With every mark on earth from me :  
 A wave of dark Oblivion's sea  
 Will sweep across the place  
 Where I have trod the sandy shore  
 Of Time, and been to be no more,  
 Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the **sands**,  
 And holds the waters in his hands,  
 I know a lasting record stands,  
 Inscribed against my name,  
 Of all this mortal part hath wrought ;  
 Of all this thinking soul has thought :  
 And from these fleeting moments caught  
 For glory or for shame.

## THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble ! and yield to none !"  
 Were the swelling words of a tiny **stone**—  
 "Nor time nor seasons can alter me ;  
 I am abiding, while ages flee.  
 The pelting hail and the drizzling rain  
 Have tried to soften me, long, in **vain** ;  
 And the tender dew has sought to melt  
 Or touch my heart ; but it was not felt.  
 There's none can tell about my birth,  
 For I'm as old as the big, round earth.  
 The children of men arise, and pass  
 Out of the world, like blades of grass ;  
 And many a foot on me has trod,  
 That's gone from sight, and under the **sod**.  
 I am a Pebble ! but who art thou,  
 Rattling along from the restless bough !"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,  
 And lay for a moment abashed and mute ;  
 She never before had been so near  
 This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere ;  
 And she felt for a time at a loss to know  
 How to answer a thing so coarse and low,  
 But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
 Than the angry look, or the keen retort,  
 At length she said, in a gentle tone,  
 "Since it has happened that I am thrown

From the lighter element where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august,  
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,  
And quickly retire from the sight of one  
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,  
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"  
And soon in the earth she sank away  
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.  
But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
By the peering head of an infant oak!  
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,  
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,  
"A modest Acorn—never to tell  
What was inclosed in its simple shell!  
That the pride of the forest was folded up  
In the narrow space of its little cup!  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!  
And, oh! how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire the beautiful tree,  
Whose head is towering toward the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I!  
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,  
I have been idling from year to year.  
But never from this, shall a vaunting word  
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,  
Till something without me or within  
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"  
The Pebble its vow could not forget,  
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

## THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

'Tis midnight—all is peace profound!  
But, lo! upon the murmuring ground,  
The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound  
Of distant wheels is heard!  
They come—they pause a moment—when,  
Their charge resigned, they start, and then  
Are gone, and all is hushed again,  
As not a leaf had stirred.

Hast thou a parent far away,  
A beauteous child, to be thy stay,  
In life's decline—or sisters, they  
Who shared thine infant glee?  
A brother on a foreign shore?  
Is he whose breast thy token bore,  
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er  
A wide, tumultuous sea?



If aught like these, then thou must feel  
The rattling of that reckless wheel,  
That brings the bright or boding seal  
    On every trembling thread  
That strings thy heart, till morn appears,  
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,  
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,  
    As line on line is read.

Perhaps thy treasure 's in the deep,  
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,  
Thy brother where thou canst not weep  
    Upon his distant grave !  
Thy parent's hony head no more  
May shed a silver lustre o'er  
His children grouped—nor death restore  
    Thy son from out the wave !

Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled,  
Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,  
Thy blooming bride, perchance, has filled  
    Her corner of the tomb.  
May be, the home where all thy sweet  
And tender recollections meet,  
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet  
    In midnight's awful gloom !

And while, alternate, o'er my soul  
Those cold or burning wheels will roll  
Their chill or heat, beyond control,  
    Till morn shall bring relief—  
Father in heaven, whate'er may be  
The cup which thou hast sent for me,  
I know 'tis good, prepared by thee,  
    Though filled with joy or grief.

## FOREST MUSIC.

There 's a sad loneliness about my heart—  
A deep, deep solitude the spirit feels  
Amid this multitude. The things of art  
Fall on the senses—from its pageantry,  
Loathing, my eye turns off; and my ear shrinks  
From the harsh dissonance that fills the air.

My soul is growing sick—I will away  
And gather balm from a sweet forest walk!  
There, as the breezes through the branches sweep,  
Is heard aerial minstrelsy, like harps  
Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear  
Pour out their numbers till they lull in peace

The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice  
Of music in the rustling of the leaves :  
And the green boughs are hung with living lutes,  
Whose strings will only vibrate to His hand  
Who made them, while they sound his untaught praise !

The whole wild wood is one vast instrument  
Of thousand, thousand keys ; and all its notes  
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays  
To celebrate the presence of her God.

THE SNOWFLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot  
To be cast in some lone and lowly spot,  
To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot ?  
And there will my course be ended ?"  
'Twas this a feathery Snowflake said,  
As down through measureless space it strayed,  
Or as, half by dalliance, half afraid,  
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"Oh, no !" said the Earth, " thou shalt not lie  
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,  
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky !  
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.  
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form—  
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,  
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,  
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping !

"And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be  
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,  
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,  
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness ;  
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead  
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,  
In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,  
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,  
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,  
In a tremulous tear ; or, a diamond, leap  
In a drop from the unlocked fountain ;  
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,  
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,  
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath  
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,  
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,  
And appear in the many and glorious dyes  
A pencil of sunbeams is blending !

But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,  
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,  
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,  
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake,  
"But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make  
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake:  
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning;  
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee;  
But those that are lent from on high, like me,  
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,  
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word and just thou art,  
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,  
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,  
And return to my native heaven.  
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow  
From time to time, in thy sight to glow;  
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow  
By the promise that God hath given!"

## THE WINDS.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,  
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,  
And over the mountains and over the deep  
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,  
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!  
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;  
Ye call us the Winds: but can ye tell  
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,  
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,  
When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent,  
When the tower 's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,  
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,  
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;  
And ye say it is we!—but can ye trace  
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be lond or high,  
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,  
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,  
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear  
With music aerial, still 'tis we.  
And ye list and ye look; but what do ye see?  
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,  
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand ;  
We come and we go at his command.  
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,  
His will is our guide, and we look not back :  
And if in our wrath ye would turn us away,  
Or win us in gentle airs to play,  
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds  
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D., the poet-physician, is the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the author of the "Annals of America." He was born on the 29th of August, 1809, and entered Harvard University in 1825. After graduating, he studied medicine. In 1833, he went to Europe, returned home in 1835, and commenced the practice of medicine in Boston the following year. In 1838, he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Dartmouth College. This professorship he resigned on his marriage in 1840, and, in 1847, he was elected to the chair of Anatomy in Harvard University, vacated by the resignation of Dr. John C. Warren, which he still fills. In 1849, he relinquished practice, and fixed his summer residence in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.

Dr. Holmes has written a number of prize medical essays, and has contributed occasionally to medical journals, but he is far better known to the public by his poems, which, by the exuberance of their wit, have made his name universally popular. He has been not unaptly called the Hood of America, for while he has quite as much humor and playful fancy as his transatlantic prototype, he has shown that, like Hood, he can write in a serious and pathetic vein that stirs the depths of the soul. The following are among his best humorous pieces :—

## MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!  
Long years have o'er her flown;  
Yet still she strains the aching clasp  
That binds her virgin zone

I know it hurts her—though she looks  
 As cheerful as she can;  
 Her waist is ampler than her life,  
 For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!  
 Her hair is almost gray;  
 Why will she train that winter curl  
 In such a spring-like way?  
 How can she lay her glasses down,  
 And say she reads as well,  
 When, through a double convex lens,  
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive  
 This erring lip its smiles—  
 Vowed she should make the finest girl  
 Within a hundred miles.  
 He sent her to a stately school;  
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
 And with her, as the rules required,  
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,  
 To make her straight and tall;  
 They laced her up, they starved her down,  
 To make her light and small;  
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair.  
 They screwed it up with pins—  
 O never mortal suffered more  
 In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
 My grandsire brought her back;  
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
 Might follow on the track;)  
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook  
 Some powder in his pan,  
 "What could this lovely creature do  
 Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
 Nor bandit cavalcade  
 Tore from the trembling father's arms  
 His all-accomplished maid.  
 • For her how happy had it been!  
 And Heaven had spared to me  
 To see one sad, ungathered rose  
 On my ancestral tree.

## THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;  
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,  
• “I’m wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,  
“I guess I’ll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see ;  
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont—and I will swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,  
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;  
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—  
But they have heard her father’s step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman—“O what was that, my daughter ?”  
“ ’Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water ;”  
“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ? ”  
“ It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s been a swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman—“ Now bring me my harpoon !  
I’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon ; ”  
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,  
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her swoond,  
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned ;  
But Fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

## THE TREADMILL SONG.

The stars are rolling in the sky,  
The earth rolls on below,  
And we can feel the rattling wheel  
Revolving as we go.  
Then tread away, my gallant boys,  
And make the axle fly ;  
Why should not wheels go round about  
Like planets in the sky ?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,  
 And stir your solid legs;  
 Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,  
 And shake your spider legs;  
 What though you're awkward at the trail,  
 There's time enough to learn—  
 So lean upon the rail, my lad,  
 And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall,  
 To keep the vulgar out;  
 We've nothing in the world to do,  
 But just to walk about;  
 So faster, now, you middle men,  
 And try to beat the ends—  
 It's pleasant work to ramble round  
 Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,  
 He sha'n't be lazy here—  
 And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
 And tweak that lubber's ear—  
 He's lost them both—don't pull his hair,  
 Because he wears a scratch,  
 But poke him in the further eye,  
 That isn't in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper-bell,  
 And so our work is done;  
 It's pretty sport—suppose we take  
 A round or two for fun!  
 If ever they should turn me out,  
 When I have better grown,  
 Now hang me, but I mean to have  
 A treadmill of my own!

## THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen  
 Full many a chill September,  
 And though I was a youngster then,  
 That gale I well remember;  
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,  
 And, I my kite pursuing,  
 The wind whistled off my palm-leaf hat—  
 For me, two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing;  
 There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing—

A little stir among the clouds,  
Before they rent asunder—  
A little rocking of the trees,  
And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled,  
And how the shingles rattled !  
And oaks were scattered on the ground  
As if the Titans battled ;  
And all above was in a howl,  
And all below a clatter—  
The earth was like a frying-pan,  
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,  
And all our things were drying :  
The storm came roaring through the lines,  
And set them all a flying ;  
I saw the shirts and petticoats  
Go riding off like witches ;  
I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept—  
I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,  
Alas ! too late to win them ;  
I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
The devil had been in them ;  
They were my darlings and my pride,  
My boyhood's only riches—  
“ Farewell, farewell,” I faintly cried—  
“ My breeches ! O my breeches !”

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
How changed from what I knew them !  
The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
The winds had whistled through them ;  
I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
Where demon claws had torn them ;  
A hole was in their ampiest part,  
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
And tailors kind and clever,  
But those young pantaloons have gone,  
For ever and for ever !  
And not till fate has cut the last  
Of all my earthly stitches,  
This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
My loved, my long-lost breeches !

## THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

There are three ways in which men take  
One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse ;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,  
And counting up your gains ;  
A fellow jumps from out a bush  
And takes your horse's reins,  
Another hints some words about  
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends  
In such a lonely spot ;  
It's very hard to lose your cash,  
But harder to be shot ;  
And so you take your wallet out,  
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—  
Some filthy creature begs  
You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs,  
And says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
His children to be fed,  
Poor little, lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread—  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat  
Beneath a cloudless moon ;  
You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum ;  
You sit, in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.



Poor "home, sweet home," should seem to be  
    A very dismal place ;  
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,  
    Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
    Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
    From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
    And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
    And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,  
    The music all is ground ;  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
    To heal the blows of sound ;  
It cannot be — it is — it is —  
    A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
    A fracture in your jaw,  
And pay the owner of the bear,  
    That stunned you with his paw,  
And buy the lobster, that has had  
    Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
    Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
    To turn them out of town ;  
Then close your sentence with an oath,  
    And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
    Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
    Because you are a flat,  
Go very quietly and drop  
    A button in the hat !

#### THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time  
    In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
    They were exceeding good.

**T**hey were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die;  
Albeit, in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;  
How kind it was of him,  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added (as a trifling jest),  
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear;  
He read the third; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;  
The fifth; his waistband split;  
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

## ANNE PEYRE DINNIES.

ANNE PEYRE DINNIES is the daughter of Judge Shackelford of Georgetown, South Carolina. When a child, her father removed to Charleston, where she was educated. For many years she wrote poetry for various magazines, under the signature of "Macha." In 1830, she was married to Mr. John C. Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri, where she resided for many years. Recently her husband removed to New Orleans, where she now lives. In 1846, she published a small illustrated volume, entitled the "Floral Year." Her pieces celebrate the domestic affections and are marked by unusual grace and tenderness, of which the following are fair specimens.



## THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms around him—Thou art all  
That this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,  
And borne the rich one's sneer,  
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,  
Nor shed a single tear.  
I could have smiled on every blow  
From Life's full quiver thrown,  
While I might gaze on thee, and know  
I should not be "alone."  
I could—I think I could have brooked,  
E'en for a time, that thou  
Upon my fading face hadst looked  
With less of love than now;  
For then I should at least have felt  
The sweet hope still my own,  
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt  
On earth, not been "alone."  
But thus to see, from day to day,  
Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
And watch thy life-sands waste away  
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;  
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,  
And catch the feeble tone  
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,  
And feel, I'll be "alone;"  
To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
As filled with heavenward trust, they say,  
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"  
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart  
Must break when thou art gone:  
It must not be; we may not part;  
I could not live "alone!"

## TO MY HUSBAND'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

"I know thee not—I loathe thy race;  
But in thy lineaments I trace  
What time shall strengthen—not efface."  
*Glaour.*

Thou strange, unbidden guest! from whence  
Thus early hast thou come?  
And wherefore? Rude intruder, hence!  
And seek some fitter home!

These rich young locks are all too dear—  
Indeed, thou must not linger here!

Go! take thy sober aspect where  
The youthful cheek is fading,  
Or find some furrowed brow, which Care  
And Passion have been shading :  
And add thy sad, malignant trace,  
To mar the aged or anguished face !

Thou wilt not go? Then answer me,  
And tell what brought thee *here*?  
Not one of all thy tribe I see  
Beside thyself appear,  
And, through these bright and clustering *curls*,  
Thou shinest, a tiny thread of pearls.

Thou art a *moralist*? ah, well!  
And comest from Wisdom's land,  
A few sage axioms just to tell?  
Well! well! I understand—  
Old Truth has sent thee here to bear  
The maxims which we fain *must* hear.

And now, as I observe thee nearer,  
Thou 'rt pretty—very pretty—quite  
As glossy and as fair—nay, fairer  
Than these, but not so bright;  
And since thou came Truth's messenger,  
Thou shalt remain, and speak of her.

She says thou art a herald, sent  
In kind and friendly warning,  
To mix with locks by Beauty blent,  
(The fair young brow adorning.)  
And 'midst their wild luxuriance taught  
To show thyself, and waken *thought*.

That thought, which to the dreamer preaches  
A lesson stern as true,  
That all things pass away, and teaches  
How youth must vanish too!  
And thou wert sent to rouse anew  
This thought, whene'er thou meet'st the view.  
And comes there not a whispering sound,  
A low, faint, murmuring breath,  
Which, as thou movest, floats around  
Like Echoes in their death?  
"Time onward sweeps, youth flies, *prepare*"—  
Such is thine errand, First Gray Hair.

## CHARLES SUMNER.

THIS distinguished scholar, jurist, statesman, and philanthropist<sup>1</sup> is the son of Charles Pinckney Sumner, for some years sheriff of Suffolk County, and was born in Boston, January 6th, 1811. After suitable preparation at the "Boston Public Latin School," he entered Harvard College in 1826, and in 1831 commenced his studies at the Cambridge law school, where he applied himself with the greatest industry to obtain a thorough knowledge of his profession. While yet a student, he wrote several articles for the "American Jurist," which attracted attention by their learning and ability, and before his admission to the bar, he became the editor of that periodical, which position he occupied for three years. In 1834, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession in Boston. Having been appointed reporter to the Circuit Court, he published three volumes known as "Sumner's Reports." During this time, he frequently lectured at the Cambridge law school by invitation of the Faculty. In 1836, he edited "A Treatise on the Practice of the Courts of Admiralty in Civil Causes of Maritime Jurisdiction, by Andrew Dunlap," adding an "Appendix," equal in extent to the original work. In 1837, he visited Europe, where he remained three years, enjoying unusual advantages of social intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Sumner again lectured at Cambridge, and in 1844 edited an edition of "Vesey's Reports," in twenty volumes, to which he contributed numerous valuable notes and treatises on the points in question. In 1845, on the death of Judge Story, Mr. Sumner was universally spoken of as his fit successor in the Law School; but, as he expressed, decidedly, his disinclination to accept the post, it was not tendered to him. It was in this year that he took a position as bold as it was novel, and so signalily distinguished himself as the friend of Peace by his "Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations," delivered before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4th.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Well and beautifully was it thus written by Edmund Burke's schoolmaster—Abraham Shackleton: "The memory of Edmund Burke's philanthropic virtues will outlive the period when his shining political talents will cease to act. New fashions of political sentiment will exist; but PHILANTHROPY—IMMORTALE MANET."

<sup>2</sup> It had been customary, "from time immemorial," for the authorities of Boston to appoint some one to deliver an oration before them and the assem-

From this time forward, Mr. Sumner took a more prominent part in public affairs, always espousing the cause of liberty, to which he had ever proved faithful. He early opposed the annexation of Texas, and when the Whig party in Massachusetts, in 1845, would subscribe to its professions against that iniquitous scheme, he abandoned it, and espoused the cause of Mr. Van Buren. In 1851, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, from Massachusetts, as the successor of Mr. Webster, and soon distinguished himself as one of the most learned and most eloquent, as all acknowledged him the most learned, body. On the 26th of August, 1852, he delivered his masterly unanswerable speech on the unconstitutionality, as well as the inherent wickedness of the "Fugitive Slave Bill." From that time forward, he mingled more freely in debate, and was always ready with his learning, logic, and eloquence to defend the cause of freedom from the assaults of its enemies. So powerful were his efforts, so forcible his words, so unanswerable his positions, that some of the most violent slaveholding members of the Senate and the House declared he must be silenced, and employed one Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina, to do the work. On the 22d of May, 1856, he, accompanied by L. M. Keitt, of the same House and from the same State, entered the Senate chamber, after the adjournment of the Senate, and seeing Mr. Sumner seated in his own arm-chair behind his desk (which was fastened to the floor), approached him with a heavy cane, and by one severe blow upon the head, stunned him so that he fell upon his desk. In endeavoring to extricate himself from his seat, Mr. Sumner wrenched the desk from its fastenings, and it fell upon the floor. His assailant renewed the blows upon the head of his prostrate victim, until, after more than a dozen had been given, he was stopped by some members of the Senate, who happened to be present. Mr. Sumner was taken to his lodgings in a carriage, severely injured that it was thought he could not recover. The news of this highhanded assault upon such a man, and in such a place, ran to

all the citizens and military, on the anniversary of our national independence. These orations, though often eloquent and learned, were generally made about the same mould—that of national vanity and military glory. It was left for Charles Sumner to strike out in an entirely new path, and to do by rare eloquence, learning, and by an array of facts and figures, what no gainsaid, on the part of the hearer, at the influence of war, that the "Grandeur of Nations" consists in cultivating the arts of peace, and in institutions of learning.

The following admirable sentence from Oliver Cromwell was placed on the title page of this speech:—"Every man thinks that the interests of these nations, and the interest of humanity are two separate and distinct things. I wish my countrymen to consider this well."

lightning through the nation, and aroused the deepest indignation in every manly breast.<sup>1</sup> Hundreds of meetings were convened in the free States to take the subject into consideration, and resolutions of the strongest kind were passed, condemnatory of the outrage, and sympathizing with, and approving the cause of the eloquent sufferer. For weeks, Mr. Sumner was confined to his room and bed; but he gradually gained strength, and hoped strongly that he might be able to return to the Senate in the December following: this his physicians peremptorily forbade, and he spent the winter in Boston. In the spring of 1857, he went to Europe for his health, receiving there, from all the noblest and most learned wherever he went, the highest marks of attention and respect. He returned in the fall, improved, and is now slowly, but we trust surely, regaining his former strength and vigor.

#### EXPENSES OF WAR AND EDUCATION COMPARED.

It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer of Harvard University, that its whole available property, the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to \$703,175.

There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbor, a ship of the line, the Ohio, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836, for \$547,888; repaired only two years afterwards in 1838, for \$223,012; with an armament which has cost \$53,945; making an amount of \$834,845,<sup>2</sup> as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship; more than \$100,000 beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land! Choose ye, my fellow-citizens of a Christian state, between the two caskets—that wherein is the loveliness of knowledge and truth, or that which contains the carrion death.

Let us pursue the comparison still further. The account of the expenditures of the University during the last year, for the general purposes of the College, the instruction of the Undergraduates, and for the Schools of Law and Divinity, amounts to \$46,949. The cost of the Ohio for one year in service, in

<sup>1</sup> To the lasting disgrace of South Carolina, be it said that her citizens in numerous public meetings approved the act, and that the cowardly assailant was sent back to Congress, after having vacated his seat.

<sup>2</sup> Document No. 132, House of Representatives, 3d session, 27th Congress. Reference is here made to the Ohio, because she happens to be in our waters. The expenses of the Delaware in 1842 had been \$1,051,000.

salaries, wages and provisions, is \$220,000; being  $\frac{1}{12}$  more than the annual expenditures of the University, or than *four times* as much. In other words, for the amount which is lavished on one ship of the line, *four institutions like Harvard University might be sustained throughout the country!*

Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of a captain of a ship like the Ohio is \$4,500, when in command, \$3,500, when on leave of absence, or off duty. The salary of the President of the Harvard University is \$2,200; while on leave of absence, and never being off duty!

If the large endowments of Harvard University are gauged by a comparison with the expense of a single ship of the line, how much more must it be so with those of other institutions of learning and beneficence, less favored by the fortune of many generations. The average cost of a sloop of war is \$315,000; more, probably, than all the endowments of the twin stars of learning in the western part of Massachusetts, the Colleges at Williamstown and Amherst, and of that great star in the East, the guide to many ingenuous youth the Seminary at Andover. The yearly cost of a sloop of war is  $\frac{1}{12}$  above \$50,000; more than the annual expenditures of these three institutions combined.

Take all the institutions of learning and beneficence, the precious jewels of the Commonwealth, the schools, colleges, hospitals and asylums, and the sums by which they have been purchased and preserved are trivial and beggarly, compared with the treasures squandered within the borders of Massachusetts in vain preparations for war. There is the Navy Yard at Charlestown, with its stores on hand, all costing \$4,741,000; the fortifications in the harbors of Massachusetts, in which have been sunk already incalculable sums, and in which are now proposed to sink \$3,853,000 more;<sup>1</sup> and besides the Arsenal at Springfield, containing in 1842, 175,115 pieces, valued at \$2,999,998, and which is fed by an annual appropriation of about \$200,000; but whose highest value will ever be in the judgment of all lovers of truth, that it inspired a power which in its influence shall be mightier than a battle, and shall endure when arsenals and fortifications have crumbled to the earth.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Document, Report of Secretary of War, No. 2, Senate, 27th Congress, 2d session, where it is proposed to invest in a system of land defense \$1,177,000.

<sup>2</sup> "The New Armament," Springfield—page 624.

## WHAT IS THE USE OF THE NAVY?

The annual expense of our Navy for several years past has been upwards of six millions of dollars. For what purpose is this paid? Not for the apprehension of pirates; for frigates and ships of the line are of too great bulk to be of service for this purpose. Not for the suppression of the Slave Trade; for, under the stipulations with Great Britain, we employ only eighty guns in this holy alliance. Not to protect our coasts; for all agree that our few ships would form an unavailing defence against any serious attack. Not for these purposes, we will admit; *but for the protection of our Navigation.* This is not the occasion for minute calculations. Suffice it to say, that an intelligent merchant, who has been extensively engaged in commerce for the last twenty years, and who speaks, therefore, with the authority of knowledge, has demonstrated, in a tract of perfect clearness, that the annual amount of the freights of the whole mercantile marine of the country does not equal the annual expenditure of the Navy of the United States<sup>1</sup>. Protection at such cost is more ruinous than one of Pyrrhus' victories!

In objecting to the Navy, I wish to limit myself to the Navy as an asserted arm of national defence. So far as it may be necessary, as a part of the *police* of the seas, to purge them of pirates, and above all, to defeat the hateful traffic in human flesh, it is a proper arm of government. The free cities of Hamburg and Bremen, survivors of the great Hanseatic League, with a commerce that whitens the most distant seas, are without a single ship of war. Let the United States be willing to follow their wise example, and abandon an institution which has already become a vain and most expensive TOY!

## THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields

<sup>1</sup> I refer to Mr. Coues' tract, "What is the use of the Navy of the United States?" which has already produced a strong effect on many minds, the natural consequence of its unanswerable arguments and statements. No person should undertake to vindicate the Navy, or sanction appropriations for its support, without answering this tract.

held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly Heavenly stature—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton—not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown; but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of Justice, by which her Legislature, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves! And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still, the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now held in gloomy bondage, in our own country, then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing-candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the great landmarks of civilization; nay, more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which Humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

## TRUE GLORY.

Whatever may be the temporary applause of men, or the expressions of public opinion, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, *that no true and permanent Fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.* If these are performed by Christian means, with disinterested motives, and with the single view of doing good, they become that rare and precious virtue whose fit image is the spotless lily of the field, brighter than Solomon in all his glory. Earth has nothing of such surpassing loveliness. Heaven may claim it as its own. Such labors are the natural fruit of obedience to the Christian commandments of love to God and to man. Reason, too, in harmony with these laws, shows that the true dignity of Humanity is in the moral and intellectual nature; and that the labors of Justice and Benevolence, directed by intelligence, and abasing that part of our

nature which we have in common with the beasts, are the highest forms of human conduct.

There are not a few who will join with Milton in his admirable judgment of martial renown :—

They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those, their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ?<sup>1</sup>

Well does the poet give the palm to moral excellence ! But it is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary Fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is truer and more permanent far than any bloody glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted, perhaps, a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardor by his own example—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress on the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the Glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer Glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, to effect a landing at an opportune pro-

<sup>1</sup> *Paradise Regained*, Book III. v. 71.

monitory, he was heard to repeat to himself that ~~poem~~ ~~had~~ the requisite charms—then only recently given to man—and as familiar as a household word wherever the mother tongue. Gray is spoken—the Elegy in a Country Churchyard—such an unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! After the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he “would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.” At last, he was right. The Glory of that victory is already dimmed like a candle in its socket. The True Glory of the ~~poem~~ shines with star-bright, immortal beauty.

F. C. D.

#### PROGRESS AND REFORM.

Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to labor, ever mindful of the future. But let us not be impatient to witness the fulfilment of our aspirations. The increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years, are stripping the imaginations of the most sanguine, far from giving groundless assurance that the advance of man will be with constantly accelerating speed. The extending influence among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the Human Family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of Truth, penetrating the most distant places, driving away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideousness of Slavery, of War, of Wrong, which must be hateful to us, as they are clearly seen. And yet, while contemplating the Future, and surrounded by heralds of certain triumph, let us learn to moderate our anticipations; nor imitate those *Crusaders*, of the Crusaders, who, in their long journey from Asia to Europe,

————— to seek  
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven.

hailed each city and castle which they approached, as the Jerusalem that was to be the end of their wanderings. Now, the goal is distant, and ever advancing; but the march is also the less certain. As well attempt to make the sun stand still in his course, or to restrain the sweet influences of the Powers, as us to arrest the incessant, irresistible movement, which is the appointed destiny of man.

Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile the

with change, stability with Progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? Who would not be a reformer? A conservative of all that is good—a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge—a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles, whose seat is the bosom of God—a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement—a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses, which spring from a violation of the great Law of Human Progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, *Reforming Conservatives and Conservative Reformers*.

And, finally, let a confidence in the Progress of our race be, under God, our constant faith. Let the sentiment of loyalty, earth-born, which once lavished itself on King or Emperor, give place to that other sentiment, heaven-born, of devotion to Humanity. Let Loyalty to one Man be exchanged for Love to Man. And be it our privilege to extend these sacred influences throughout the land. So shall we open to our country new fields of peaceful victories, which shall not want the sympathies and gratulations of the good citizen, or the praises of the just historian. Go forth, then, my country, "conquering and to conquer," not by brutish violence; not by force of arms; not, oh! not on dishonest fields of blood; but in the majesty of Peace, of Justice, of Freedom, by the irresistible might of Christian Institutions.

*Psi Beta Kappa Address at Union College, 1848.*

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#### WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, on the 2d of February, 1812. In his infancy his parents removed to Plainfield, where his father was principal of an academy, until from loss of sight he was compelled to resign his charge. He then retired upon a farm, so that the son passed the principal years of his boyhood in agricultural labors, with no other means of education than those which a district school afforded, till he reached his seventeenth year, when he was apprenticed to the printing business. Since that period,

his life has been singularly varied, his time having been divided between the duties of a printer, and editor, and a public speaker. He conducted at one time "The Literary Journal," published at Albany. Afterwards, for more than two years, he edited "The Free Witness," at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and resigned it to take charge of "The Washington Banner," published at Alleghany, now Pittsburg. A collection of his poems appeared in Philadelphia in 1840.

#### WE ARE SCATTERED.

Written on visiting my birth place after years of absence.

We are scattered—we are scattered—  
Though a jolly band were we !  
Some sleep beneath the grave-sod,  
And some are o'er the sea ;  
And Time hath wrought his changes  
On the few who yet remain ;  
The joyous band that once we were  
We cannot be again !

We are scattered—we are scattered !  
Upon the village green,  
Where we played in boyish recklessness,  
How few of us are seen !  
And the hearts that beat so lightly  
In the joyousness of youth,  
Some are crumbled in the sepulchre,  
And some have lost their truth.

The Beautiful—the Beautiful  
Are faded from our track !  
We miss them and we mourn them,  
But we cannot lure them back ;  
For an iron sleep hath bound them  
In its passionless embrace ;  
We may weep—but cannot win them  
From their dreary resting-place.

How mournfully—how mournfully  
The memory doth come  
Of the thousand scenes of happiness  
Around our Childhood's home !  
A salutary sadness  
Is brooding o'er the heart,  
As it dwells upon remembrances  
From which it will not part.

The memory—the memory !  
How fondly doth it gaze  
Upon the magic loveliness  
Of Childhood's fleeting days.

The sparkling eye—the thrilling tone—  
The smile upon its lips—  
They all have gone!—but left a light  
Which Time cannot eclipse.

The happiness—the happiness  
Of boyhood must depart;  
Then comes the sense of loneliness  
Upon the stricken heart!  
We will not, or we cannot fling  
Its sadness from our breast;  
We cling to it instinctively,  
We pant for its unrest!

We are scattered—we are scattered!  
Yet may we meet again  
In a brighter and a purer sphere,  
Beyond the reach of pain!  
Where the shadows of this lower world  
Can never cloud the eye—  
Where the mortal hath put brightly on  
Its IMMORTALITY!

## SONG.

Believe not the slander, my dearest KATRINE!  
For the ice of the world hath not frozen my heart;  
In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine  
Where thou art remembered, all pure as thou art.  
The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,  
Though it sweep away Hope in its turbulent flow,  
Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song,  
Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may grow faint  
In its strife with the follies and falsehoods of earth;  
And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint  
May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth.  
Temptations and trials, without and within,  
From the pathway of Virtue the spirit may lure;  
But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs o'er Sin,  
And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,  
Wrote thy name, oh adored! when my feelings were young;  
And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart,  
And the darkness of Death o'er my being be flung.  
Then believe not the slander that says I forget,  
In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine;  
Thou wert dear in my boyhood—art dear to me yet—  
For my sunlight of life is the smile of KATRINE!

## THE TIMES.

Inaction now is crime. The old earth reels  
 Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,  
 Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold  
 Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels  
 The impulse of impartial love, nor knows  
 In worship foul to Mammon, is contemn'd.  
 He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemm'd  
 Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels  
 Of impious trampers rescued peril'd right,  
 Is call'd fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers  
 Maliciously assail'd. The poor man's tears  
 Are unregarded; the oppressor's might  
 Revered as law; and he whose righteous way  
 Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Bold men were they, and true, that pilgrim-band,  
 Who plough'd with venturous prow the stormy sea,  
 Seeking a home for hunted Liberty  
 Amid the ancient forests of a land  
 Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand!  
 Friends, country, hallow'd homes they left, to be  
 Pilgrims for CHRIST's sake, to a foreign strand—  
 Beset by peril, worn with toil, yet free!  
 Tireless in zeal, devotion, labor, hope;  
 Constant in faith; in justice how severe!  
 Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,  
 Praise to their names! If call'd like them to cope,  
 In evil times, with dark and evil powers,  
 O, be their faith, their zeal, their courage ours!

## JUNE.

June, with its roses—June!  
 The gladdest month of our capricious year,  
 With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;  
 And with the drowsy tune  
 Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass  
 Laughingly on amid the sprincing grass!  
 Earth, at her joyous coming,  
 Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on;  
 And Nature greets her with a bonison;  
 While myrial voices, humming

Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,  
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky  
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,  
As if the light of heaven were melting through  
    Its sapphire home on high;  
Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,  
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,  
Pour'd by the birds, as o'er their callow young  
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—  
    Gladsome, yet not of glee—  
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing  
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where  
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass  
Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass,  
    Young children gambol there,  
Crushing the gather'd fruit in playful mood,  
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given  
To the half-ripen'd cherry, as the sun  
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,  
    Till the rich pulp is riven;  
The truant schoolboy looks with longing eyes,  
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,  
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;  
While hope, bright-pinion'd, points to coming days,  
    When all his toil shall yield  
An ample harvest, and around his hearth  
There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow-wing,  
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,  
Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,  
    A gay and happy thing;  
Born for the sunshine and the summer-day,  
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away!

These are thy pictures, June!  
Brightest of summer-months—thou month of flowers!  
First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours  
    Dance to the merry tune  
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout  
Of childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong  
To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,  
Only that there the clouds and storms of time  
    Sweep not the sky along;

The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine.  
But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine!

## MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher,<sup>1</sup> was born at Litchfield, Conn., on the 14th of June, 1811. She was educated at her sister Catharine's school in Hartford, and in autumn of 1832 removed with her father to Cincinnati. Her first publication was the story of "Uncle Tom," printed with a false title in Judge Hall's "Monthly Magazine," at Cincinnati, in 1839, which year, also, she was married to Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, at that time Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in Lane Theological Seminary. During her residence in Cincinnati, she became deeply interested in the question of slavery, partly from seeing fugitives from the slave States, and hearing from them their woes and suffering. From the date of her first publication, she became a busy and popular writer in the various periodicals in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. In 1849, a collection of her poems, published by the Harpers, entitled "The May Flower," which was much enlarged in a new edition published in 1853—a collection of tales and essays hardly equalled for ease and naturalness of diction, touching narrative, and elevating moral tone.

In 1850, Professor Stowe was called to Brunswick College, Me., and removed thither with his family. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in that year excited Mrs. Stowe to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly," which she wrote with almost marvellous rapidity, under a constant pressure of school and family care, and frail health, enough of themselves to tax the most vigorous intellect to its utmost. This was published in numbers every week in the "National Era," at Washington, and in 1852 it appeared in form from the press of John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. Its success was wonderful, such as no other book has ever met with.<sup>2</sup> A

<sup>1</sup> By the end of November, 1852, 150,000 copies had been sold in America and in the September of that year the London publishers furnished to house 10,000 copies per day for about four weeks. We cannot follow up to 1852, but at that time more than a million of copies had been sold in England, probably ten times as many as have been sold of any other book except the Bible and Prayer Book. In France, "Uncle Tom" sold over

richly did it deserve it; for, independent of its being the most powerful blow ever aimed at slavery (the Bible only excepted), and independent of its high and pure tone of Christian morality, and its truthfulness, throughout, to God and humanity, it exhibits such a knowledge of human nature, such powers of description, such heart-stirring pathos, and such richness and beauty of thought and language, as to make it the book of the nineteenth century.

In 1852, Professor Stowe was called to the chair of Biblical Literature in Andover Theological Seminary. As "Uncle Tom" had been grossly assailed as giving a too dark and a false view of slavery, Mrs. Stowe published the "Key to Uncle Tom," consisting of a collection of facts drawn chiefly from Southern authorities, which more than verified all that she had before depicted. Soon after the publication of the "Key," Mrs. Stowe, with her husband and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, went to Europe for her health, where she was received everywhere with the warmest enthusiasm. On her return, she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," being her observations and reflections on what she saw abroad; and in 1855, "Dred, or a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." Though not equal to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the unity of the plot, in the simplicity and naturalness of the story, in deep pathos, or in the absorbing interest it excites in the several characters, it contains, nevertheless, many passages of powerful and beautiful writing, and is in advance of its great prototype in the withering scorn and indignant sarcasm with which it holds up before the world that sham religion that puts "sacrifice" before "mercy,"<sup>1</sup> and substitutes mere church-going and outward observances for practical righteousness.

#### THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.<sup>2</sup>

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the shop windows of the Boulevards, and one publisher alone, Eustace Baese, has sent out five different editions in different forms. Before the end of 1852 it had been translated into Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar. There are two different Dutch translations, and twelve different German ones—and the Italian translation enjoys the honor of the Pope's prohibition. It has been dramatized in twenty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe, and in the free States of America.—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1855.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Matthew xii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> She had been to tell Uncle Tom that he and her own child were sold to the "trader" Haley, and that she meant to escape with little Harry.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the dangers of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and vague sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the country she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the paths where she had walked many an evening, in happier days, by the side of her young husband—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whether could she go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought by a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a claspative grasp as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering slate sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above: "Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or *your* Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock this morning to make good your escape—how fast could you walk! How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom—the little sleepy head on your shoulder—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?

For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only quiet she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak becomes so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slackening not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile.

After a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and, sitting down behind a large rock which concealed

them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her package. The boy wondered and grieved that she would eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to him that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry, darling! mother can't eat till you go on. We must go on—on—till we come to the river!" A little girl hurried again into the road, and again constrained her to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where any one personally known. If she should chance to meet any one who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of her family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making the unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, and had made out a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a next-door house, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed more pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends"—all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T—, by the Ohio River, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like a broad band, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

#### EVA'S DEATH.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more avowal of doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be longer entertained. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick room; and Mr. Ophelia day and night performed the duties of a nurse, as never did her friends appreciate her value more than in his capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort, and keep out of sight every disagreeance,

incident of sickness—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors—she was everything to St. Clare. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses—so unlike the careless freedom of southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake—and the child felt freshest in the morning—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him—

"O, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me—you sit up nights—and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels, as the cords begin to unbind, ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do, but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't;

but Miss Feely, you know there must be somethin' up for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture: 'At midnight there'll be a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm speetin' now, every night, Miss Feely; and I can't sleep out o' hearin', no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, He sends His messenger in the soul. I must be that, Miss Feely; for when a dear blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the eyes so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual, to-night?"

"No; but she telled me, this morning, she was ever nearer—that's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely—the angels—it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day," said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to her bedroom, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer randa.

She was not nervous or impulsive; but the calm, collected manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, designated the friends to whom she would have them given, and her manner was more animated, and her voice more clear than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like former self than ever she had done since her sickness; when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is *certainly* better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight—strange, mystic hour!—when the present between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin, then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the hour, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call

change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments, Tom returned, with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared, hurriedly, from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—O!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"O, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear—"Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal

agony pass over the face—she struggled for breath and clasped up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away his face and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he said.  
"Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and his tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up furtively, as he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare—  
wrings my heart."

"O, bless the Lord! it's over—it's over, dear Master," said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted—large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and far pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. It pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

"O, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said St. Clare.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said brokenly, "O! love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

"Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal sun is closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven; for they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of day, and thou gone forever!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following beautiful and touching verses are from the pen of the gifted Whittier.—

Dry the tears for baby Eva,  
With the blessed angels have her;  
On the soft, smooth pillow lay her,  
Gave her quiet rest, and care  
  
For the gentle looks of Eva,  
Let the sunny smile of God give her  
Lively joy. Weigh not  
Grief, for it cannot hold her.

Dry the tears for baby Eva,  
Let the angels take her to her home,  
With the wings of the angels,  
Harp, sing, sing, sing.

All is done, all is well,  
Leave the masterless master.

There are wretches here, a  
And the Lord is near them;  
  
Weep, mourn, for baby Eva,  
Wring and wring your hearts over her;  
Lay her in quiet, and let her go  
  
Gentle Eva, singing Eva,  
Gentle Eva, singing Eva,

With the angels, with the angels,  
With the angels, with the angels,  
With the angels, with the angels,  
With the angels, with the angels.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS "OF THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHT-EOUSNESS."<sup>1</sup>

"Papa," said a little boy, "what does this verse mean? It's in my Sunday school lesson: 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'"

"You ought to have asked your teacher, my son."

"But he said he didn't know exactly what it meant. He wanted me to look this week and see if I could find out."

Mr. H.'s standing resource in all exegetical difficulties was Dr. Scott's Family Bible. Therefore he now got up, and putting on his spectacles, walked to the glass bookcase, and took down a volume of that worthy commentator, and opening it, read aloud the whole exposition of the passage, together with the practical reflections upon it; and by the time he had done, he found his young auditor fast asleep in his chair.

"Mother," said he, "this child plays too hard. He can't keep his eyes open evenings. It's time he was in bed."

"I wasn't asleep, pa," said Master Henry, starting up with that air of injured innocence with which gentlemen of his age generally treat an imputation of this kind.

"Then can you tell me now what the passage means that I have been reading to you?"

"There's so much of it," said Henry, hopelessly, "I wish you'd just tell me in short order, father."

"O, read it for yourself," said Mr. H., as he pushed the book towards the boy, for it was to be confessed that he perceived at this moment that he had not himself received any particularly luminous impression, though of course he thought it was owing to his own want of comprehension.

Mr. H. leaned back in his rocking-chair, and on his own private account began to speculate a little as to what he really should think the verse might mean, supposing he were at all competent to decide upon it. "'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,'" says he: "that's money, very clearly. How am I to make friends with it or of it? Receive me into everlasting habitations: that's a singular kind of expression. I wonder what it means. Dr. Scott makes

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<sup>1</sup> This most beautiful and satisfactory exposition is worth all that the commentators have written upon the passage since the days of Calvin.

ried warmth and comfort, all blended together. He felt, too, a little pride in his strong manly sensations in his heart, and in his body. He is a strong man, and it is probably his pride that causes him some inconvenience in this way, fast asleep, nodding in his chair.

He dreamed that he was very sick in bed, and came and went, and that he grew sicker and sicker, going to die. He saw his wife sitting weeping by his children standing by with pale and frightened faces. The shadows in his room began to swim, and waver, voices that called his name, and sobs and lamentations rose around him, seemed far off and distant in eternity, eternity! I am going—I am going and in that hour, strange to tell, not one of all seemed good enough to lean on—all bore some stain to his purified eye, of mortal selfishness, and he turned before the ALL PURE. "I am going," he thought, "I have no time to stay, no time to alter, to balance or weigh; I know not what I am, but I know, O Jesus, who have trusted in thee, and shall never be confounded." That last breath of prayer earth was past.

A soft and solemn breathing, as of music, a lullaby, As an infant child not yet fully awake hears the voices of his mother's hymn, and smiles half conscious, born became aware of sweet voices and loving hands about him ere yet he fully woke to the new immortal life.

"Ah, he has come at last. How long we have waited for him! Here he is among us. Now forever welcome!"

and the new earth, and wondered at the crowd of loving faces that thronged about him. Fair, godlike forms of beauty, such as earth never knew, pressed round him with blessings, thanks, and welcome.

The man spoke not, but he wondered in his heart who they were, and whence it came that they knew him; and as soon as the inquiry formed itself in his soul, it was read at once by his heavenly friends. "I," said one bright spirit, "was a poor boy whom you found in the streets: you sought me out, you sent me to school, you watched over me, and led me to the house of God; and now here I am." "And we," said other voices, "are other neglected children whom you redeemed; we also thank you." "And I," said another, "was a lost, helpless girl: sold to sin and shame, nobody thought I could be saved; every body passed me by till you came. You built a home, a refuge for such poor wretches as I, and there I and many like me heard of Jesus; and here we are." "And I," said another, "was once a clerk in your store. I came to the city innocent, but I was betrayed by the tempter. I forgot my mother, and my mother's God. I went to the gaming-table and the theatre, and at last I robbed your drawer. You might have justly cast me off; but you bore with me, you watched over me, you saved me. I am here through you this day." "And I," said another, "was a poor slave girl—doomed to be sold on the auction-block to a life of infamy, and the ruin of soul and body. Had you not been willing to give so largely for my ransom, no one had thought to buy me. You stimulated others to give, and I was redeemed. I lived a Christian mother to bring my children up for Christ—they are all here with me to bless you this day, and their children on earth, and their children's children are growing up to bless you." "And I," said another, "was an unbeliever. In the pride of my intellect, I thought I could demonstrate the absurdity of Christianity. I thought I could answer the argument from miracles and prophecy; but your patient, self-denying life was an argument I never could answer. When I saw you spending all your time and all your money in efforts for your fellow-men, undiscouraged by ingratitude, and careless of praise, then I thought, 'There is something divine in that man's life,' and that thought brought me here."

The man looked around on the gathering congregation, and he saw that there was no one whom he had drawn heavenward that had not also drawn thither myriads of others. In his lifetime he had been scattering seeds of good around from hour to

hour, almost unconsciously ; and now he saw every thing rising up into a widening forest of immortal beauty. It seemed to him that there was to be no end of the angels that flocked to claim him as their long-expected son. His heart was full, and his face became as that of an angel, as he looked up to One who seemed nearer than all others. "This is thy love for me, unworthy, O Jesus. Of thee I live, of thee, and through thee are all things. Amen."

"Amen!" as with chorus of many waters and mighty voices, the sound swept onward, and died far off in chimes among the distant stars ; and the man awoke.

## THOMAS MACKELLAR.

This sweet printer-poet is of Scotch descent. His father emigrated to this country in the latter part of the last century, and was born in the city of New York, on the 12th of August, 1802. He was early destined for college. But his father's health failing, he was taken from school, and placed in a store, at twelve years of age. Finding a strong passion for reading, he left the store in two years, without his father's consent—and entered a newspaper printing office, where he thought he would have better opportunities to make himself known. After two years more, he entered the establishment of A. & C. Hart (now Harper and Brothers), where he soon proved, by his talents, his integrity, and energy to be an important member in it. His passion for writing verse seized him, and he would often drop a composing-stick, and with a type write his couplets on paper as they occurred to him ; but these early pieces have never seen the light.

In 1833, he removed to Philadelphia, and entered the office of Lawrence Johnson. In 1834 he married, and soon after wrote that beautiful piece, that has been so much admired, in "The Slave and His Wife." He now wrote occasionally for the "Journal of the Western School Union," then for the "United States Gazette," and then for Joseph C. Neal's "Gazette," under the signature of "Tamm." During this time his post in his business was a most arduous one, and as nearly the whole of his pieces were composed while he was walking from home to the foundry, or from the foundry to his house, and was often only finished and that scrawled at night, and sent off the next morning to the printer.

His first volume, "Droppings from the Heart," was published in 1844, and was generally very handsomely noticed. His second publication was "Tam's Fortnight Ramble," issued in 1847, in which year he was admitted as a partner to an interest in the business of Mr. Johnson. His last book is entitled "Lines for the Gentle and Loving," a beautifully printed volume, which appeared in 1853.

Mr. Mackellar's poetry is pure, simple, elevated, and goes directly to the heart, for the best of all reasons—it comes from the heart. A few of his effusions, for feeling humanity and touching pathos, will not suffer in comparison with some of Hood's justly famed pieces, and do him infinite honor as a poet and a philanthropist.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SUNG.

There are to me no hymns more sweet  
Than those my mother sung,  
When joyously around her feet  
Her little children clung.  
  
The babe upon his pillow slept—  
My mother sang the while;—  
What wonder if there softly crept  
Across his lips a smile!  
  
And I, a sick and pensive boy—  
Oppressed with many pains—  
Oft felt my bosom thrill with joy  
Beneath her soothing strains.  
  
The stealing tear mine eye bedims,  
My heart is running o'er—  
The music of a mother's hymns  
Shall comfort me no more!

#### OUR WILLIAM.

A little son—an only son—have we;  
(God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,  
And lead him softly o'er this stony way!)  
He is blue-eyed, and flaxen hair has he,  
(Such, long ago, mine own was wont to be—  
And people say he much resembles me.)

<sup>1</sup> In a letter, in reply to one written to him for information concerning his publications, he modestly says: "Though I have made no money by rhyming, I know that some of my simple pieces have done good in the world. Doing good is better than acquiring fame, and I am content and willing to bide my time."

I've never heard a bird or runlet sing  
 So sweetly as he talks. His words are small,  
 Sweet words—oh! how deliciously they fall—  
 Much like the sound of silver bells they ring,  
 And fill the house with music. Beauty lies  
 As naturally upon his cheek as bloom  
 Upon a peach. Like morning vapor, lies  
 Before his smile, my mind's infrequent gloom.  
 A jocund child is he, and full of fun:  
 He laughs with happy heartiness; and he  
 His half-closed eyelids twinkles roguishly,  
 Till from their lashes tears start up and run.  
 The drops are bright as diamonds. When they roll  
 Adown his cheek, they seem to be the overflowing  
 Of the deep well of love within his soul—  
 The human tendernesses of his nature showing.  
 'Tis pleasant to look on him while he sleeps:  
 His plump and chubby arms, and delicate fingers—  
 The half-formed smile that round his red lips—  
 The intellectual glow that faintly lingers  
 Upon his countenance, as if he talks  
 With some bright angel on his nightly walks.

We tremble when we think that many a storm  
 May beat upon him in the time to come—  
 That his now beautiful and frail form  
 May bear a burden sore and wearisome.  
 Yet so, the stain of guiltiness and shame  
 Be never placed upon his soul and name—  
 So he preserve his virtue though he die—  
 And to his God, his race, his country prove  
 A faithful man, whom praise nor gold can buy,  
 Nor threats of vile, designing men can move—  
 We ask no more. We trust that He who leads  
 The footsteps of the feeble lamb will hold  
 This lamb of ours in mercy's pasture-fold,  
 Where every inmate near the loving Shepherd feeds.

## LIFE'S EVENING.

The world to me is growing gray and old,  
 My friends are dropping one by one away;  
 Some live in far-off lands—some in the clay  
 Rest quietly, their mortal moments told  
 My sure departed ere his locks were gray;  
 My mother wept, and soon beside him lay;  
 My elder kin have long since gone—and I  
 Am left—a leaf upon an autumn tree,  
 Among whose branches chilling breezes steal,  
 The sure presursors of the winter nigh;

And when my offspring at our altar kneel  
To worship God, and sing our morning psalm,  
Their rising stature whispers unto me  
My life is gently waning to its evening calm.

## PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.

Bear the burden of the present—  
Let the morrow bear its own;  
If the morning sky be pleasant,  
Why the coming night bemoan?  
  
If the darken'd heavens lower,  
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;  
Though the tempest rise in power,  
God is mightier than the storm.  
  
Steadfast faith and hope unshaken  
Animate the trusting breast;  
Step by step the journey's taken  
Nearer to the land of rest.  
  
All unseen, the Master walketh  
By the toiling servant's side;  
Comfortable words he talketh,  
While his hands uphold and guide.  
  
Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow  
Rends thy breast to him unknown;  
He to-day and He to-morrow  
Grace sufficient gives his own.  
  
Holy strivings nerve and strengthen—  
Long endurance wins the crown;  
When the evening shadows lengthen,  
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

## MRS. ELIZABETH HOWELL.

THE following poem, together with several others of great beauty of sentiment, and purity of feeling, was written by a young lady of Philadelphia, a member of the "Society of Friends"—Elizabeth Lloyd, Jr.—the daughter of Isaac Lloyd. She afterwards married our late lamented fellow-townsman, Robert Howell, Esq. It is enough to say in commendation of these lines that they were at first attributed by many journals to Milton himself.

MRS. ELIZABETH HOWELL.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind !  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,  
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;  
I murmur not that I no longer see ;—  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

All merciful One !  
When men are farthest, then art thou most near ;  
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,  
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown ;  
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand  
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,  
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS distinguished poet and essayist, the son of Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., for nearly fifty years pastor of the West Church, Boston, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 22d of February, 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and after studying law opened an office in Boston. But he soon found, as did Sir Walter Scott, that the profession was not at all congenial to his tastes and feelings, and not being compelled by necessity to pursue it as a means of living, he returned to his books and trees at his father's residence, Elmwood, near Mount Auburn, determined on making literature his reliance for fame and fortune.

"His first start in literature, as a business, ended disastrously. In company with his friend Robert Carter, he established a monthly magazine called 'The Pioneer,' which, owing to the failure of his publishers, did not last longer than the third number; but it was admirably well conducted, and made a decided impression on the literary public, by the elevated tone of its criticisms, and the superiority of its essays compared with the ordinary class of magazine literature. Soon after the failure of 'The Pioneer,' he was married to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, a lady of congenial tastes, and as remarkable for her womanly graces and accomplishments, as for her elevated intellectual qualities."<sup>1</sup>

In 1855, Mr. Lowell was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, to succeed Prof. Longfellow, and entered upon the duties of his office after spending some months in Europe. Prof. Lowell's publications have been as follows:—

"A Poem recited at Cambridge," 1839; "A Year's Life," a poem, 1841; "Poems,"<sup>2</sup> 1844. This second series contains a Legend of Brittany, Prometheus, Miscellaneous Poems, and Sonnets. "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets,"<sup>3</sup> 1845; "Poems," Cambridge, Mass., 1848; "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Boston, 1848; "A Fable for

<sup>1</sup> "Homes of American Authors."

<sup>2</sup> "A warm and hearty sympathy with humanity is a characteristic of the volume before us. A yearning love for man, and a burning desire to elevate and purify his soul, which, however debased and uncultivated, is yet to our poet never unworthy of regard, are the highest inspirations of his muse. We love him for his own wide love. As a brother does, he comes before us to plead a brother's cause. Let him not sing to deaf or to averted ears."—*Christian Examiner*, March, 1844.

*Critics*, 1848; "The Biglow Papers," 1848. This is a keen and a richly merited political satire upon our wicked Mexican war and the ascendancy which the slave-power has so long maintained over government.<sup>2</sup>

"Lowell's prose writings are as remarkable as his poetry. The keenness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the variety of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, and the force and clearness of his reasoning, give to his reviews and essays a fascination which would place him in the front rank of our prose writers. He does not occupy a similar position among our poets."<sup>3</sup>

#### THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated heart he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

<sup>2</sup> "Among the very best of his writings . . . They show a deep appreciation of the poetical merit of those authors, and a fitness of criticism, quite unusual in the literature of the magazines." — *N. Am. Rev.*, Vol. 2.

<sup>3</sup> "The rhymes are as startling and felicitous as any in Huddibras, and a quaint drollery of the illustrations is in admirable keeping with the character of the forlorn recruit from Massachusetts." — *N. Am. Rev.*, Dec. 187.

<sup>4</sup> "Homes of American Authors." His reviews and essays have appeared in the "North American Review," "Southern Literary Messenger," "Knickerbocker," "Democratic Review," "Graham's Magazine," "Putnam's Magazine," "Boston Miscellany," and "National Anti-Slavery Standard."

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft, white hands—  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

## THRENODIA.

[Written upon the death of a young child.]

How peacefully they rest,  
Crossfolded there  
Upon his little breast,  
Those small, white hands that never were still !—  
But ever sported with his mother's hair,  
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore.  
Her heart no more will beat  
To feel the touch of that soft palm,  
That ever seemed a new surprise  
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes  
To bless him with their holy calm—  
Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes as sweet;  
How quiet are the hands!  
That wove those pleasant bands!  
But that they do not rise and sink  
With his calm breathing, I should think  
That he were dropped asleep.  
Alas! too deep, too deep  
Is this his slumber?  
Time scarce can number  
The years ere he will wake again.  
O, may we see his eyelids open then!  
O stern word—Nevermore!

As the airy gossamere,  
Floating in the sunlight clear,  
Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,  
Round glossy leaf or stump unslightly,  
So from his spirit wandered out  
Tendrils spreading all about,  
Knitting all things to its thrall  
With a perfect love of all:  
O stern word—Nevermore!

He did but float a little way  
Adown the stream of time,  
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,  
Or listening their fairy chime;  
His slender sail  
Never felt the gale;  
He did but float a little way,  
And, putting to the shore  
While yet 'twas early day,  
Went calmly on his way,  
To dwell with us no more!  
No jarring did he feel,  
No grating on his vessel's keel!

A strip of silver sand  
Mingled the waters with the land  
Where he was seen no more :  
O stern word—Nevermore!

Full short his journey was ; no dust  
Of earth unto his sandals clave ;  
The weary weight that old men must,  
He bore not to the grave.  
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way  
And wandered hither, so his stay  
With us was short, and 'twas most meet  
That he should be no deliver in earth's clod,  
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet  
To stand before his God :  
O blest word—Evermore !

TO J. R. GIDDINGS.<sup>1</sup>

Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown  
Smoother than honey on the lips of men ;  
And thou shalt aye be honorably known  
As one who bravely used his tongue and pen  
As best befits a freeman—even for those,  
To whom our Law's unblushing front denies  
A right to plead against the life-long woes  
Which are the Negro's glimpse of Freedom's skies :  
Fear nothing and hope all things, as the Right  
Alone may do securely ; every hour  
The thrones of Ignorance and ancient Night  
Lose somewhat of their long-usurped power,  
And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver  
With a base dread that clings to them forever.

<sup>1</sup> Joshua R. Giddings, now (1858) the oldest member of the U. S. House of Representatives, was born in Athens, Bradford County, Pa., on the 6th of October, 1795. While in his infancy, his father removed to Canandaigua, N. Y., and remained there till 1806, when he removed to Ashtabula County, Ohio. Having a strong taste for literature, young Giddings determined to enter professional life; and by constant labor and self-denying efforts he was enabled to present himself for admission to the bar in 1826. His practice soon became extensive. In a few years, he was elected to the legislature of his own State, and in 1838 to a seat in the U. S. House of Representatives. In February, 1838, he made his first anti-slavery speech in Congress. In 1842 he was censured by the House of Representatives for introducing anti-slavery resolutions. He at once resigned, returned home, appealed to his constituents, and in five weeks was returned by an overwhelming majority. There he has remained ever since—a most vigilant and faithful watchman, on the watch-tower of liberty. His congressional speeches have been published in a handsome volume of 511 pages—a monument to his courage and faithfulness to truth more enduring than granite or marble.

FREEDOM.<sup>1</sup>

Men! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain,  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed—  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear  
Sons to breathe New England air,  
If ye hear, without a blush,  
Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
Like red lava through your veins,  
For your sisters now in chains—  
Answer! are ye fit to be  
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

## THE ALPINE SHEEP.

[Addressed to a friend after the loss of a child.]

When on my ear your loss was knelled,  
And tender sympathy upburst,  
A little spring from memory well'd,  
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst,

<sup>1</sup> Sung at the Anti-Slavery Picnic in Dedham, on the anniversary of India Emancipation, August 1, 1843.

And I was fain to bear to you  
A portion of its mild relief,  
That it might be a healing dew,  
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath  
Up to the Father took its way,  
And on our home the shade of Death  
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep  
Her little spirit's swift remove,  
The story of the Alpine sheep  
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,  
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
And when the sod grows brown and bare,  
The Shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,  
That hang along the mountain's side,  
Where grass and flowers together lean,  
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things  
The steep and rugged path to try,  
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,  
Along the dizzy verge to go,  
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,  
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in these pastures, lifted fair,  
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,  
The shepherd drops his tender care,  
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,  
Blew on me as the south wind free  
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed  
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night  
Would all my happy senses sway  
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,  
Or climbing up the starry way.

Holding our little lamb asleep,  
While, like the murmur of the sea,  
Sounded that voice along the deep,  
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

## EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

This distinguished essayist was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts on the 8th of March, 1819. His father, Matthew Whipple, dying while the son was in his infancy, his widow removed to Salem, and there young Edwin was educated at the English High School. When he was but fourteen years of age, he published articles in the newspaper press at Salem, and at fifteen became clerk of the Bank of General Interest in that city. When he was eighteen years of age, he went to Boston, where he entered a large banking-house, as clerk, but was soon after appointed Superintendent of the Merchants' Exchange News Room. Such a position would hardly seem compatible with literary pursuits; and yet but few graduates of any of our colleges have been more distinguished for articles of beautiful, just, and vigorous criticism, in our best reviews, than Mr. Whipple. But besides his influence as a writer, he has appeared before the public, in most of our northern States, as a lecturer of uncommon power and attractiveness; and has often been invited to address the literary societies of various colleges, as Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, and the New York University. In 1850, the city authorities of Boston elected him to deliver before them the Fourth of July oration. Two collections of his writings have been published by Ticknor & Fields, namely, "Essays and Reviews," in two volumes; and "Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life."

<sup>1</sup> An appreciative critic thus remarks upon the character and style of Mr. Whipple's writings: "As chief among his mental characteristics, we are disposed to place the rectitude which marks his critical judgments, and which is seen in the patience and thoroughness of his investigation and in the precision of his analysis, not less than in the results at which he arrives. With the utmost skill he penetrates to the heart of his subject, and lays it bare for the inspection of the curious, that they may verify for themselves the correctness of the views which he presents. Nor does he seem satisfied until he has done this, and thus given his readers the opportunity of forming their own opinions. \* \* Closely allied with this quality of mental rectitude is his power of analytical criticism, as shown in his delineations of both intellectual and moral character. He rarely fails of reaching the prime motive of a man's acts, and the principles which give a direction to his thoughts in his peculiar psychological development. \* \* Joined with these three prominent characteristics are a strong dislike of every form of literary cast and quackery, a moderate conservatism, a tendency to philosophical generalization, and a ready and sympathizing perception of beauty in the works of others. \* \* Such are the leading features in Mr. Whipple's mental organization; and from them we might infer pretty nearly the character of his style. While it is clear and vigorous, it is at the same time easy and graceful, never dull or verbose, but concise and brilliant:—in short, a perfect

## THE POWER OF WORDS.

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they may bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broadsword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot "plays his weapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are "half battle;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travellers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service

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reflection of his mind, which has undoubtedly been formed in the school of the old English writers. His long practice and a careful study of those writers have given him great power and fluency of expression, and a remarkable facility in adapting his style to the varied wants of his subject."—*Christian Examiner*, xlii. 190.

under better discipline, but who, under his lead, are apt to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and to give up the general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they curse, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Their words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Elbridge's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and beat. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talsouard's forces are orderly and disciplined, in march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats are tame to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, line-featured battalions of Maginn are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are like daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with champagne of the fancy, but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line of grace and beauty, and, though beaten at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, stand up without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are mounted on land and fire briskly at everything. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over so much ground. Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun, but they are little serviceable for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and wanton, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and magnanimous, but, drunk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining darts, which he fires with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to a raw, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a party of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces.

#### WIT AND HUMOR

Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which knows, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its significance, to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise.

It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy ; humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things ; humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character ; humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face ; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive ; humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy ; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low, into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant ; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron —stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines ; humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is a humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence—promoting tolerant views of life—bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony," is humorous ; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory," is witty. Wit can coexist with fierce and malignant passions ; but humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling—feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us.

#### NEED OF A NATIONAL LITERATURE.

In order that America may take its due rank in the commonwealth of nations, a literature is needed which shall be the exponent of its higher life. We live in times of turbulence and change. There is a general dissatisfaction, manifesting itself often in rude contests and ruder speech, with the gulf which

separates principles from actions. Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truth, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts. Beneath all the shrewdness and selfishness of the American character, there is a smouldering enthusiasm which flames out at the first touch of fire, sometimes at the hot and hasty words of party, and sometimes at the bidding of great thoughts and unselfish principles. The heart of the nation is easily stirred to depths; but those who rouse its fiery impulses into action are often men compounded of ignorance and wickedness, and wholly unfitted to guide the passions which they are able to excite. There is no country in the world which has nobler ideas embodied in more worthless shapes. All our factionalisms, fanaticisms, reforms, parties, creeds, ridiculous or dangerous though they often appear, are founded on some aspiration after reality which deserves a better form and expression. There is a mighty power in great speech. If the sources of what we call our fooleries and faults were rightly addressed, they would echo more majestic and kindling truths. We want a poet who shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poet who shall make us more in love with our native land by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thought which shall give visible form and life to the abstract ideas of our written constitutions; which shall confer upon virtue the strength of principle, and all the energy of passion; which shall disentangle freedom from cant and senseless hyperbole, and render it a thing of such loveliness and grandeur as to justify all self-sacrifice; which shall make us love man and his new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny; which shall force through the thin partitions of conventionalism as expediency, vindicate the majesty of reason, give new power to the voice of conscience, and new vitality to human affections; which shall soften and elevate passion, guide enthusiasm in a righteous direction, and speak out in the high language of men to a nation of men.

## MRS. SARAH G. LIPPINCOTT.

This gifted writer, who has won such an enviable reputation among the hearth-stones of this country, under the name of "C. Wood," was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y.

name was Sarah G. Clarke, which was changed by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, in October, 1853 ; but the appellation by which she will be best known in American literature will be that under which she made her first appearance as an author.

While she was a school girl, her parents removed to Rochester, where she enjoyed the excellent educational advantages of that place. In 1843, she removed with her parents to New Brighton, Pennsylvania, where she resided until her marriage, although spending a considerable portion of her time in Washington, Philadelphia, and other eastern cities. Soon after her removal to New Brighton, she appeared as an authoress, under the signature of "Grace Greenwood," in the columns of "The New York Mirror," then under the editorial care of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis. Among her poetical pieces which attracted most admiration, were "Ariadne," the "Horseback Ride," and "Pygmalion." These were succeeded by various prose compositions, some of which appeared in "The National Era," published in Washington. In connection with her other literary labors, she was the editor of "The Lady's Book" for a year.<sup>1</sup> Her first volume, entitled "Greenwood Leaves," was published in 1850. In 1851, she published a volume of "Poems," and an admirable juvenile story book, called "History of my Pets." A second series of "Greenwood Leaves" was issued the following year; and also another juvenile work, called "Recollections of my Childhood." In the spring of 1852, she visited Europe, and spent fifteen months in England and on the continent. Soon after her return, she published a record of her travels, entitled "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe." In October, 1853, she entered upon the editorship of "The Little Pilgrim," a monthly magazine for children, published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, to whom about this time she was married. In the fall of 1855, she published "Merrie England," the first of a series of books of foreign travel for children. In the spring of 1856, a volume, entitled "A Forest Tragedy, and other Tales," appeared; and in the fall of 1857, "Stories and Legends of History and Travel," being the second of the series mentioned above.

It will thus be seen that Mrs. Lippincott's life is anything but an idle one; and we rejoice that she is thus keeping her talent bright by use, charming all her readers, both old and young, by her fine thoughts, expressed in a style of great ease, simplicity, and beauty.

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<sup>1</sup> See some account of this in a note, page 492.

## THE HÖSERACK RIDE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,  
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,  
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,  
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,  
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer,  
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear.  
No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,  
But bring me, O, bring me, my gallant young steed,  
With his high arched neck, and his nostril spread wide,  
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!  
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,  
The strength to my spirit returneth again!  
The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,  
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;  
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,  
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown!

Now we're off—like the winds to the plains whence they rise  
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!  
On, on speeds my coursier, scars printing the sod,  
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!  
On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay  
Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!  
Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,  
Till the rush of the startled air whirls in my ear!  
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track—  
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!  
Now a glen, dark as midnight—what matier?—we'll down,  
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown:  
The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying through,  
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand  
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!  
What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now,  
As I cheek him awhile on this green hillock's brow;  
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,  
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!  
Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,  
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!  
Ho! a ditch!—Shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare,  
Like the swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!  
O, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,  
Not the bewildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,  
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,  
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,

Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,  
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,  
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed  
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed !

LONGFELLOW—FREDRIKA BREMER—KOSSUTH.<sup>1</sup>

I am reminded of an incident, or rather *the* incident of yesterday—an accidental meeting with the poet Longfellow.

Aside from mere curiosity, of which I suppose I have my woman's share, I have always wished to look on the flesh and blood embodiment of that rare genius, of that mind stored with the wealth of many literatures, the lore of many lands—for in Longfellow it is the scholar as well as the poet that we reverence. The first glance satisfied me of one happy circumstance—that the life and health which throbbed and glowed through this poet's verse had their natural correspondences in the physical. He appears perfectly healthful and vigorous—is rather English in person. His head is simply full, well-rounded, and even, not severe or massive in character. The first glance of his genial eyes, which seem to have gathered up sunshine through all the summers they have known, and the first tones of his cordial voice, show one that he has not impoverished his own nature in so generously endowing the creations of his genius—has not drained his heart of the wine of life, to fill high the beaker of his song.

Mr. Longfellow does not look poetical, as Keats looked poetical, perhaps; but, as Hood says of Gray's precocious youth, who used to get up early

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—

"*he died young.*" But, what is better, our poet looks *well*, for, after all, health is the best, most happy and glorious thing in the world. On *my* Parnassus, there should be no half-demented, long-haired, ill-dressed bards, lean and pale, subject to sudden attacks of poetic frenzy—sitting on damp clouds, and harping to the winds; but they should be a hearty, manly, vigorous set of *inspired gentlemen*, erect and broad-chested, with features more on the robust than the romantic style—writing in snug studies, or fine, large libraries, surrounded by beauty, elegance, and comfort.

I heard yesterday that Fredrika Bremer had really arrived

<sup>1</sup> Extract from a letter.

ultation? And it is a great thing that Europe, darkened by superstition and crushed by despotism, has known another hero—a race of heroes, I might say, for the Hungarian uprising has been a startling and terrific spectacle for kings and emperors. And “the end is not yet.” There must be a sure, a terrible retribution for the oppressors—a yet more fearful *finale* to this world-witnessed tragedy. While the heavens endure, let us hold on to the faith that the right shall prevail against the wrong, when the last long struggle shall come, that the soul of freedom is imperishable, and shall triumph over all oppressions on the face of the whole earth.

## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

This brilliant and fascinating writer, and graceful and eloquent orator, is the son of George Curtis, of Providence, R. I., and was born in that city in 1824. At six years of age, he was placed in a school in Boston, and after being there five years, he returned to Providence, where he pursued his studies till he was fifteen, when his father removed to New York. Here he entered a large mercantile house, but, after remaining in it a year, he returned to his studies for two years, when, at eighteen, he joined the celebrated Association at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. Here he remained a year and a half, and then, after spending the winter in New York, being still enamored of the country, he went to Concord, Mass., and lived in a farmer's family, working hard, a portion of every day, upon the farm, enjoying the society of Emerson, Hawthorne, and others of kindred literary tastes, and perfecting himself in various literary accomplishments.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis sailed for Europe, and after visiting, with a scholar's eye, all the southern countries, went to Berlin, to pursue his studies, and in 1848 matriculated at the University. After this, he travelled through Italy again, visited Sicily, Malta, and the East, and returned home in the summer of 1850. In the autumn of that year, he published the “Nile Notes of a Howadji,” a great part of which was written on the Nile. In 1852, “The Howadji in Syria” appeared, and also “Lotus Eating, a Summer Book;” and the same year he became connected with “Putnam's Magazine,” and wrote that series of brilliant, satiric sketches of society, called “The Potiphar Papers,” which were afterwards collected and published in a volume.

In the winter of 1853, Mr. Curtis entered the field as a lecturer. He was invited to lecture in different parts of the country. His style was all that his most ardent friends could desire for clearness, force, and finish. A full and finished style, a pure taste and a fine fancy, he has. The fulness of delivery that gives to all his public efforts a grandeur that captivates his audience. In 1854, he delivered a series of lectures in literary society at Brown University, Providence, R. I. In 1855, he took a very active part in the "Fremont campaign," speaking over the country through the summer, with great effect. Those who had the good fortune to hear any of these addresses will not soon forget them. They heard, as they did, the soundest argument to a chaste and forcible oratory. In August of that year, he delivered an extensive course of lectures in literary societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., "The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times."

In the spring of 1856, Mr. Curtis did what it is never well for a scholar to do—risked all his means in mercantile business. In the autumn of the same year, he was married to the daughter of George G. Shaw, eldest son of the late Robert G. Shaw, of Boston. In the spring of 1857, the house with which he was connected became involved in difficulties, and he was obliged to take an active part in the management of its affairs. But it was too late—the ship was too heavy to turn. In August, just at the beginning of the crisis, she went down with him on board. He lost his all—but, like Milton, he

did not bathe

One, left heart &肺

but is now nobly recovering himself with his pen and living on.

#### SOCIETY AT WATERING-PLACES.<sup>1</sup>

They were just about beginning the waltz again, when suddenly the music stopped, and they walked away. But I saw the tears in Caroline's eyes. I don't know whether they were of joy, or vexation, or of disappointment. The men have the advantage of us, because they can control their emotions so much better. I suppose Caroline blushed and cried, because she found herself blushing and crying, quite as much as because she found her partner didn't care for her.

I turned to Kurz Pacha, who stood by my side, shaking his hands, rubbing his hands,

"A charming evening we have had of it, Miss Muriel."

<sup>1</sup> From the Summer Diary of Muriel Fattie

said he, "an epitome of life—a kind of last-new-novel effect. The things that we have heard and seen here, multiplied and varied by a thousand or so, produce the net result of Newport. Given, a large house, music, piazzas, beaches, cliff, port, griddle-cakes, fast horses, sherry cobblers, ten-pins, dust, artificial flowers, innocence, worn-out hearts, loveliness, blacklegs, bank bills, small men, large coat-sleeves, little boots, jewelry, and polka-redowas *ad libitum*, to produce *Angst* in Newport. For my part, Miss Minerva, I like it. But it is a dizzy and perilous game. I profess to seek and enjoy emotions; so I go to watering-places. Ada Aiguille says she doesn't like it. She declares that she thinks less of her fellow-creatures after she has been here a little while. She goes to the city afterward to refit her faith, probably. Daisy Clover thinks it's heavenly. Darling little Daisy! life is an endless German cotillon to her. She thinks the world is gay but well-meaning, is sure that it goes to church on Sundays, and never tells lies. Cerulea Bass looks at it for a moment with her hard, round, ebony eyes, and calmly wonders that people will make such fools of themselves. And you, Miss Minerva, pardon me, you come because you are in the habit of coming, because you are not happy out of such society, and have a tantalizing sadness in it. Your system craves only the piquant sources of scandal and sarcasm, which can never satisfy it. You wish that you liked tranquil pleasures, and believed in men and women. But you get no nearer than a wish. You remember when you did believe, but you remember with a shudder and a sigh. You pass for a brilliant woman. You go out to dinners and balls; and men are, what is called, 'afraid of you.' You scorn most of us. You are not a favorite, but your pride is flattered by the very fear on the part of others which prevents your being loved. Time and yourself are your only enemies, and they are in league, for you betray yourself to him. You have found youth the most fascinating and fatal of flirts; but he, although your heart and hope clung to him despairingly, has jilted you and thrown you by. Let him go, if you can, and throw after him the white muslin and the baby waist. Give up milk and the pastoral poets. Sail, at least, under your own colors; even pirates hoist a black flag. An old belle who endeavors to retain by sharp wit and spicy scandal the place she held only in virtue of youth and spirited beauty, is, in a new circle of youth and beauty, like an enemy firing at you from the windows of your own house. The difficulty of your position, dear Miss Minerva, is, that you can

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.<sup>1</sup>

Do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen, thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty. There is no intellectual or moral life without liberty. Therefore, as a man must breathe and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty, first of all; and as the American scholar is a man and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done.

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease—loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers, and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river-meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, child, mistress, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plough, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love as beautiful, to those young men as it is to us, who stand upon their graves. But because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out, bravely to fight for them and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell, and were buried; but they can never die. Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom. And yet, no victim of those days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of

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<sup>1</sup> From an oration delivered on Tuesday, August 5, 1856, before the Literary Societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching this summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas.

Gentlemen, while we read history, we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not be afraid to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years ago Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes is slain, nor, thank God, that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylae; there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in if they cannot conquer. And so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of human shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves, and mighty as the sea.

Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in the calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of Freedom. I call upon you to say, with your voices, whenever the occasion offers, and with your votes, when the day comes, that upon these fertile fields of Kansas, in the very heart of the continent, the upas-tree of slavery, dripping death dews upon national prosperity and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the vine and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine when this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall, by its failure, be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.

The voices of our brothers who are bleeding, no less than of our fathers who bled, summon us to this battle. Sons! children of unborn generations, clustering over that vast western empire, rise up and call us blessed or cursed? Here are our Marathon and Lexington; here are our heroic fields. The hearts of all good men beat with us. The fight is fierce—the issue is with God. But God is good.

THE END.



